

HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
TINTIN

# THE CALCULUS AFFAIR



MAGNET



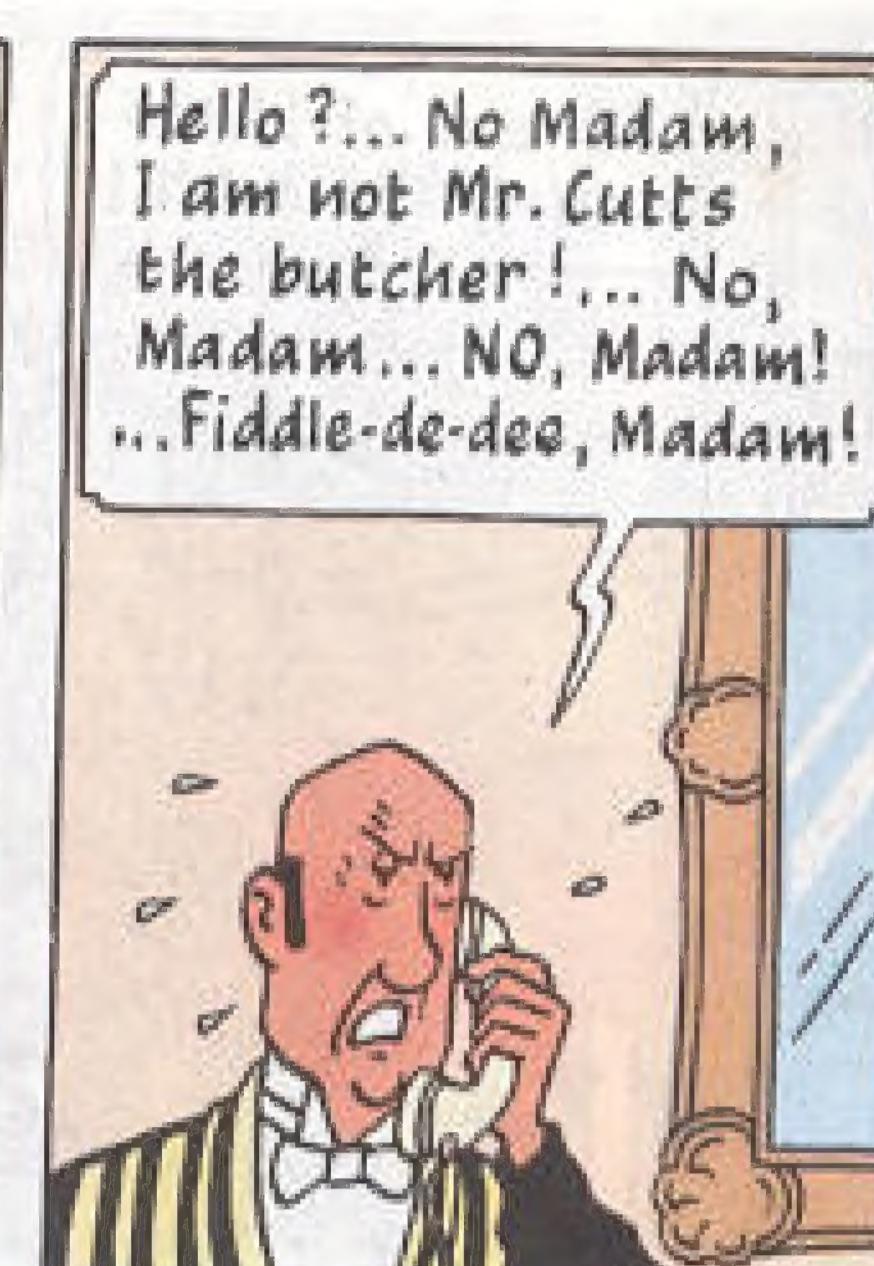
# THE CALCULUS AFFAIR



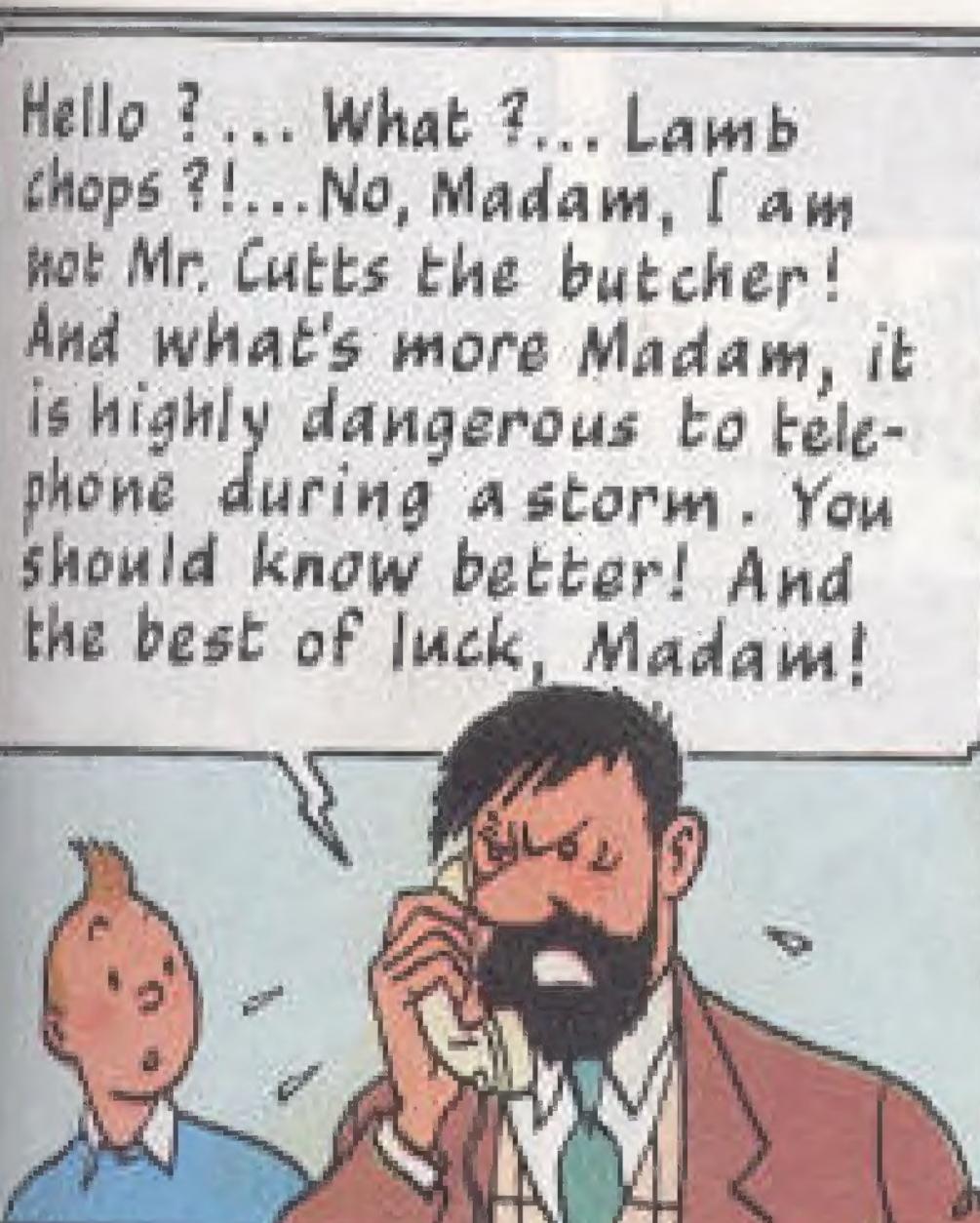
So much for your peace and quiet, Captain! Look over there. There's a big storm brewing.

Yes, it's high time we got back to the house.





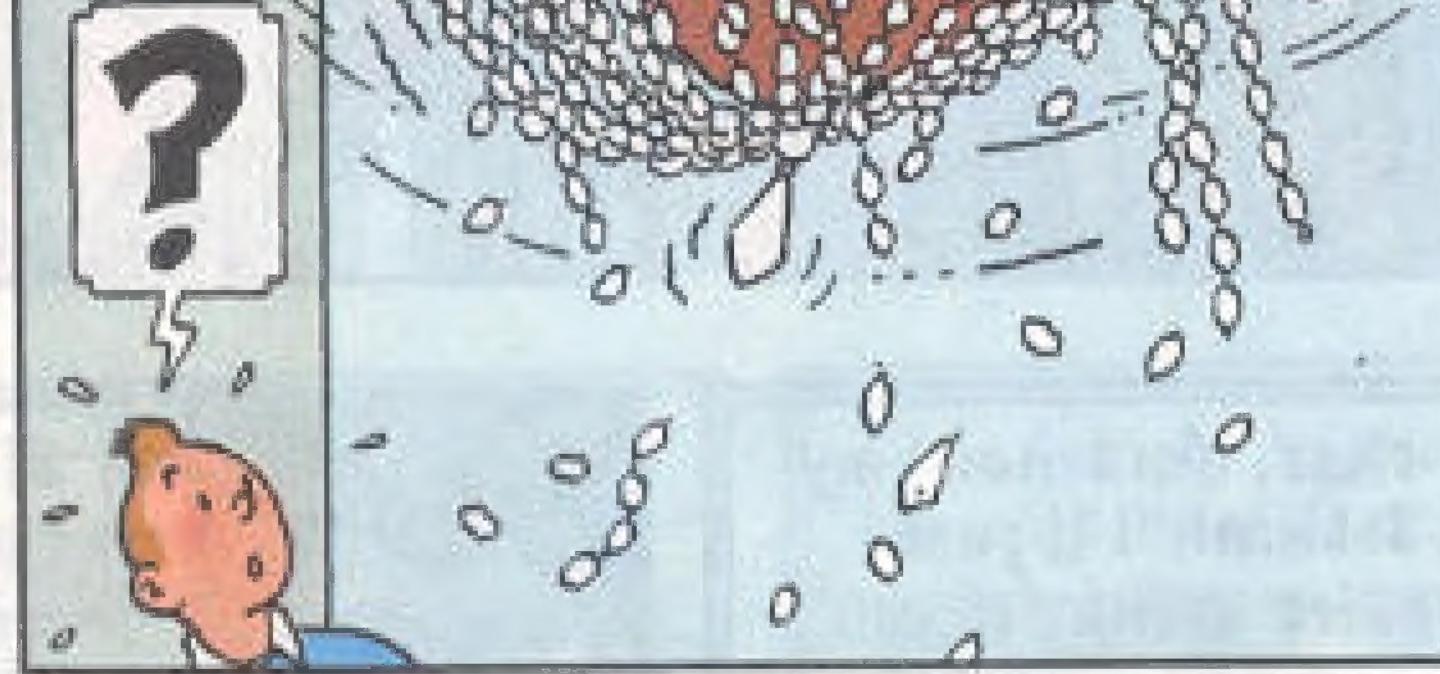
Quite so, Nestor. But one must always keep one's temper... especially with a lady... And besides, Nestor, you should never telephone during a storm: it is extremely dangerous.



Vanished!... Vaporized!  
... Poor Captain!  
How dreadful!

Billions of blistering barnacles!

IF I ever lay hands on  
that female...



Thundering typhoons! My priceless  
Chinese vase!



How in the world could that vase have broken?  
Anyway, it certainly wasn't done by the lightning.

I just can't make it out.



PLING

Again!...



My beautiful  
Florentine mirror!



But this time I know  
the answer. Your confounded  
Snowy. This is his handiwork.

But look here, Cap-  
tain, that's absurd  
... How could he  
possibly ...



Billions of bilious blue blistering  
barnacles! Now the electricity  
has gone! That's the last straw!



THUMP THUMP

THUMP

Ten thousand  
thundering  
typhoons! Now  
what's that?



What shall I do, sir? Shall I... Shall I open it?

Yes, Nestor.

Ah! At last!

Hey! You there... Who d'you think you are?



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! That's a fine way to introduce yourself. And what d'you want here, anyway?

That's a long story, old boy...

Ah, the lights!



Yes, quite a story... I was driving along when, crack!... my wind-screen shattered, and all the other windows as well. In that downpour too! So I said to myself: "Jolyon" (that's my name), Jolyon Wagg, of the Rock Bottom Insurance...

How nice!...



"Jolyon", I said to myself, "what are you going to do now?"... Then I saw your house. "I'll shelter there", I said... Here, take my coat, old chap.

You'd better stay here till the rain stops.



Nice little place you've got here. Must say I prefer something more modern, but still...



Oho! had a tiff with the wife, eh?

[...] It was probably the lightning.



Lightning?... Ha! ha! ha! And I'll bet you weren't insured, eh, you old rascal? Well what a bit of luck that Jolyon Wagg dropped in: he'll soon fix you up with a neat little policy.

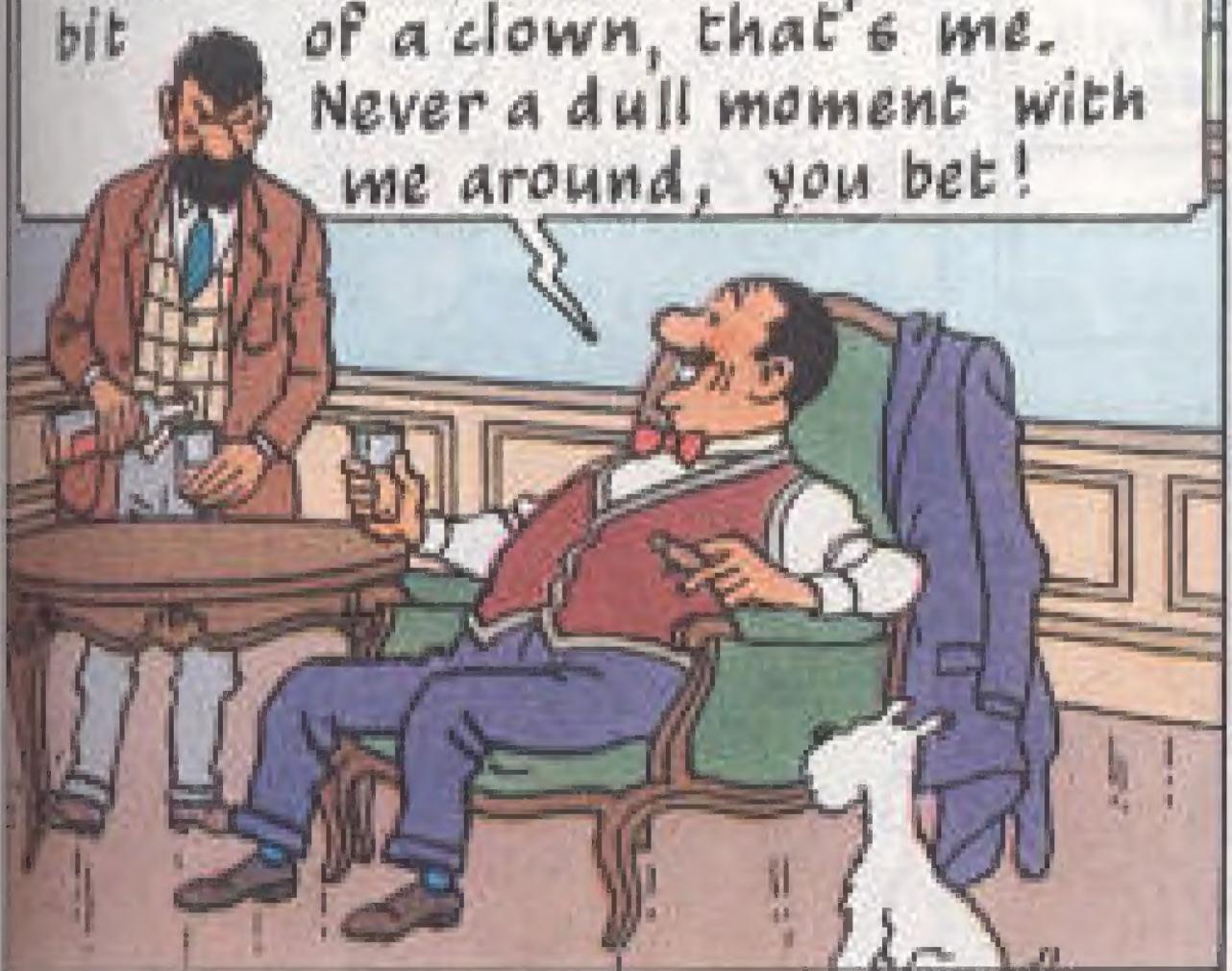
How kind.



Is that whisky you're drinking? You can pour one for me while you're about it. Not that I like the stuff: I'm just thirsty, that's all.



Not bad armchairs, these. I don't stand on ceremony, you know. A bit of a clown, that's me. Never a dull moment with me around, you bet!



I take after my Uncle Anatole; he was a barber, you know. Oh, you should have met him! A proper caution, he was. Always telling stories, make you die of laughing... Like this one... There were two men in a railway carriage, see...

Cheers!



Did... did you see that?... I was just standing, my glass in my hand, and...

Oho! that's fun!



You think that's funny, eh? Is that all you've got to say?

If you could have seen yourself when that glass blew up!  
Your face was a scream!



Ha! ha! ha! Reminds me of that story of Uncle Anatole's... Half a mo' while I think of it ... Oh yes. There was this man went into a pub, see, and ordered a pint of beer. He was just going to drink it, when...



By the way...er... what about your insurance against lightning?

No thank you, Mr. Wagg. I'm insured against everything under the sun.



Yes, everything. My life's insured against accident; against hailstones, rain, floods, tidal waves and tornadoes; against cholera, 'flu, and colds in the head; moths, weevils and grasshoppers ... The whole lot! In fact, sir, the only things I'm not insured against are insurance agents!



You old humbug, you! Well, that's all settled. I'll send you a policy... No, better still, I'll bring it myself. That'll give us a chance to have another chinwag together.



'Bye for now!

SLAM



He can go to the devil—him, and his insurance, and his Uncle Anatole!



Calm down, Captain. Shouldn't we try to solve the mystery of all this broken glass?



Listen! Shots!

BANG

BANG

BANG



They came from outside.

There's someone coming... Oh, it's Professor Calculus, on the way back from his laboratory.

Did you hear those shots?

No, it's over now. The rain has stopped.

Professor, just look at your hat! Excuse me...

Look! A bullet has gone right through it!

Oh! See!... a hole!

I can't understand it at all. The moths never used to make such big holes as these.

Quick, Captain. Let's have a look round the park.

Right. Just let me fetch a torch, and I'll be with you.

Calculus certainly came along this path...

Captain! Snowy's picked up a scent. Come on, let's follow him.

Oh! Look there!

Wooah!

Blistering barnacles! Do you think he's...

No: he's alive. His heart's beating... faintly...

We must send for the police at once.

You stay here while I go and telephone.

Blistering barnacles, what an evening! What an evening!

Oh, sir!... Sir! Something terrible's happened!

In heaven's name, what's the matter now?

Oh, sir! Your beautiful Venetian chandelier, upstairs. Smashed to smithereens, sir!

Later, Nestor, tell me later.

Hello?... Police station? ... This is Marlinspike... What? You're Mr. Cutts, the butcher? Blistering barnacles! I... I beg your pardon. Wrong number.

I'm sure the number's 412...

Hello?... What? No, Madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher!... No Madam!... No Madam!... Fiddle-de-dee, Madam!



Marlinspike Police Station... Who is that? ... Oh yes, Captain... Yes... Shots you say? Someone injured, in the grounds? Very good, Captain, we'll be with you right away.

... and another vase, sir...

Later, Nestor, later.

Oh, you've come back?

To fetch some water. The poor fellow wants a drink.



He talks with a strong foreign accent... He seems to be badly hurt.



Here we are. You'll soon see...



I say... are you sure this is the place?

Absolutely certain. Look, the grass is flattened down!

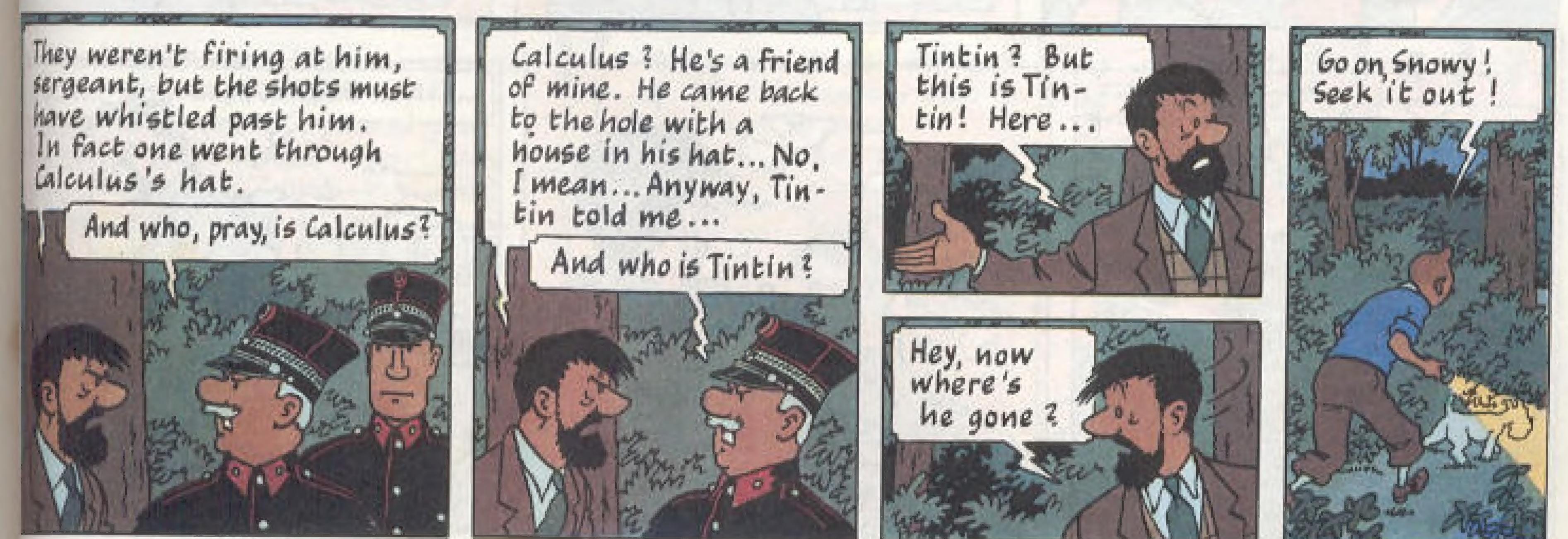
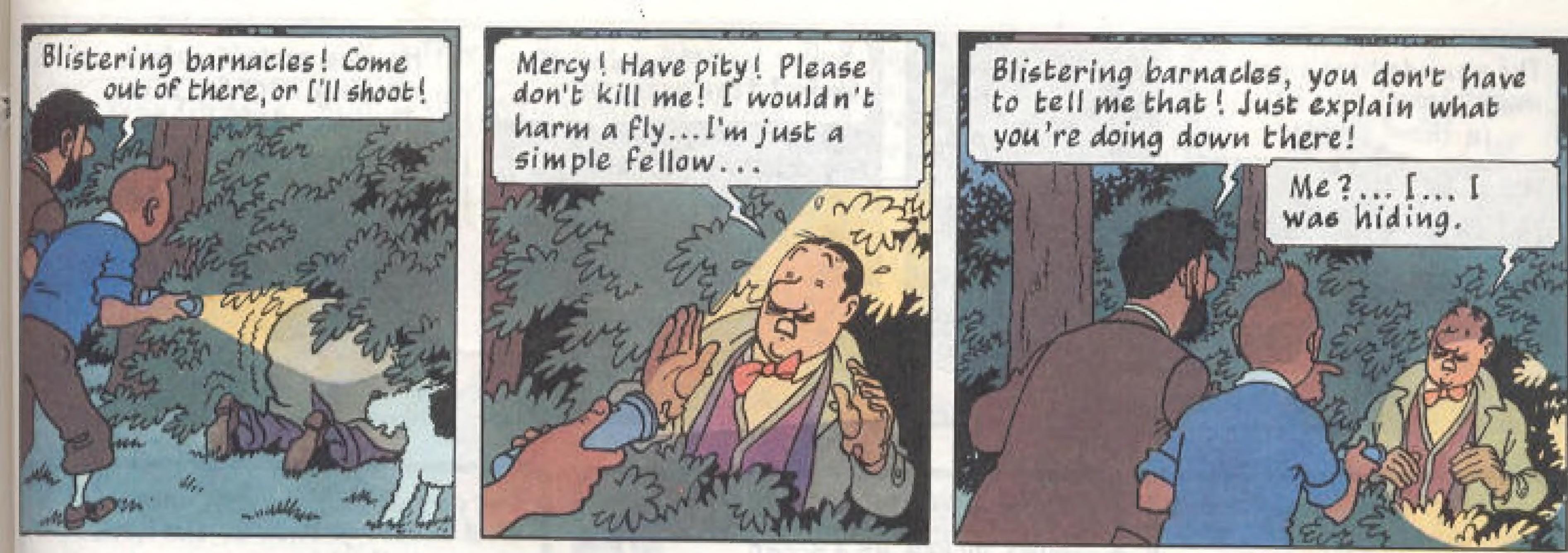


WOOAH

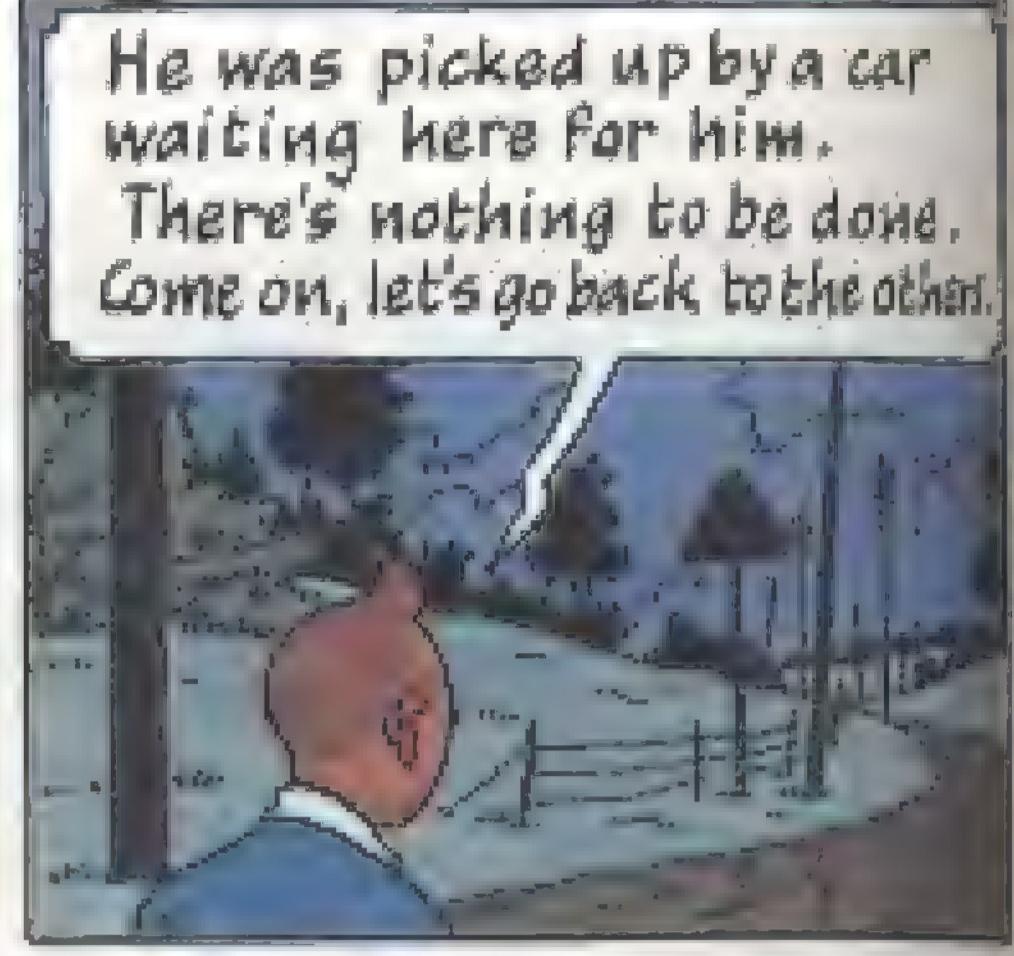


OH!





The wounded man got away through this hole in the hedge.



... You mean the glass just broke by itself?



Where have you sprung from?

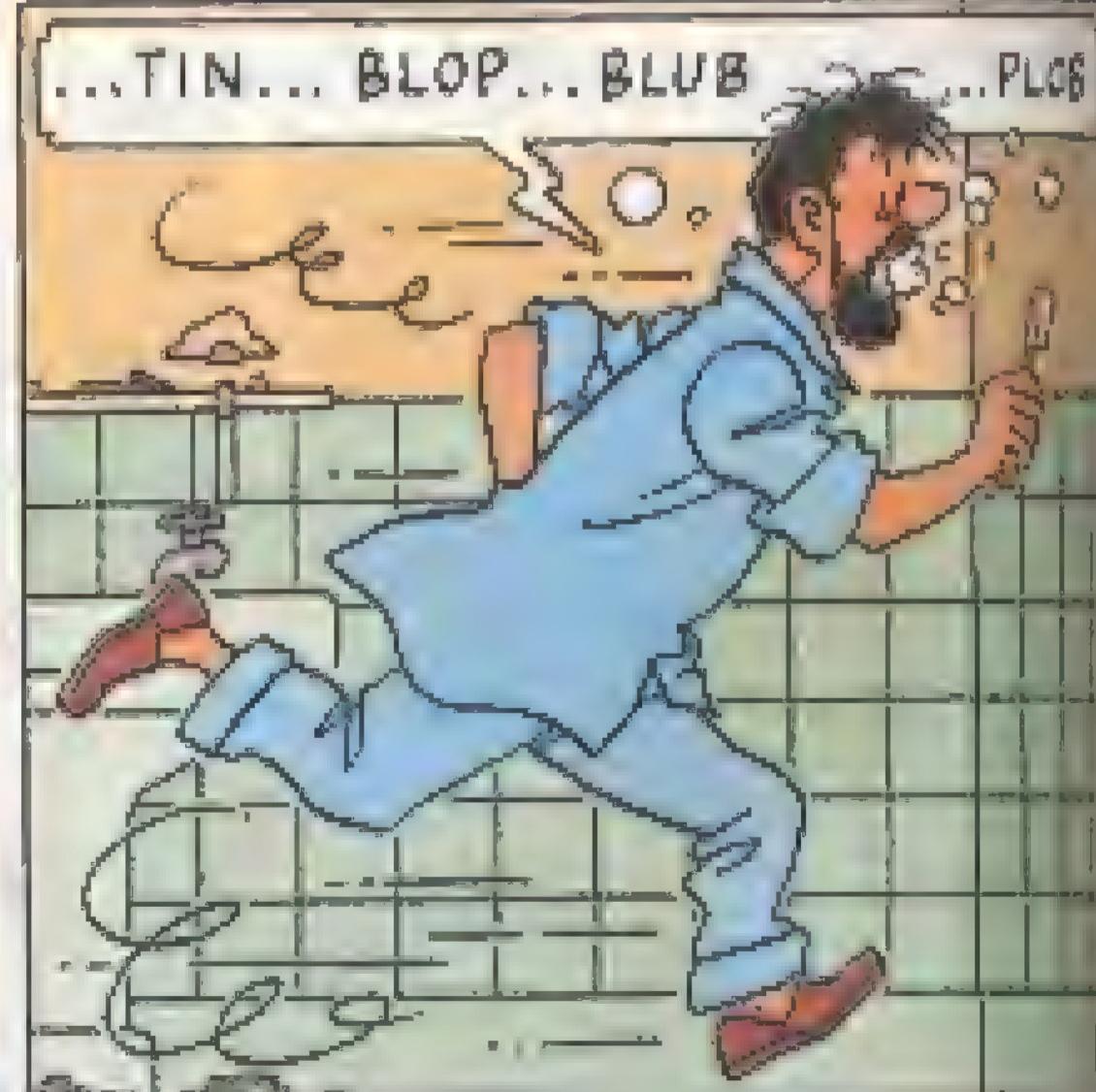
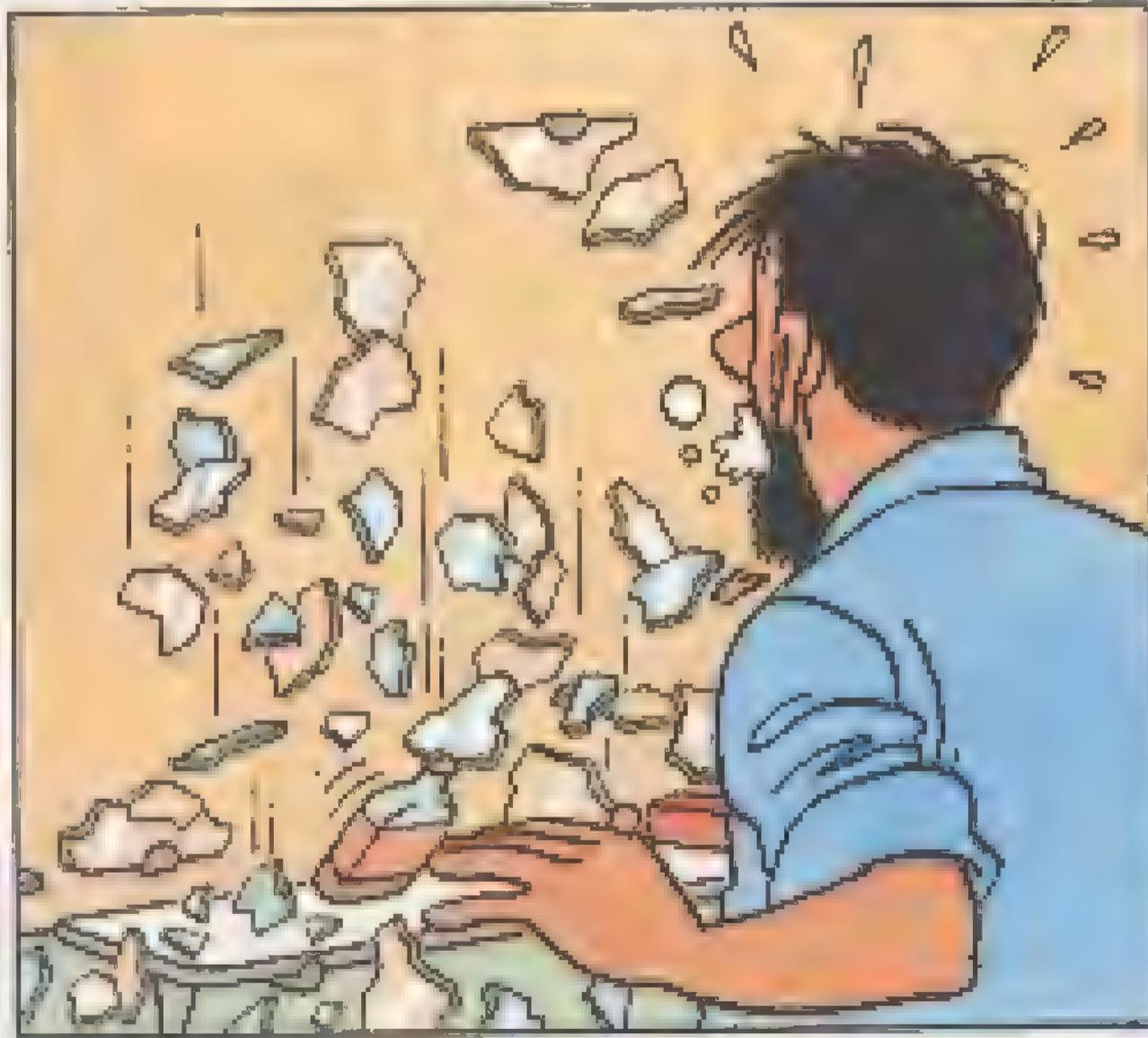
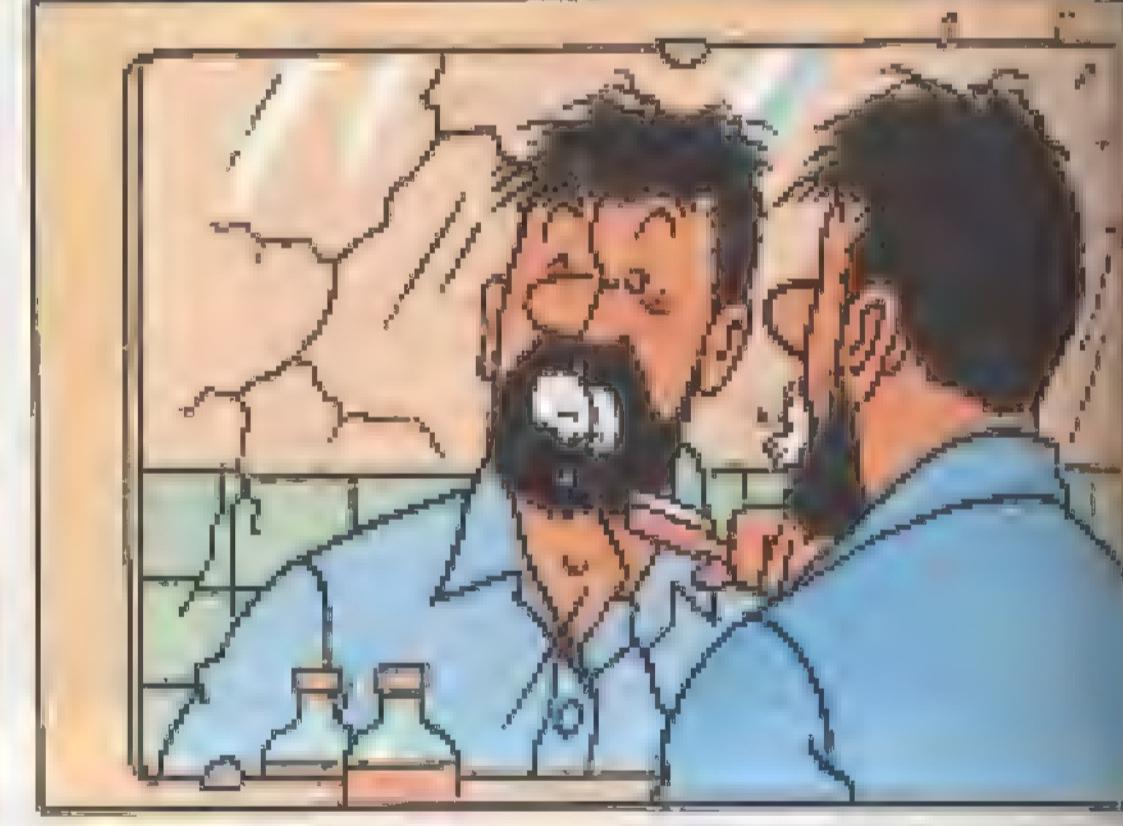
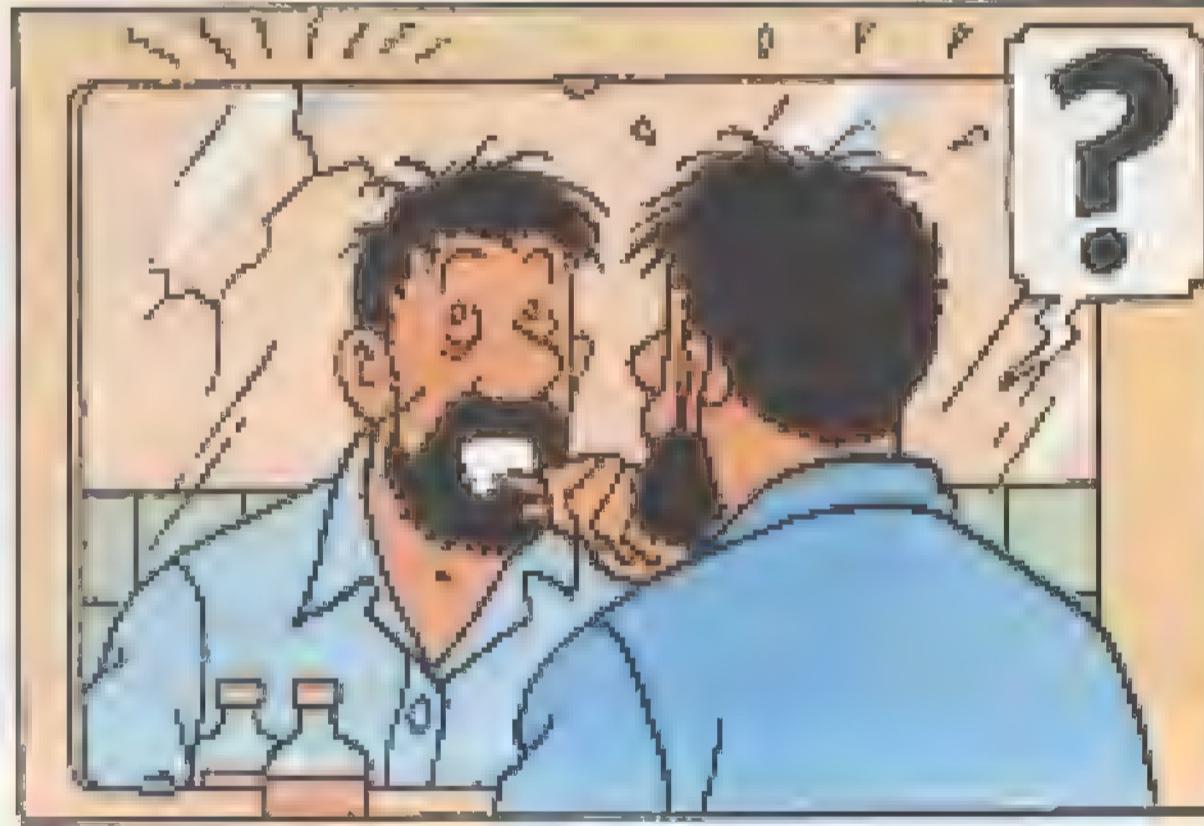
Snowy picked up a scent. But it didn't lead anywhere.

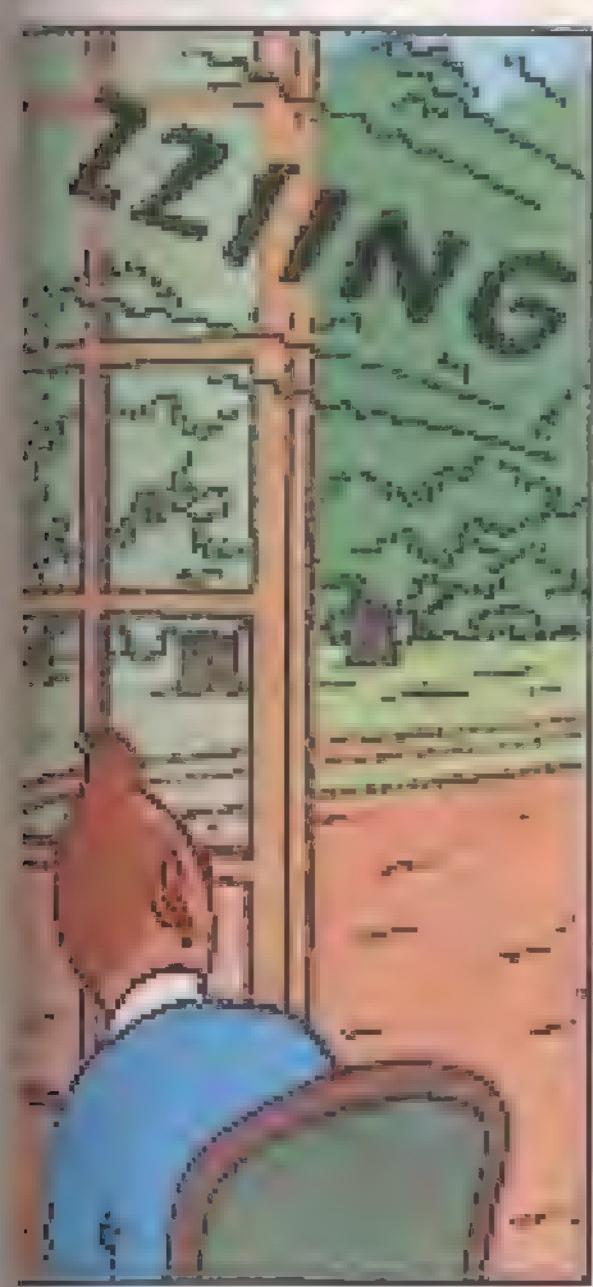
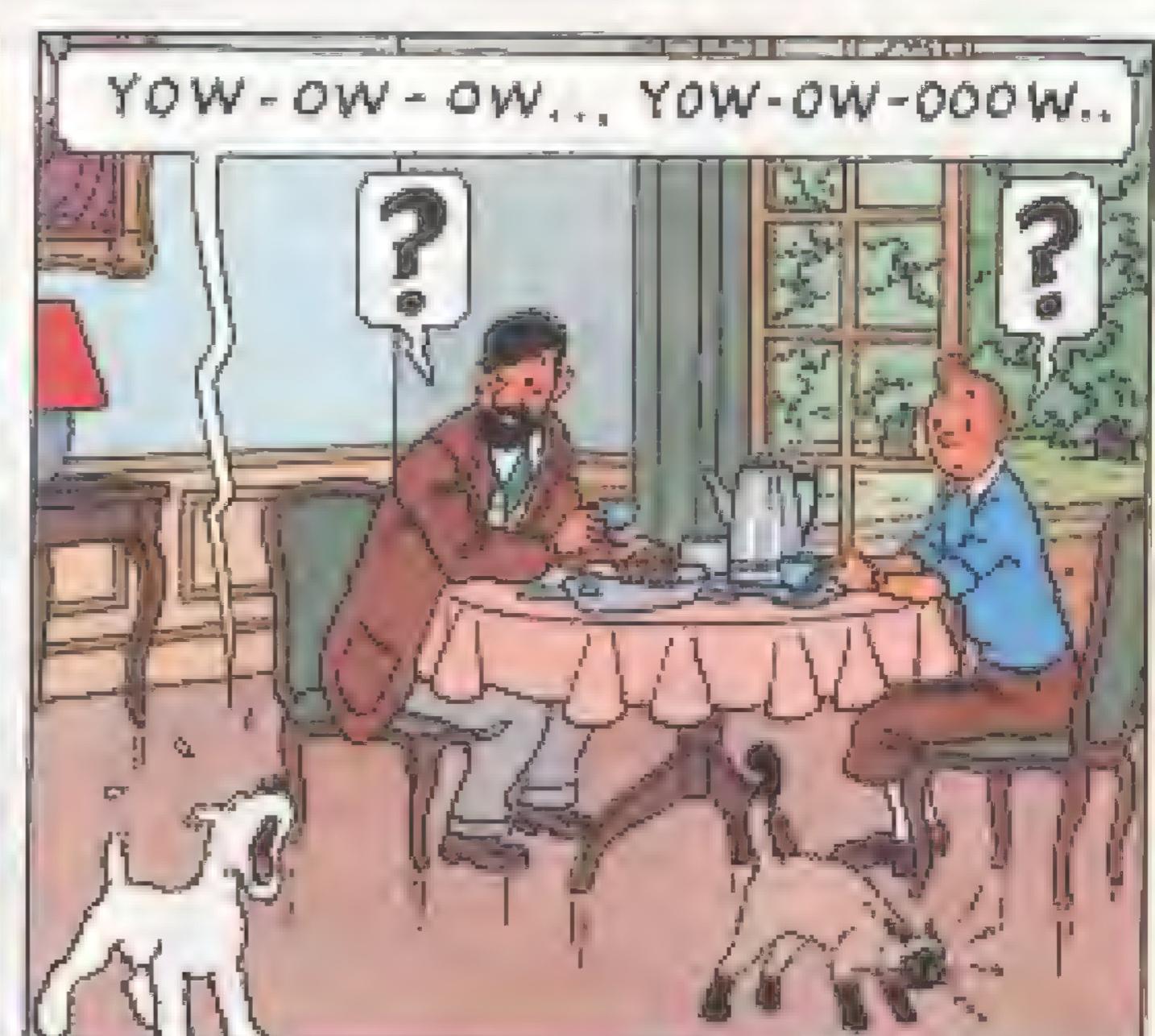
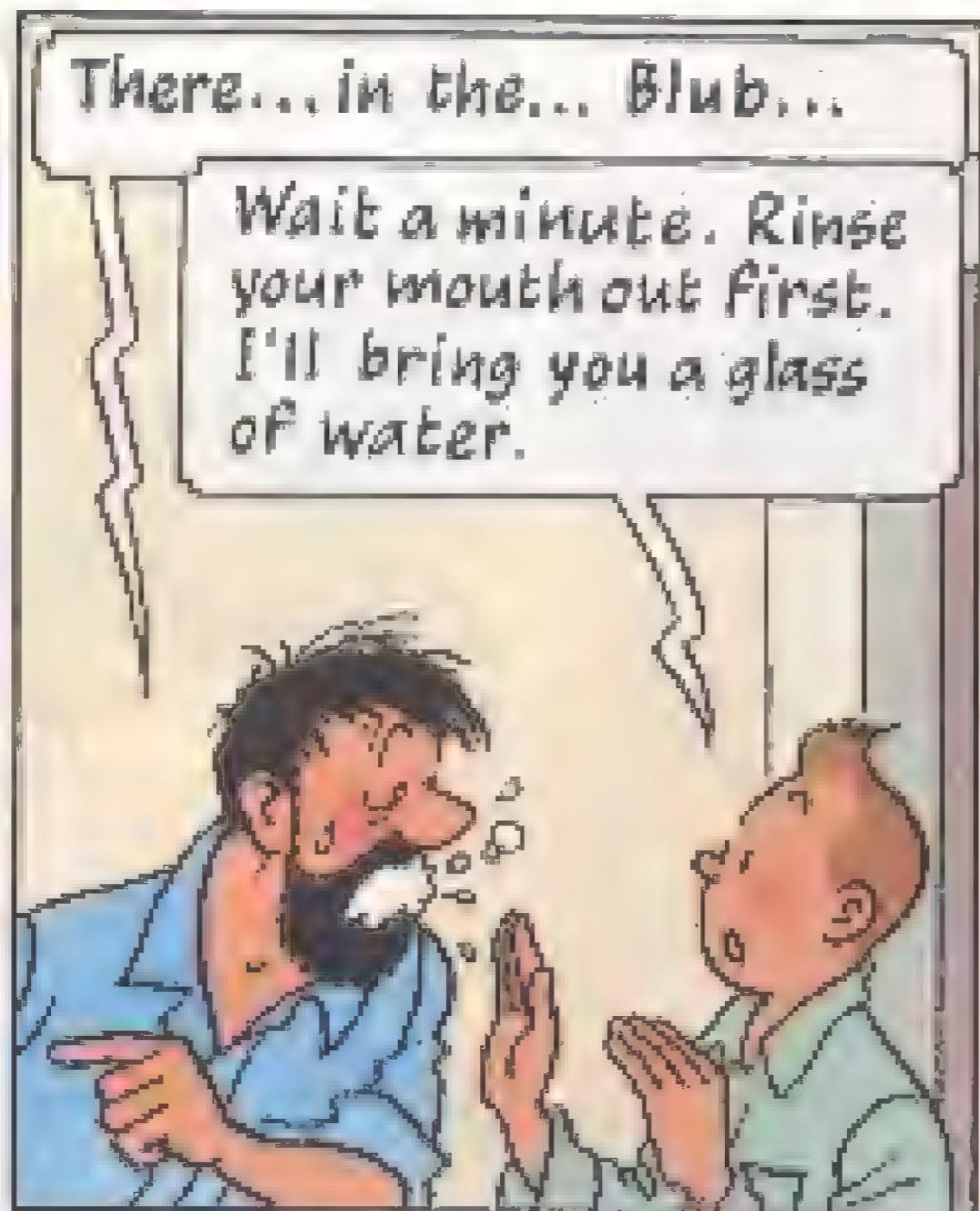


There's nothing more we can do here. We'd better go back to the house; we can talk things over more easily there.



Next morning...





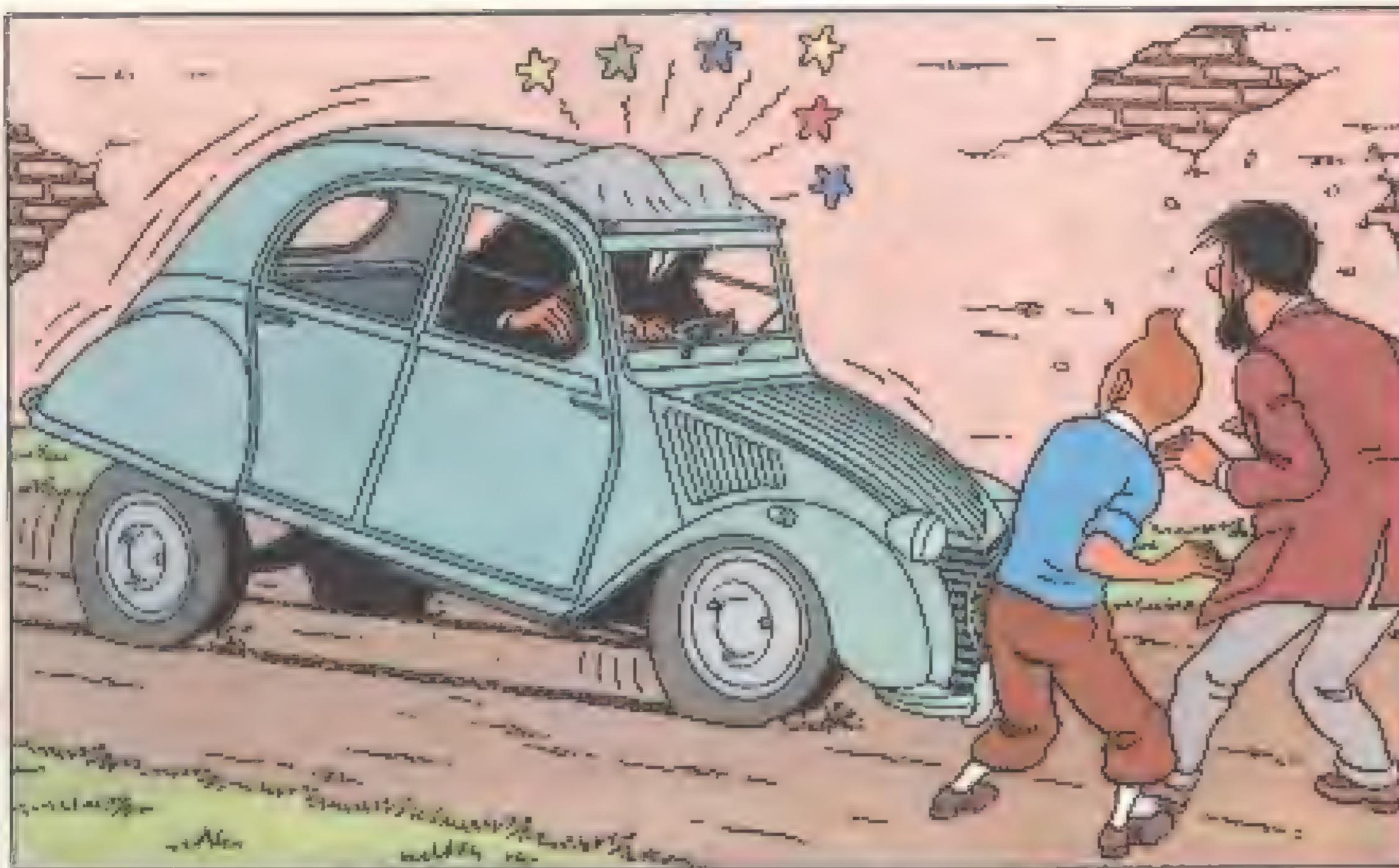
... I don't know how it happened. I was driving along as usual ... Suddenly, just as I passed your gate, crash! bang! ... There was a terrible noise... and look what happened... It's got me beat...



Well, what do you make of it? It's exactly what happened to that creature, Jolyon Wagg.

It's fantastic.





Yes, it's us. Hello... The local police have told us all about that business last night. So we're here to investigate.

To be precise: we're here

At the right moment, too!

Just take a look here. This good fellow was driving quietly along past the front of the house when, CRACK... You see what happened?... What do you make of it?



The whole thing began last night...

Why, here comes our friend Calculus



Hello, Cuthbert:  
Are you going away?

No, no. I'm just going away.

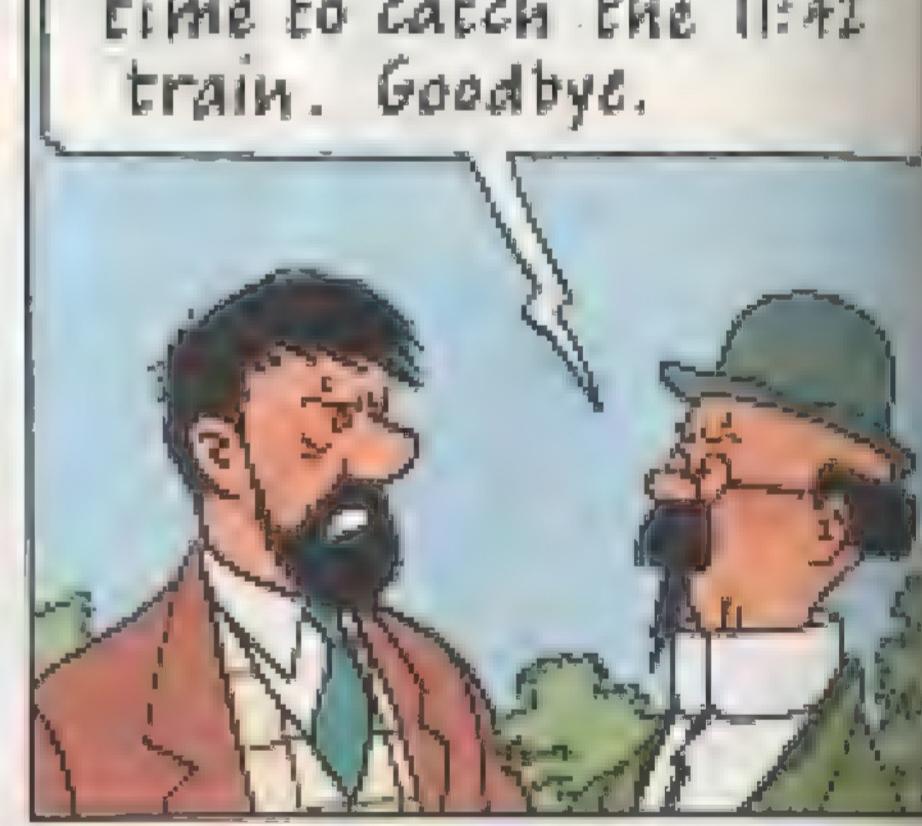


I'm flying to Geneva, where I'm taking part in a congress on nuclear physics.

To Geneva?... But you never mentioned it to me before.

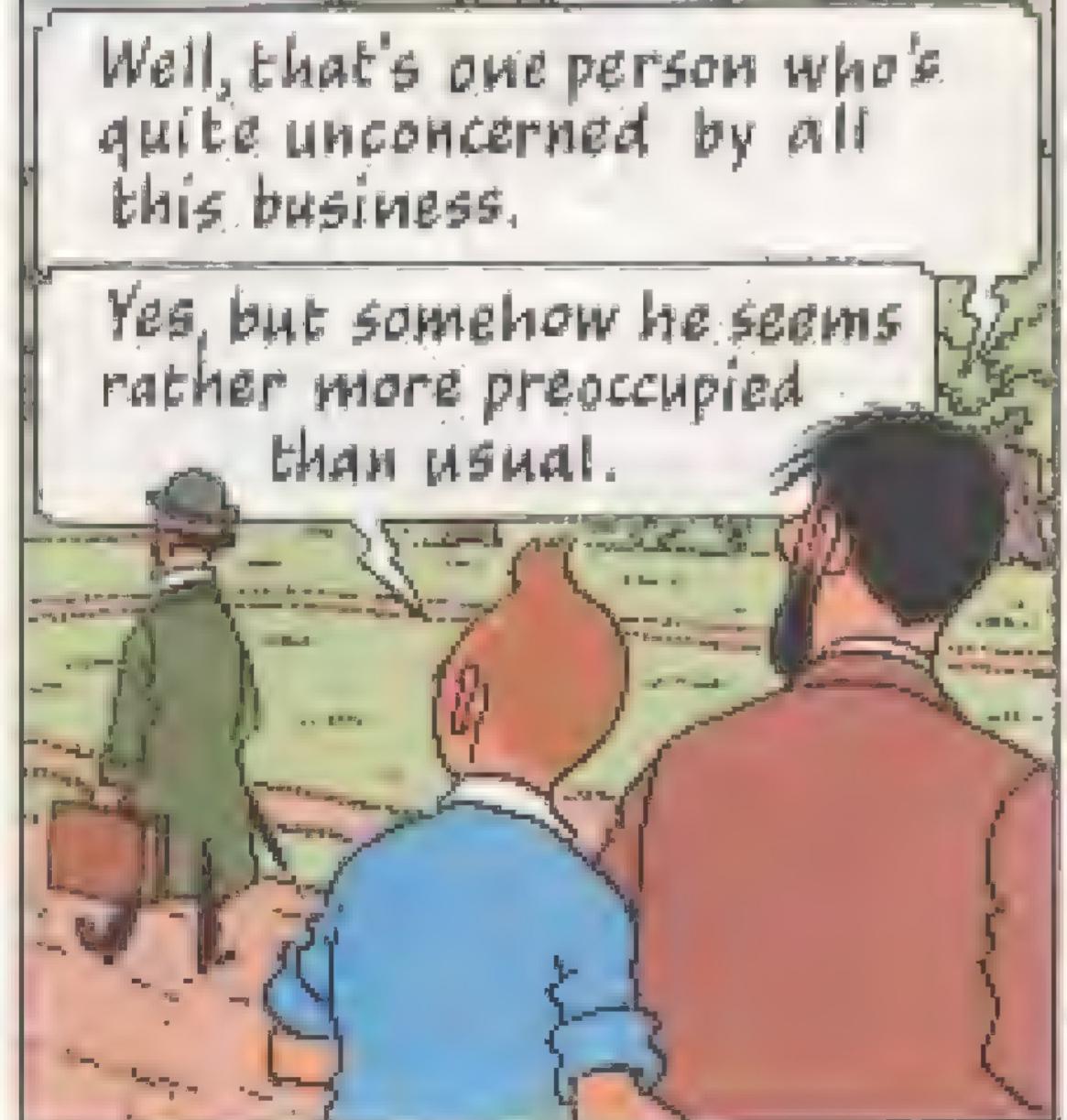


No, not for very long: only two or three days. I must go now; I've just got time to catch the 11:42 train. Goodbye.



Well, that's one person who's quite unconcerned by all this business.

Yes, but somehow he seems rather more preoccupied than usual.





Just look at that horde of rubber-necks! They can hardly wait to see the rest of my windows smashed to bits!



No doubt. But somehow I think they are going to be disappointed.

What do you mean?



It's just a thought... By the way, I know Calculus hates anyone going into his laboratory, but I'd rather like to have a look round in there. Have you got his key?

Yes... but what's the idea?



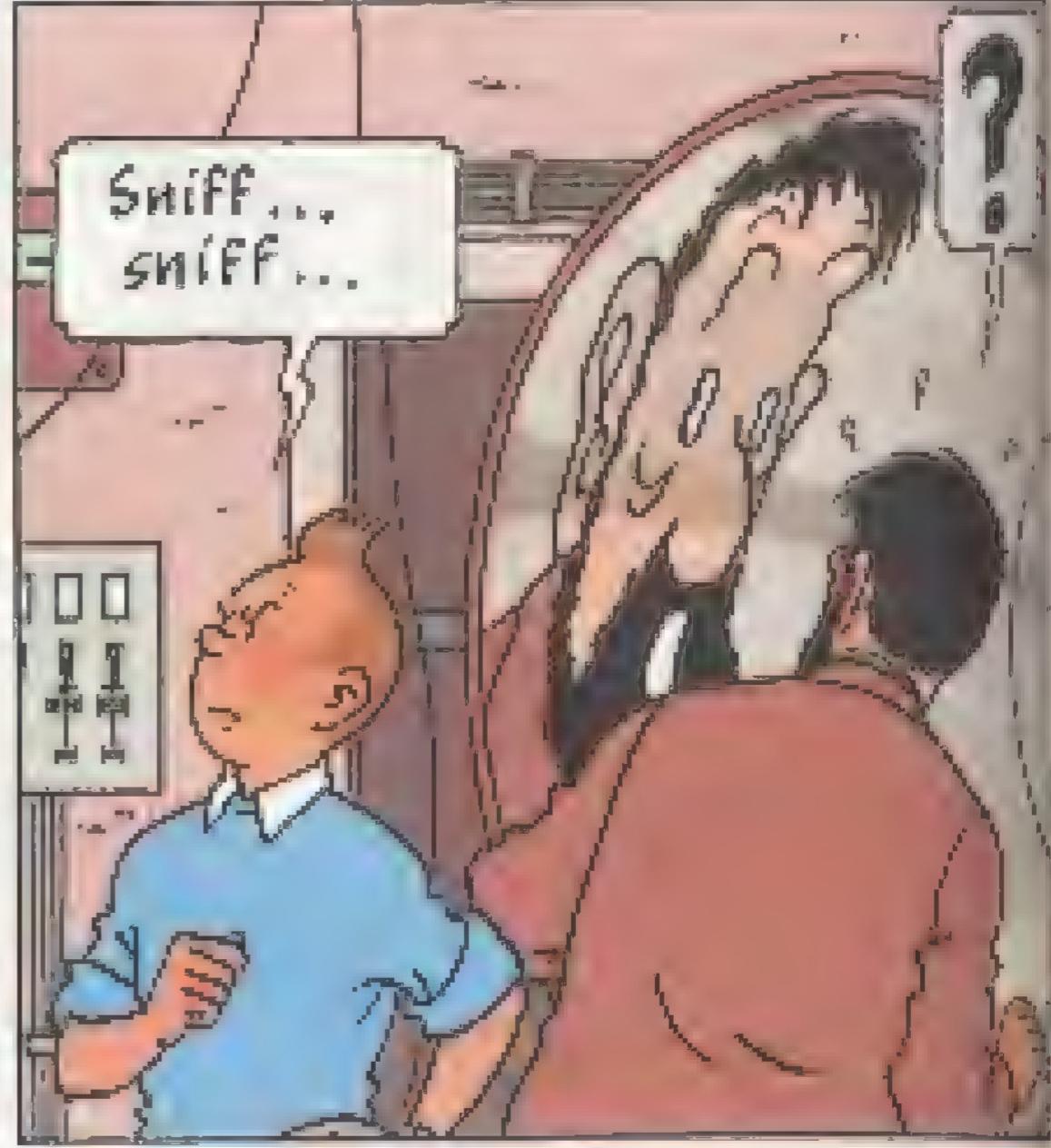
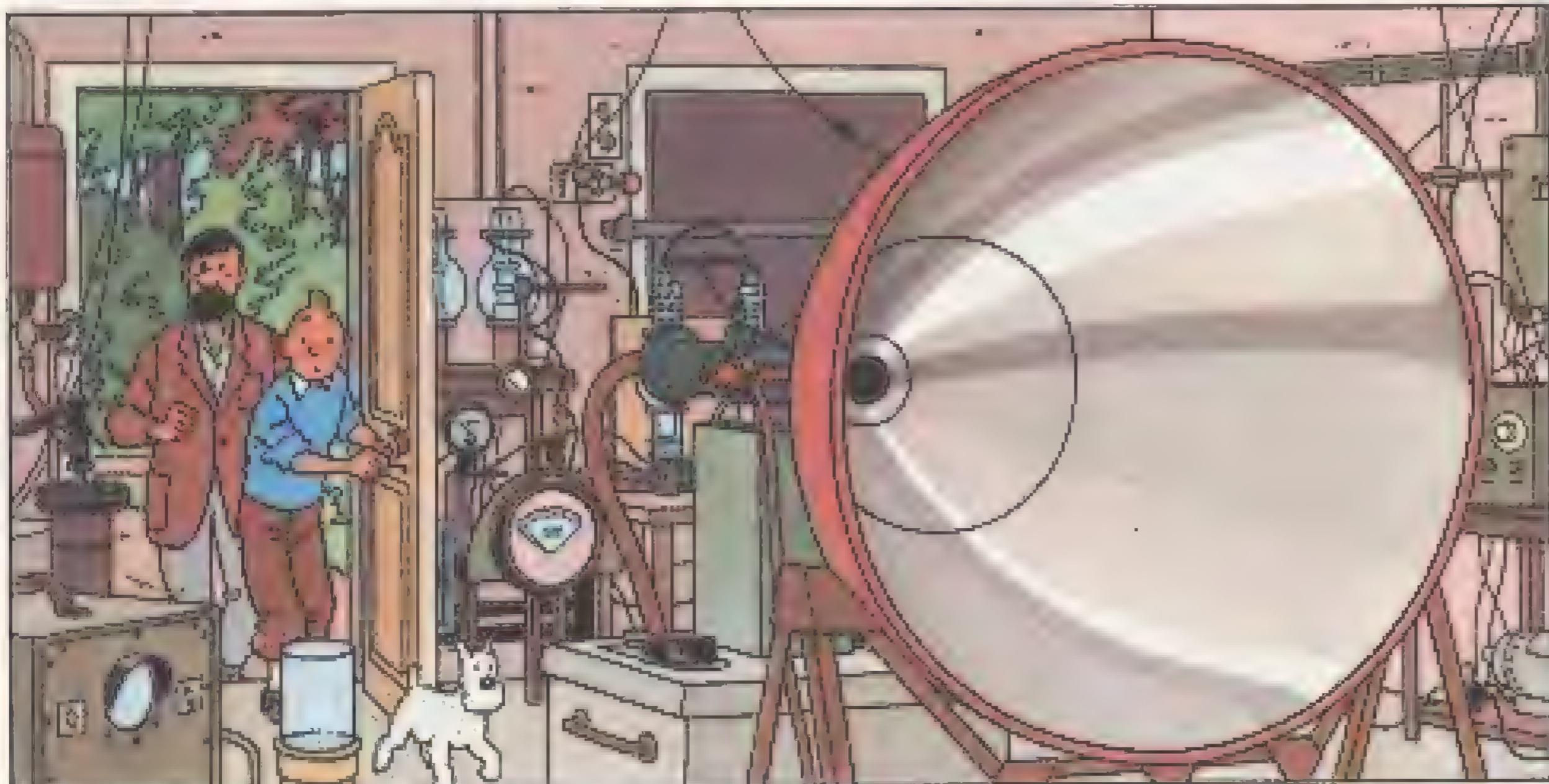
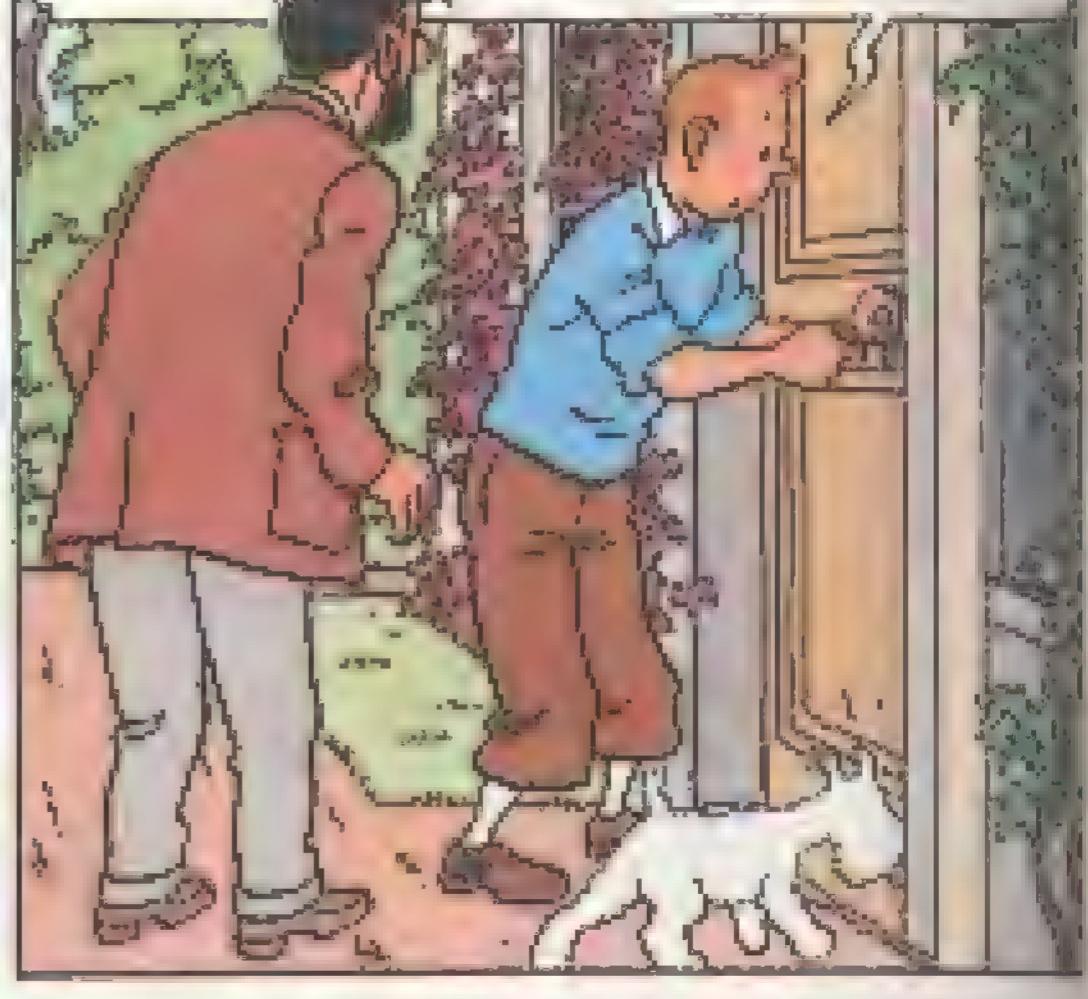
Well, I've been thinking about this business, and one thing struck me; the glass-breaking only occurred when Calculus was out; or, to be more accurate, when he was in his laboratory. And since he left for Geneva yesterday, nothing more has happened.



In a nutshell, you suggest our friend Cuthbert's responsible for all those incidents? But that's ridiculous!



I'm not suggesting anything, Captain. I'm simply trying to work it out.



I say, Captain, can you smell anything?

Sniff... sniff...



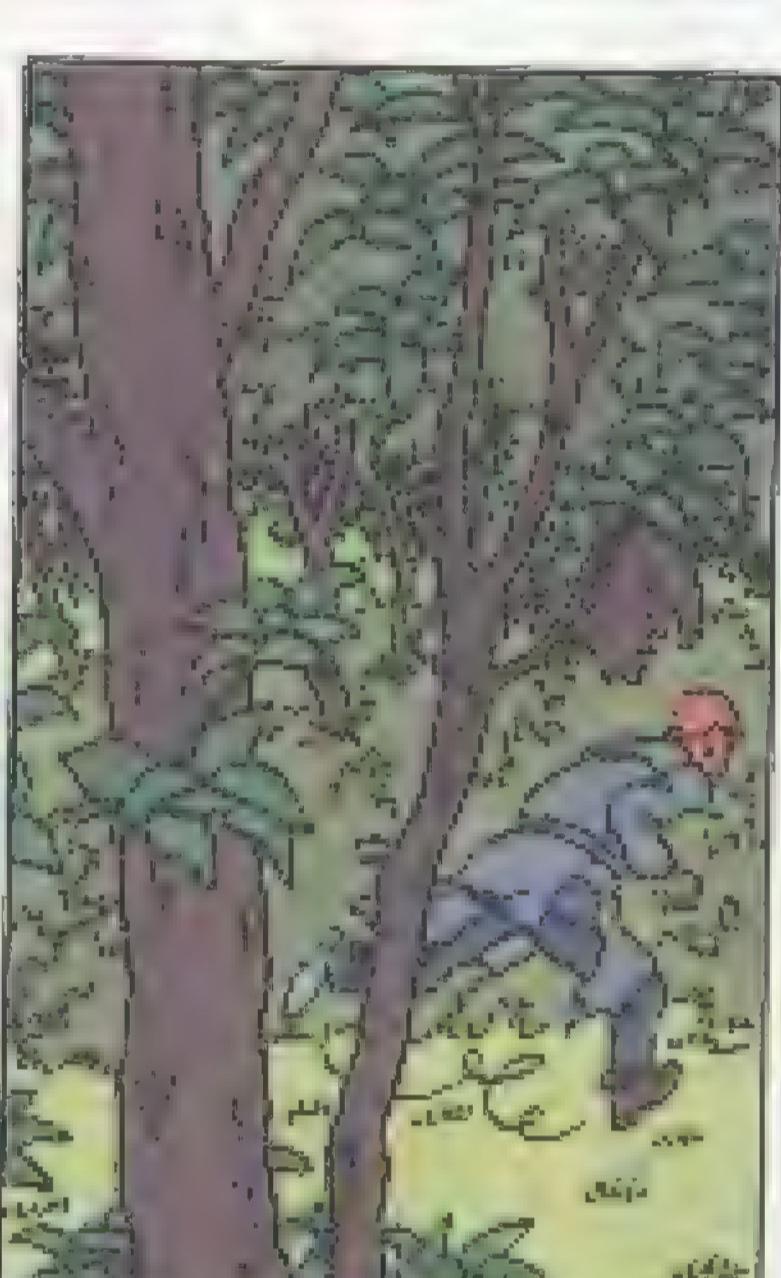
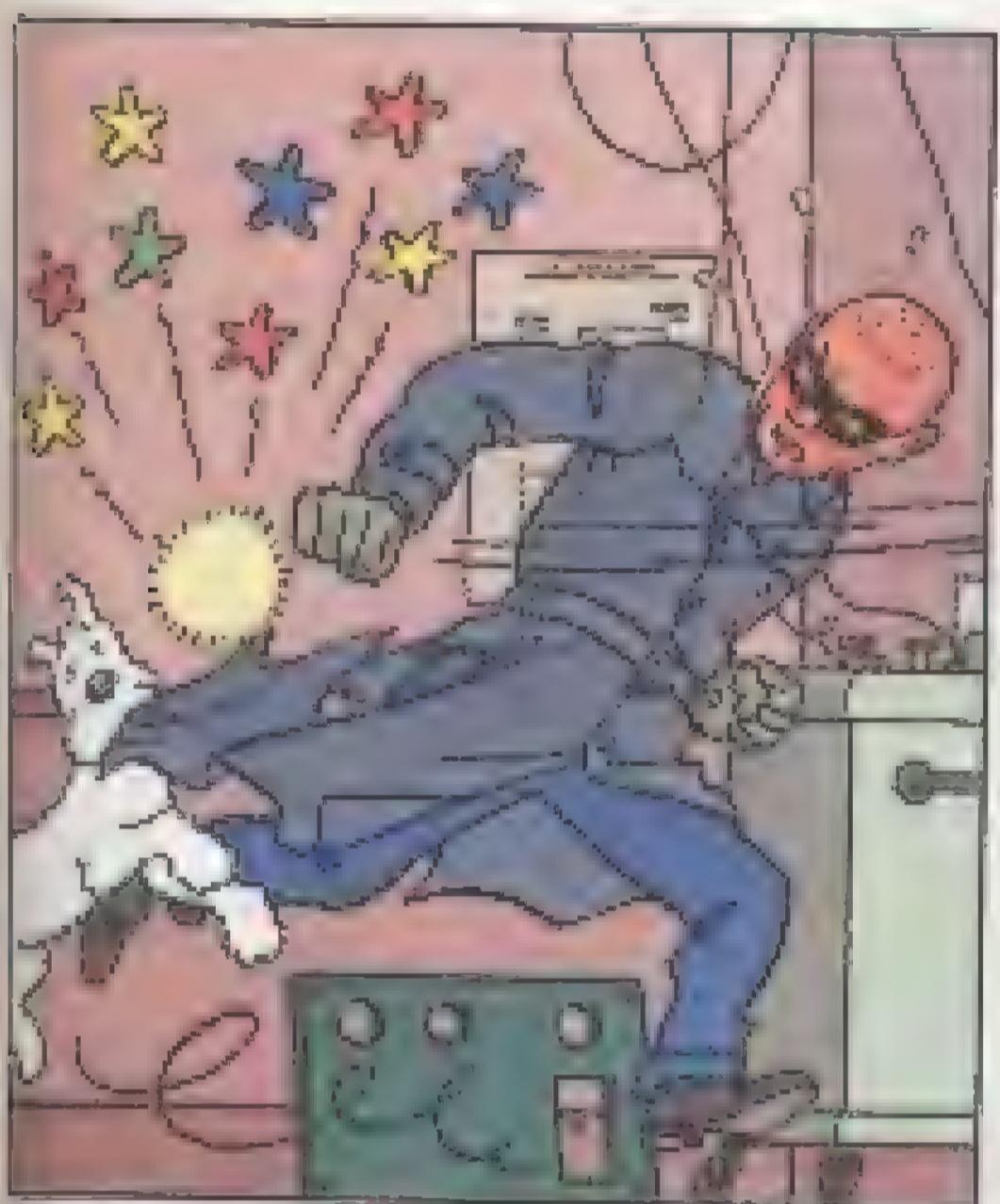
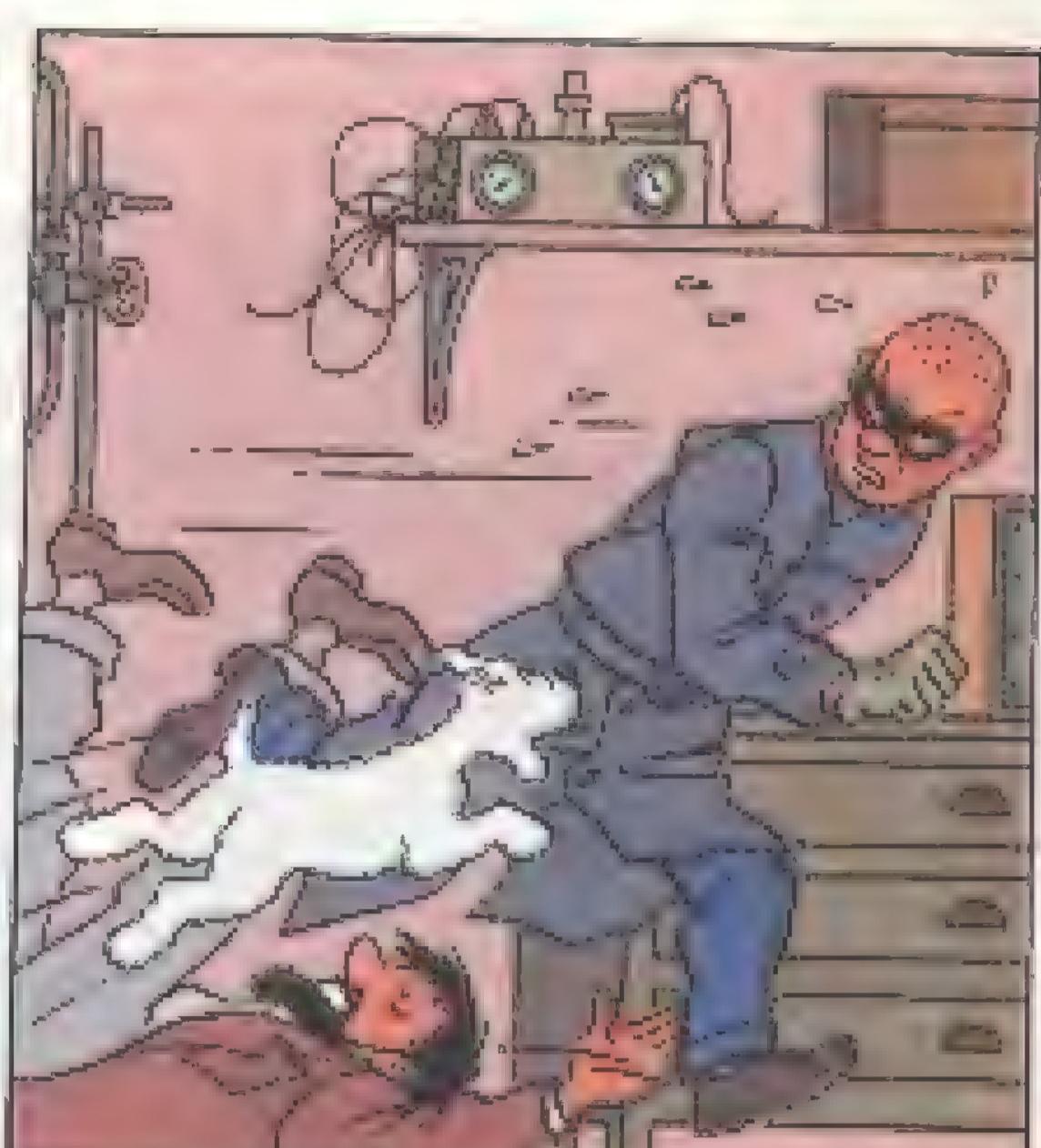
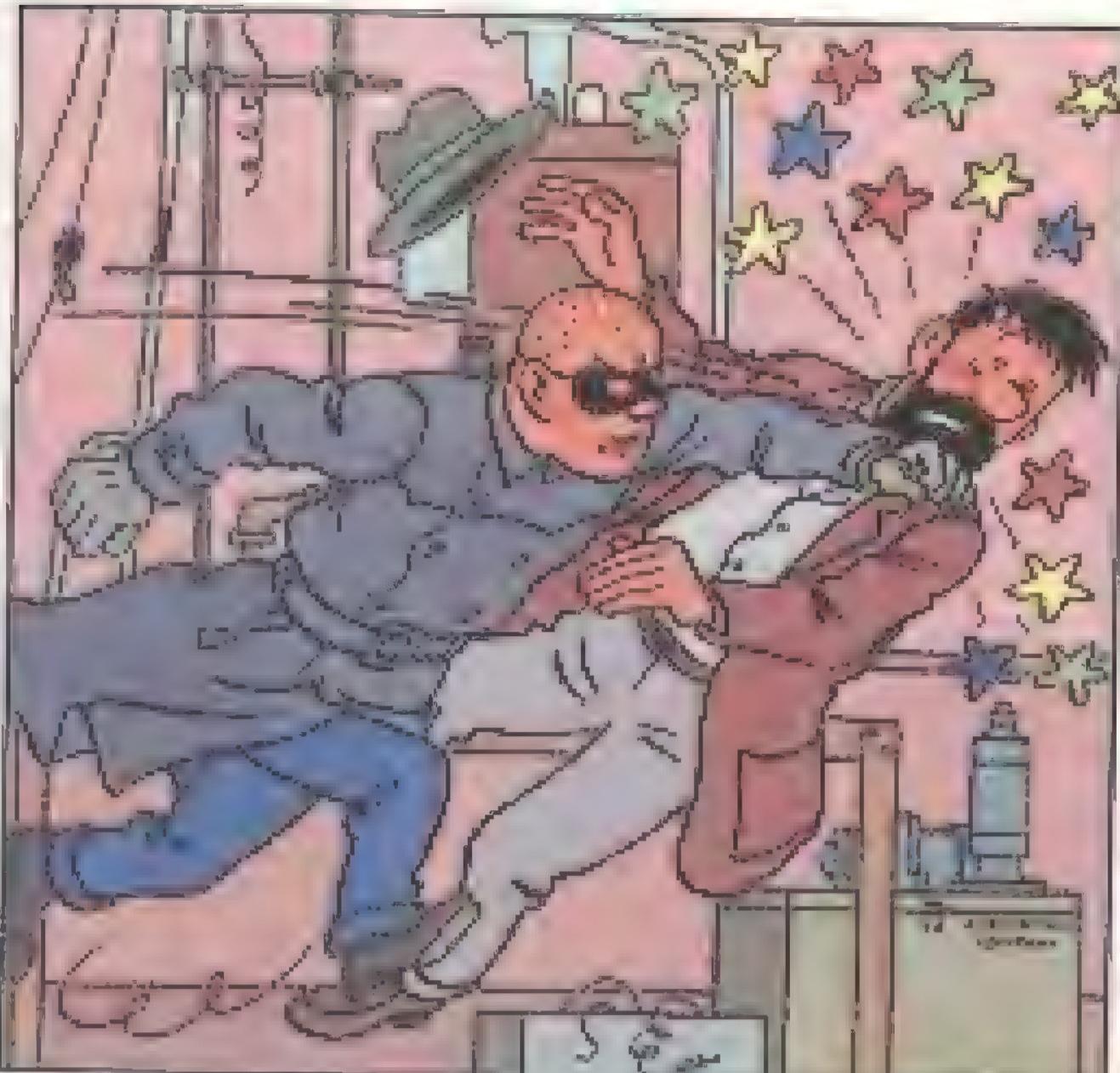
It's just... sniff... tobacco, that's all.

Yes, but Calculus doesn't smoke.



Blistering barnacles, that's quite right!





Ha! ha! ha! ha!... Fooled you properly that time, didn't I, my hearties?

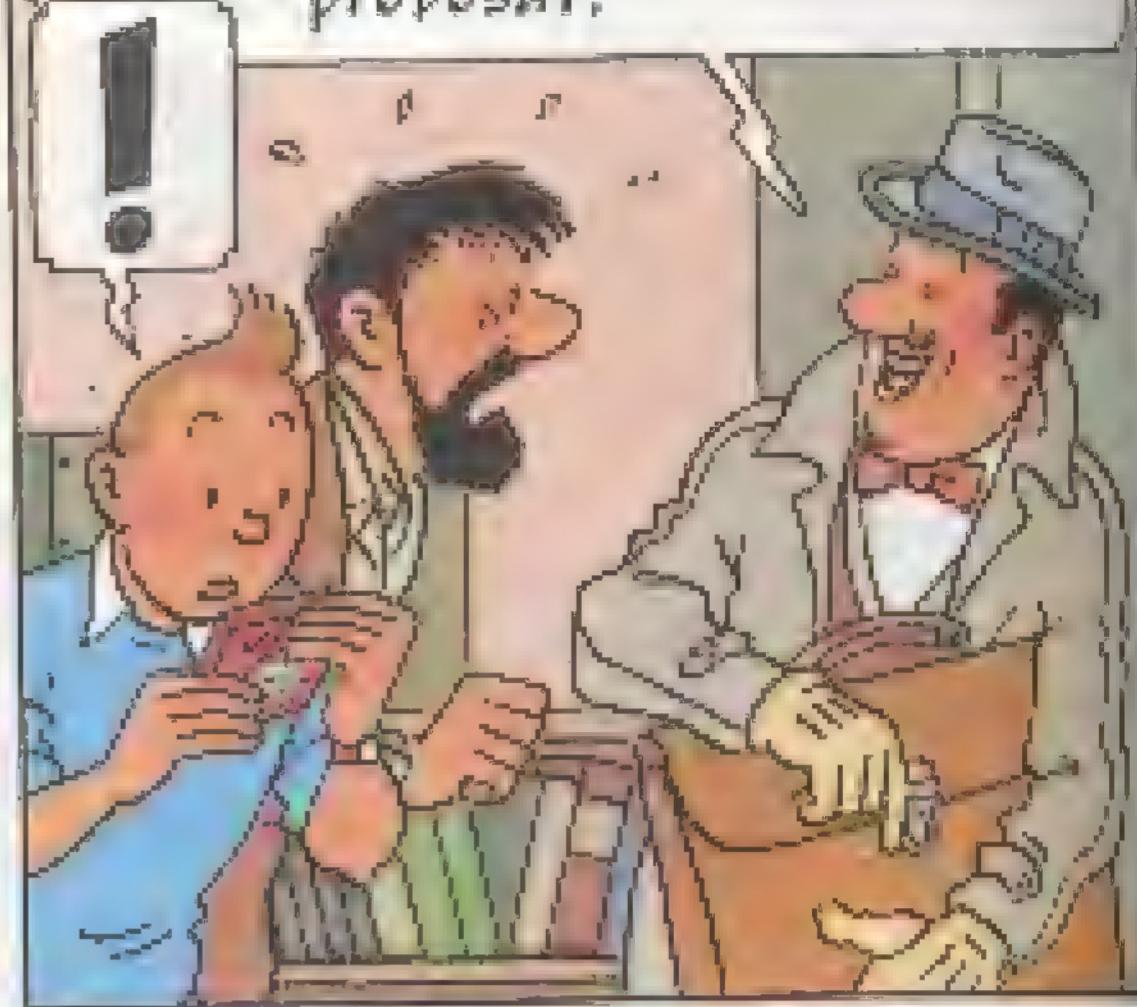


... You... Billions of blue blistering barnacles! ... I'll...

Ha! ha!... "Hands Up!"... the old gag never fails!



Now then, this'll cheer you up: I've brought your insurance proposal.



I say Captain, look what's written here in pencil, on this cigarette packet.

What is it?

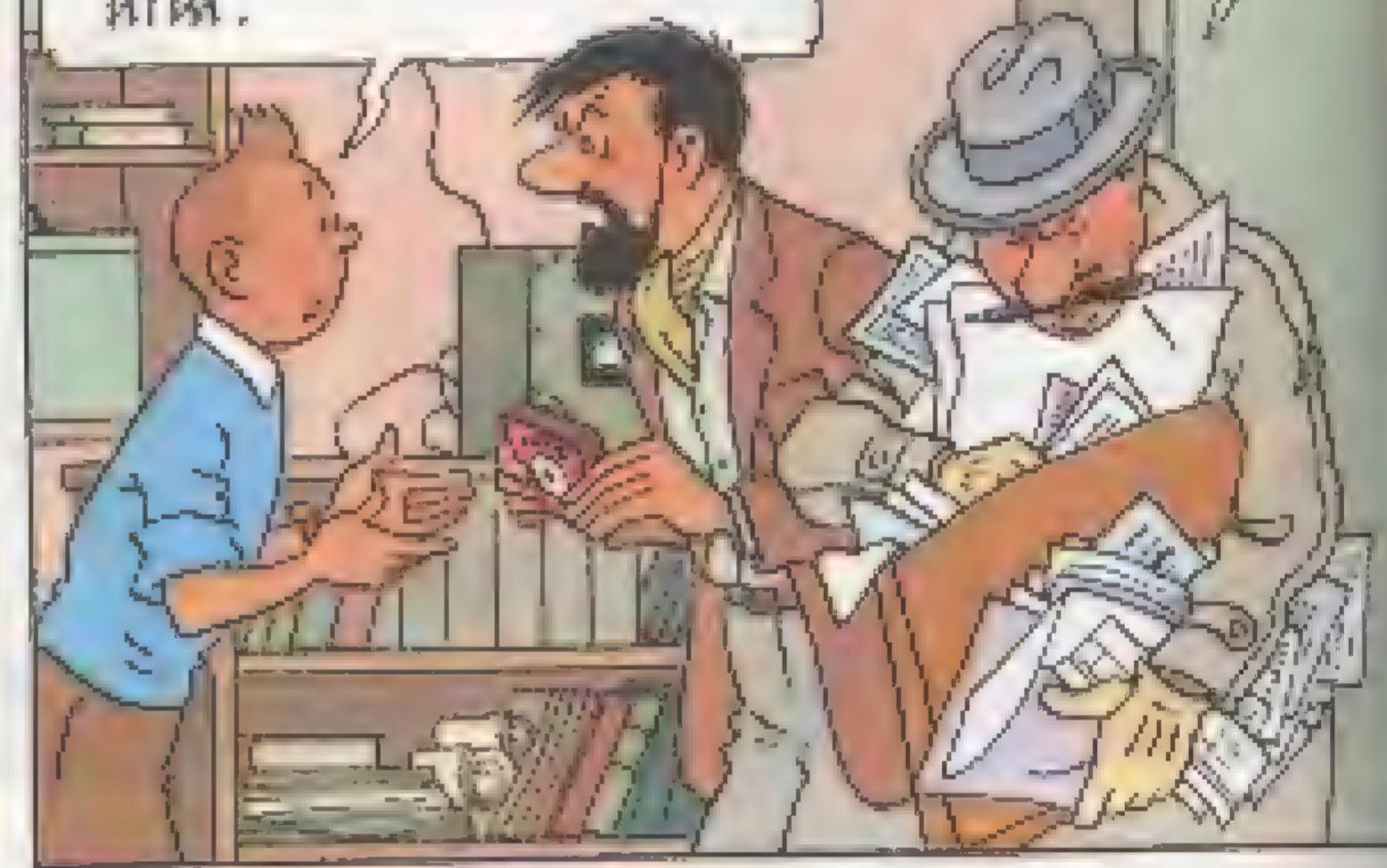


By thunder, that's the hotel in Geneva where Cuthbert usually stays.

Exactly.



Captain, something tells me the Professor's in danger there in Geneva. I'm going over to join him.



Cursh it! Whereshat paper got itslef to?

And I suppose you think I'll let you go alone. Nonsense! I'm coming with you!

Right.

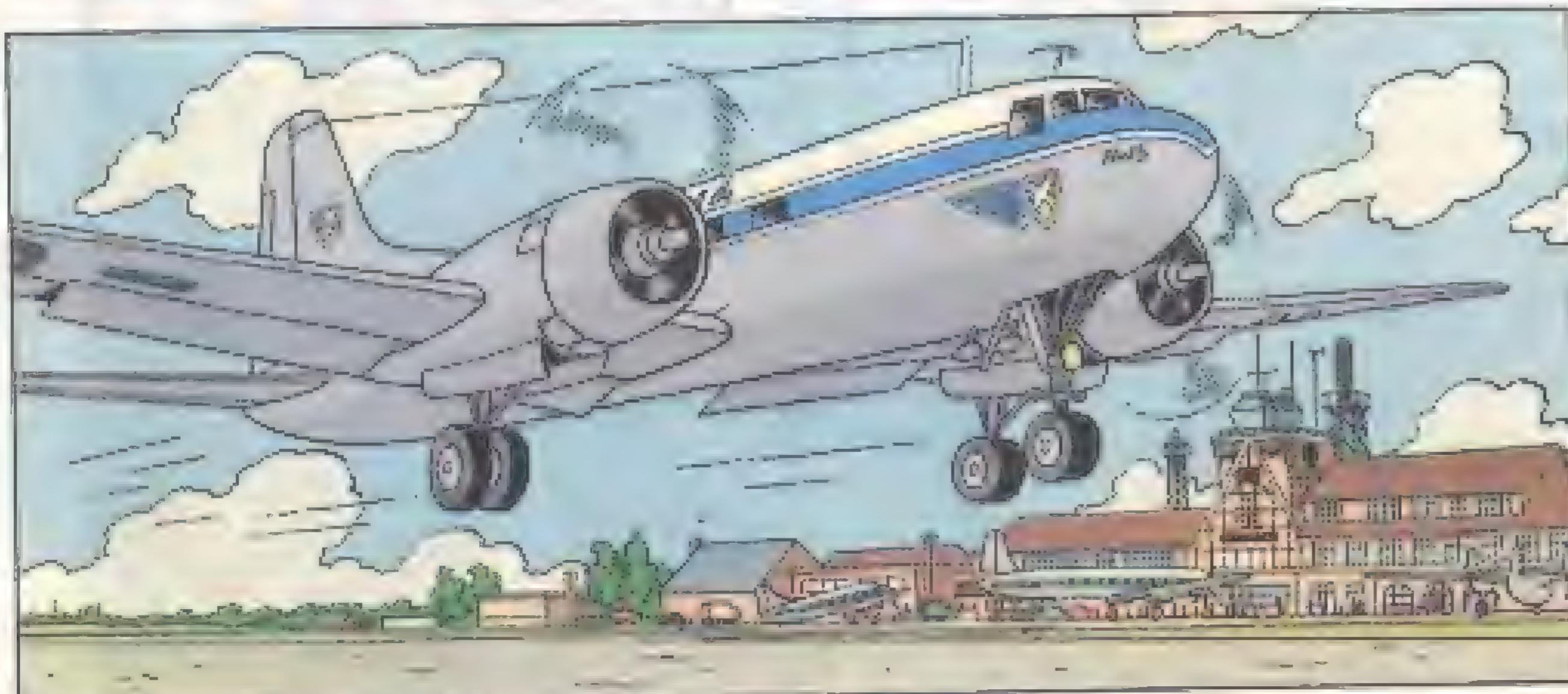
Here it is!



Come on! To Geneva!



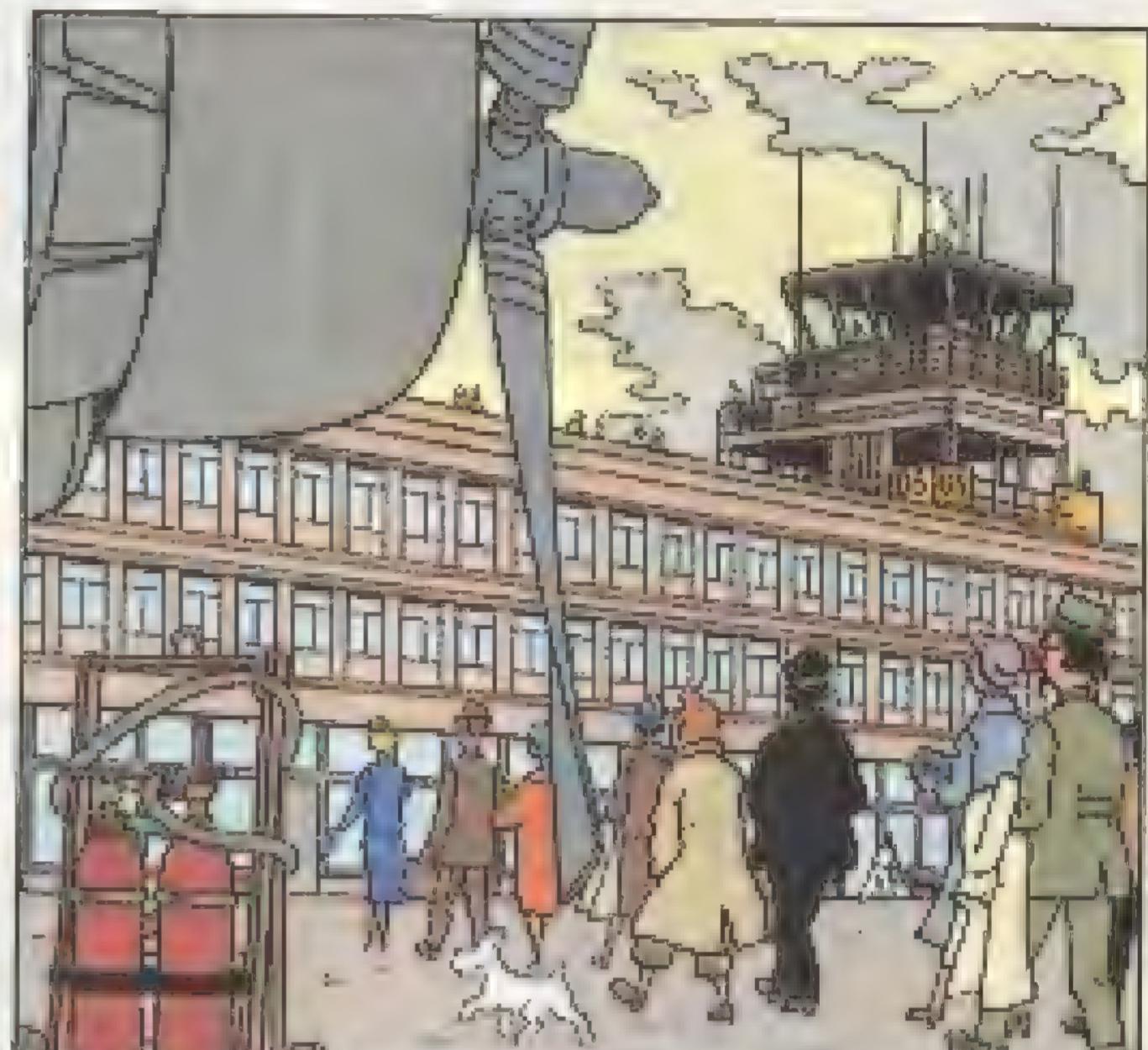
Hello... Hotel Cornavin?... Herr Szhrinkoff, please... Thank you... Hello, Stefan?... Yes, it's me... Look, you'd better get a move on. His friends have just left by air for Geneva.



3.30 p.m., at Cointrin Airport, Geneva...



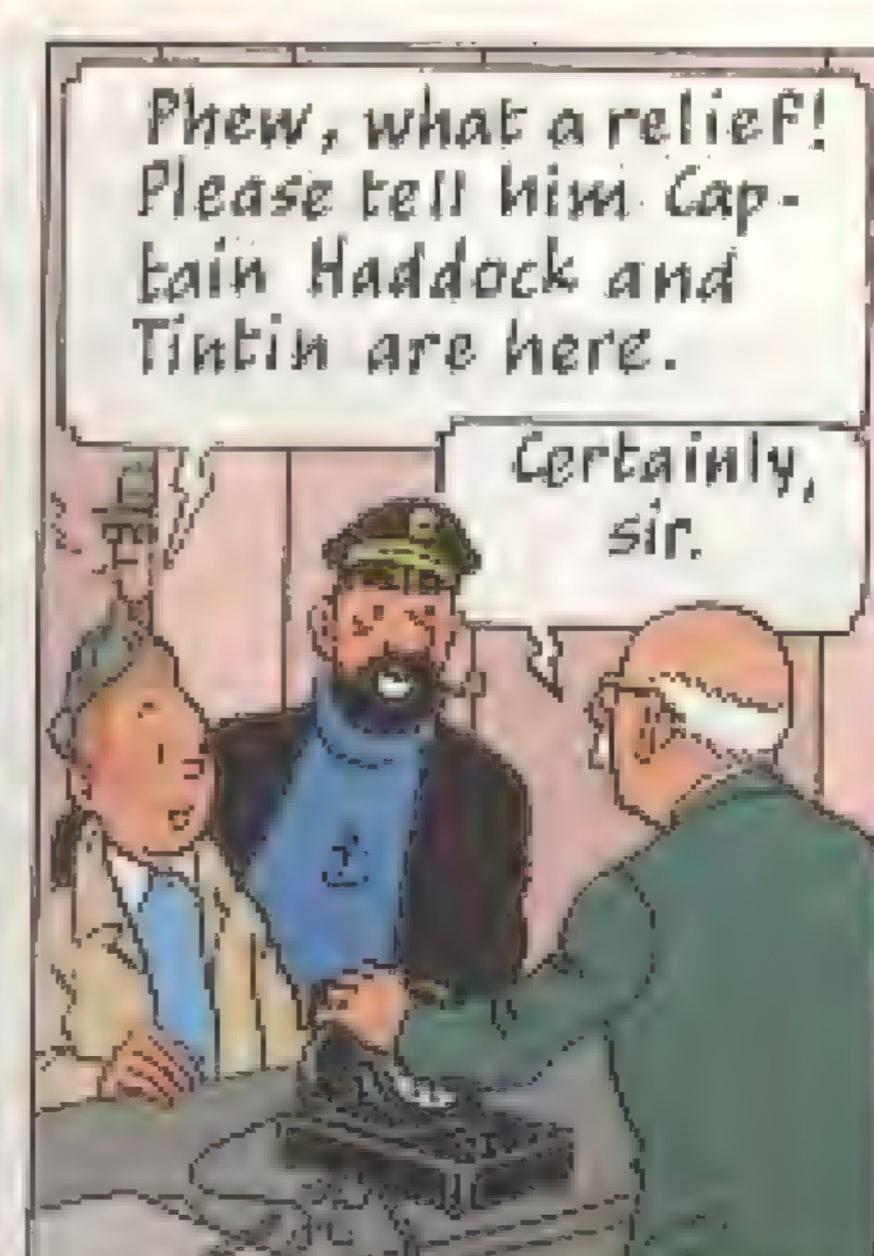
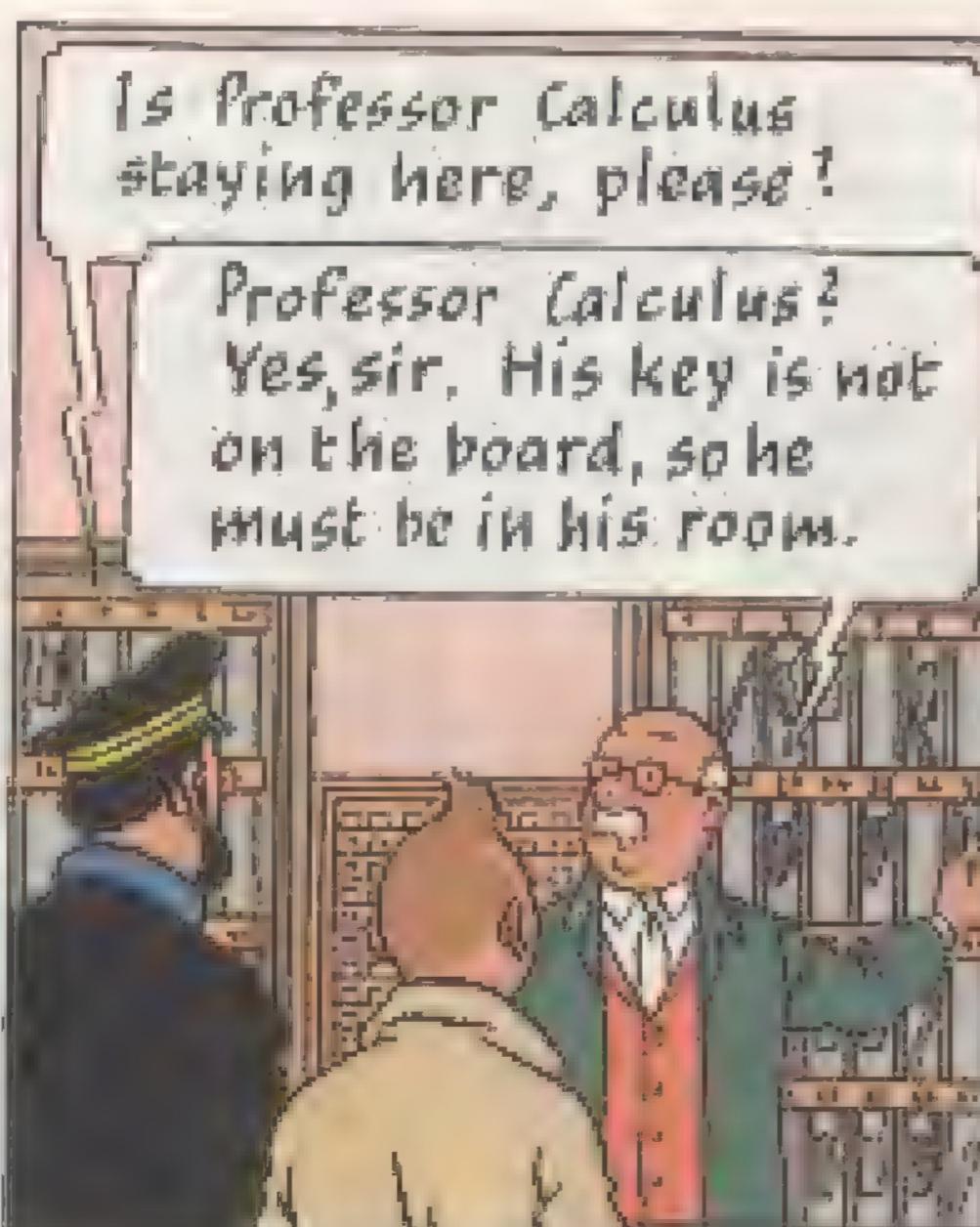
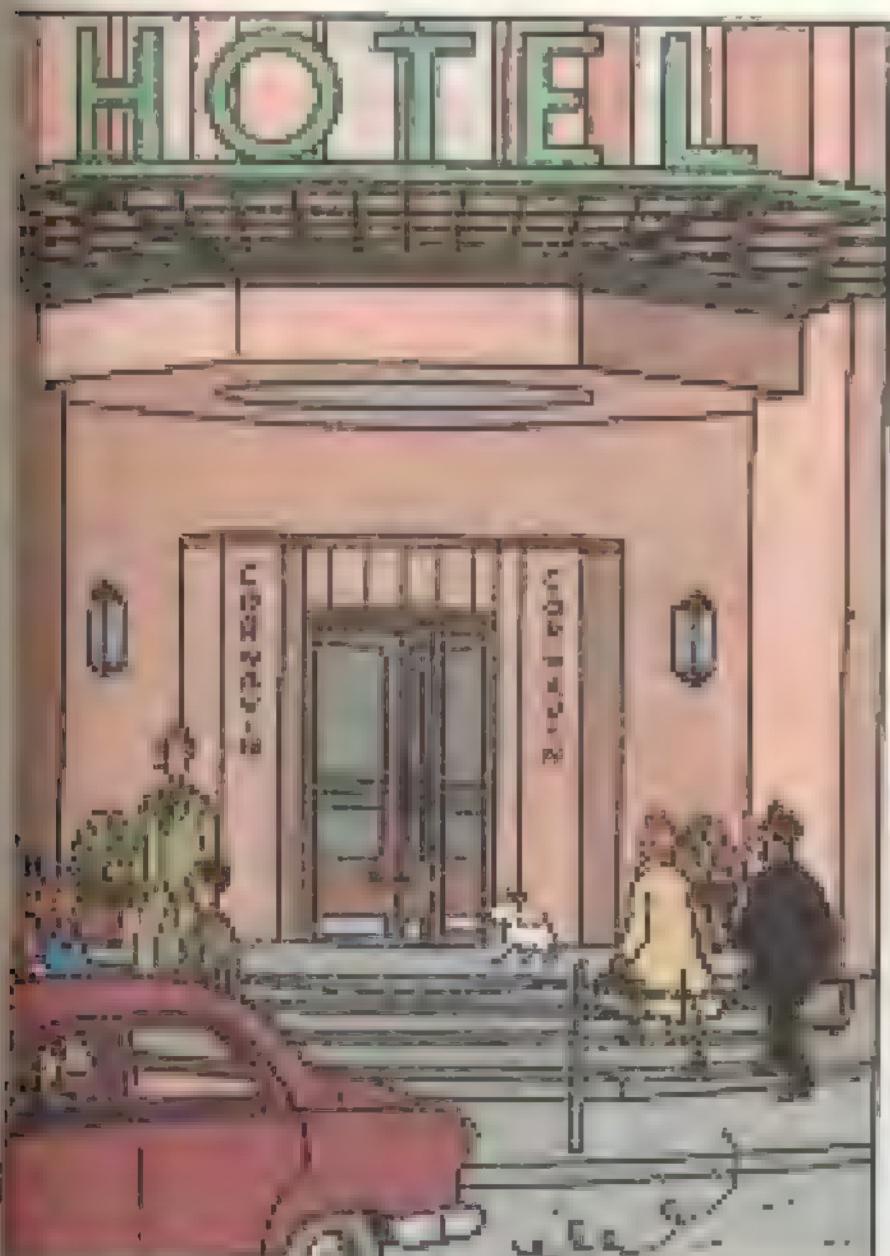
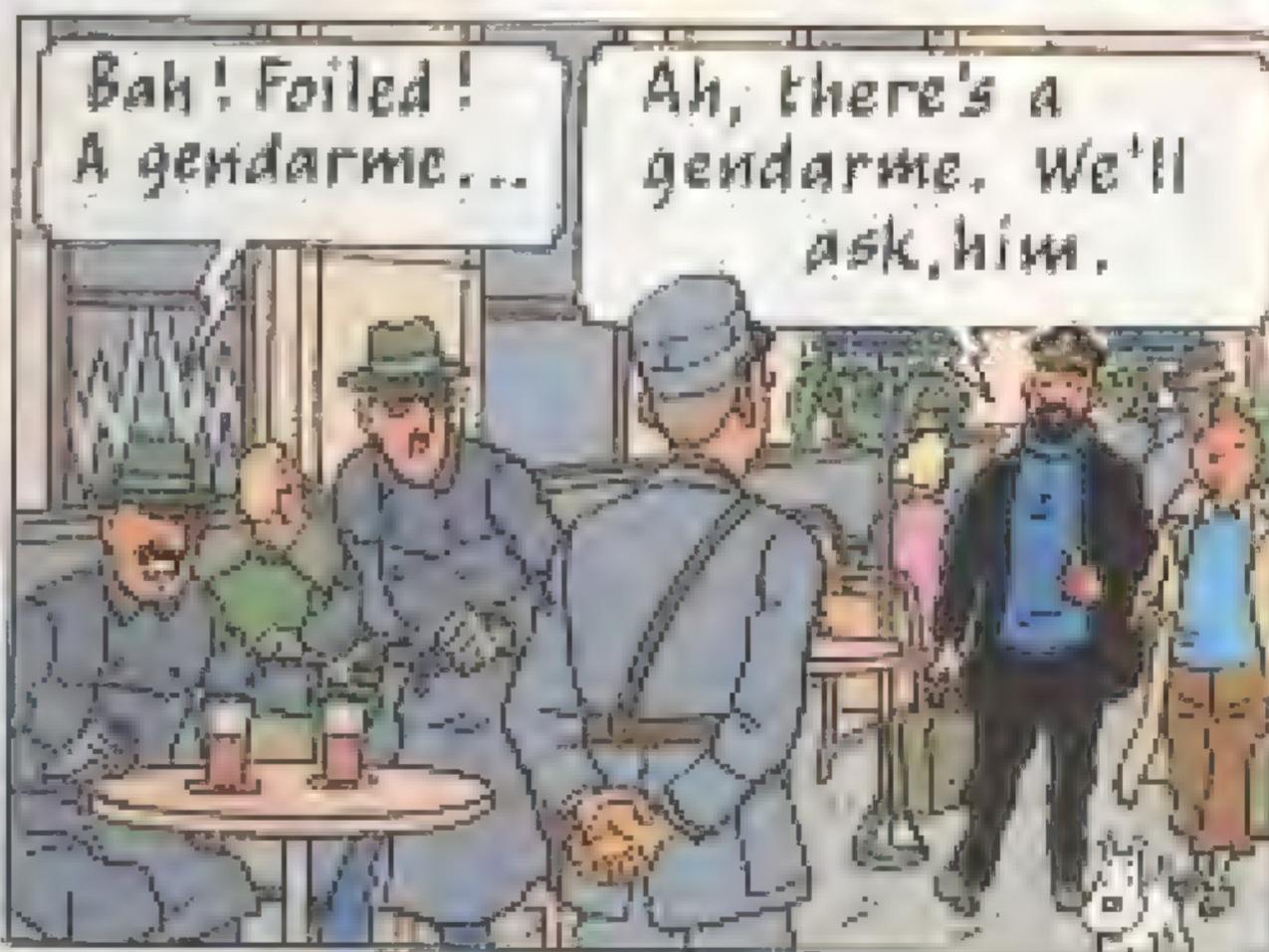
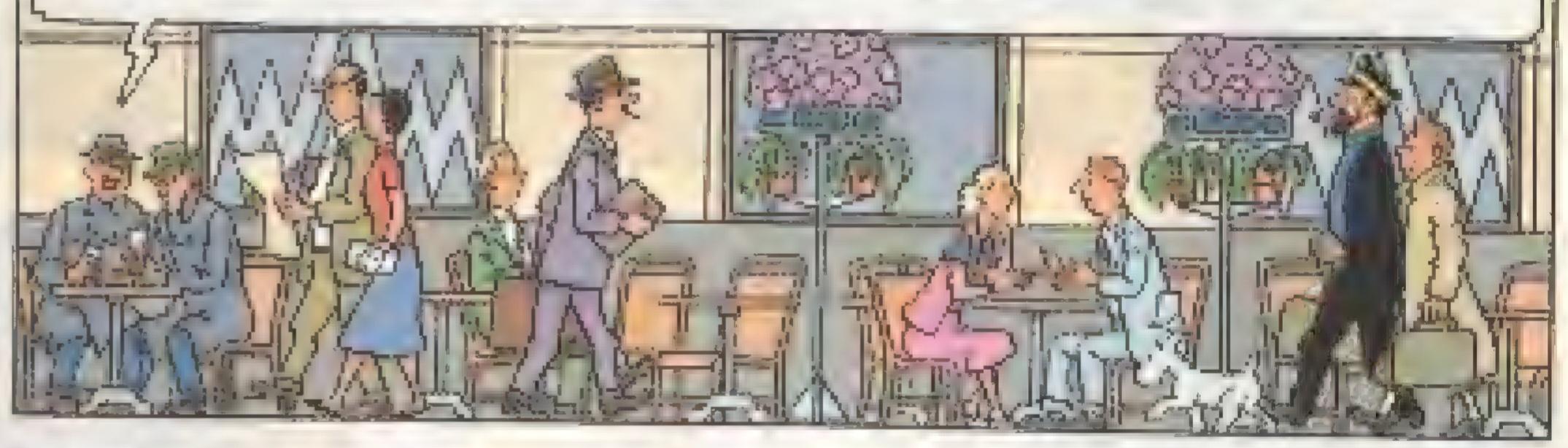
O.K., I get it: if they're here, we buzz off to Geneva and wait for them at Cornavin Station, at the Swissair bus terminal.



Three-quarters of an hour later, at Cornavin station...



Here they come... You barge into them and push them around; they'll get angry, there'll be a fight... All to gain time...



It's very odd... he isn't answering. Yet he should be in his room.

Perhaps he can't hear. We'd better go up. What number is his room, please?

Number 122, fourth floor. The lift is on your left.

Thank you. We'll leave our luggage here.

Fourth floor, please.

Certainly, sir.



Blistering barnacles, I know he's deaf... but all the same ...



Supposing he's not in his room; supposing something's happened to him ...



Not in his room, sir? Then his key should be here.



You're right... He must have gone out while my back was turned... I'm terribly sorry, sir.

You don't know where he might have gone?

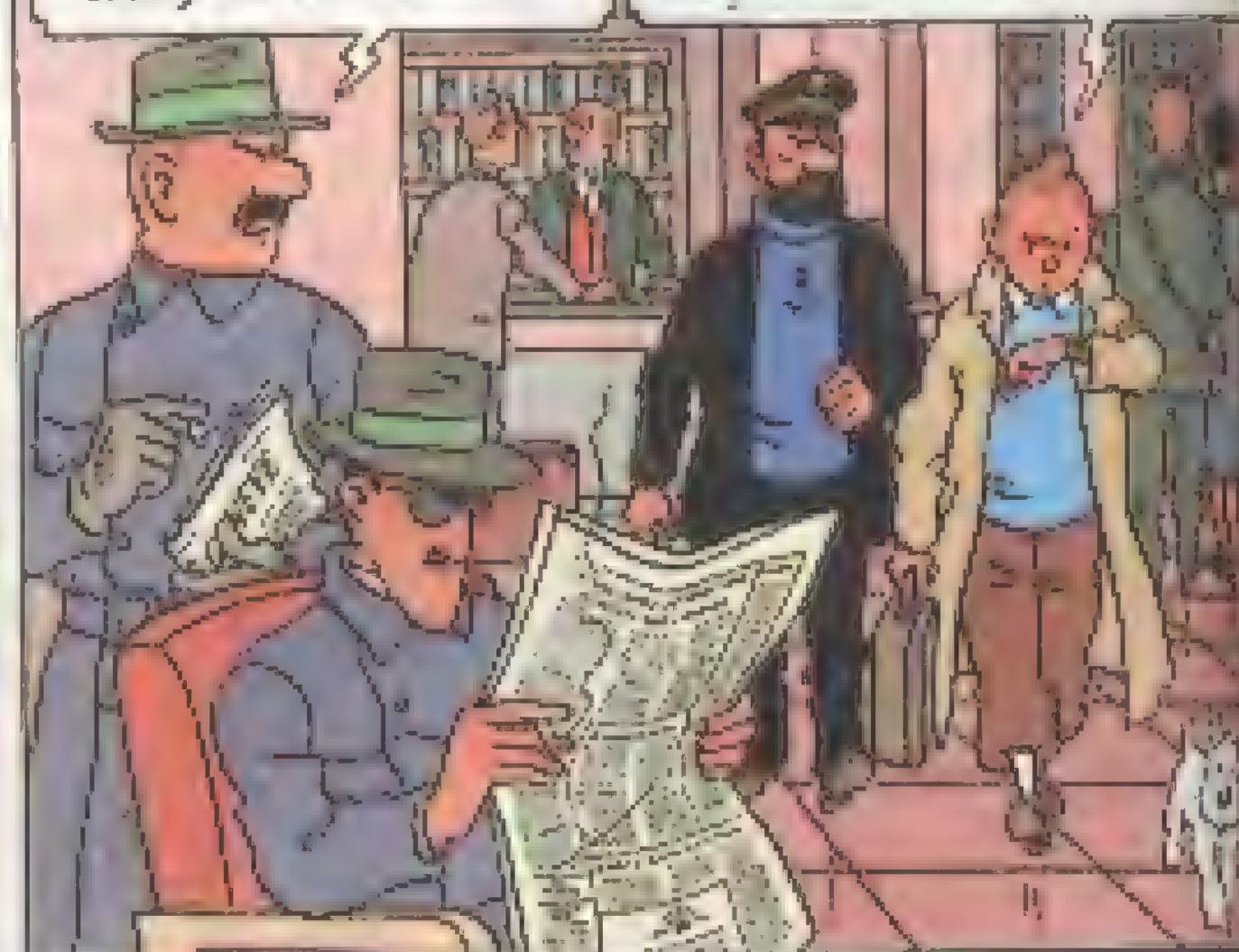


Wait... I've got it. This morning Professor Calculus asked me for the time of trains to Nyon. I remember now: he said he'd take the 4:40. If you hurry you'll still catch him at the station.

Good. Thank you.

Look out! Here they come.

We have exactly seven minutes.





You clumsy oaf, are you suggesting it was my fault?

What?! You have a nerve, insulting me, you blundering bargee!



Me, a bargee!! Billions of blue blistering barnacles, I'd have you know...

Floundering about!  
You ought to be locked up!



Lucky for you I'm in a hurry!

Ha! ha! He says he's in a hurry!



Yes, in a hurry, you ectoplasmic by-product! Otherwise...

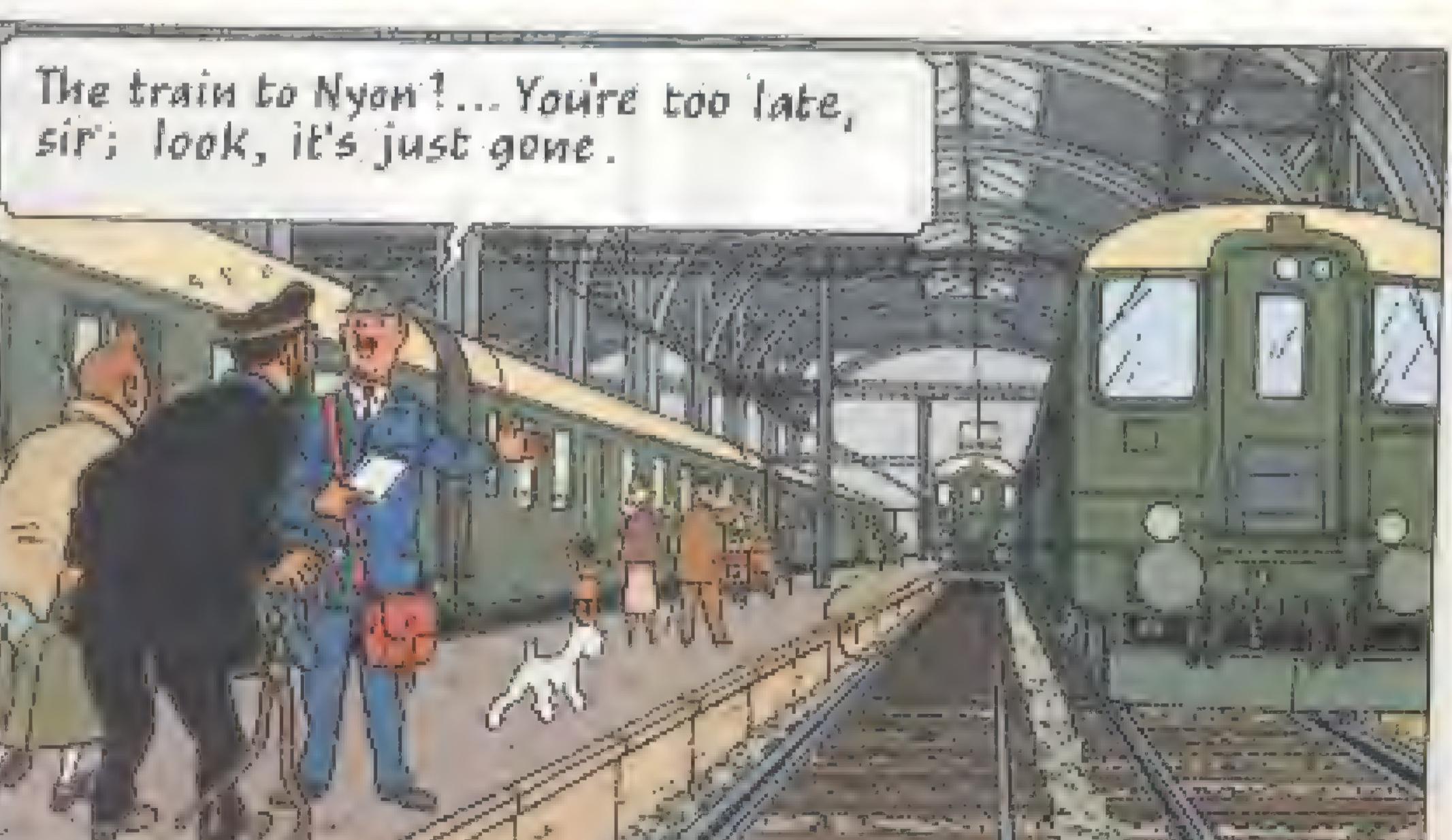
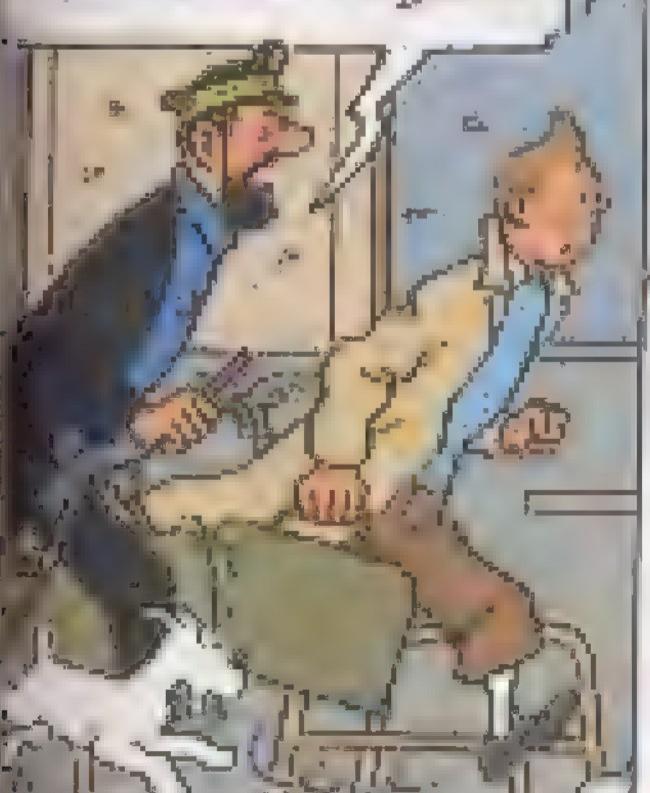


What happened?... I forgot it was a revolving door, that's all... and I pushed rather hard.



let's hope we'll be in time.

Carpathian caterpillar! Just wait till I see him again!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! All because of that Balkan beetle... I can't think why I don't go back...

That's a good idea; we'll go back.

I'm going to have a few words with that...

No you won't! We've other things to attend to.

Did Professor Calculus make any telephone calls after his arrival?... One moment, please; I'll inquire.

Hello, switchboard. Has No. 122 made any outside calls since he arrived? No. 122, yes... To Nyon 9.51.03... Twice?... Thank you very much.

Nyon  
9.51.03.

Hello, inquiries? Could you please give me the name and address of the subscriber at Nyon 9.51.03. Yes, I'll hold on...

Hello, yes... Topolino, Alfredo... 57A, route de Saint-Cergue, Nyon... Thank you very much.

Could you take us to Nyon? 57A, route de Saint-Cergue,

O.K., sir.

STE A Futura

Did you notice, Captain, that the chap we surprised in Calculus's laboratory and the one who tripped you up were wearing the same sort of raincoat?

Maybe...

Go on, Stefan. Overtake them!

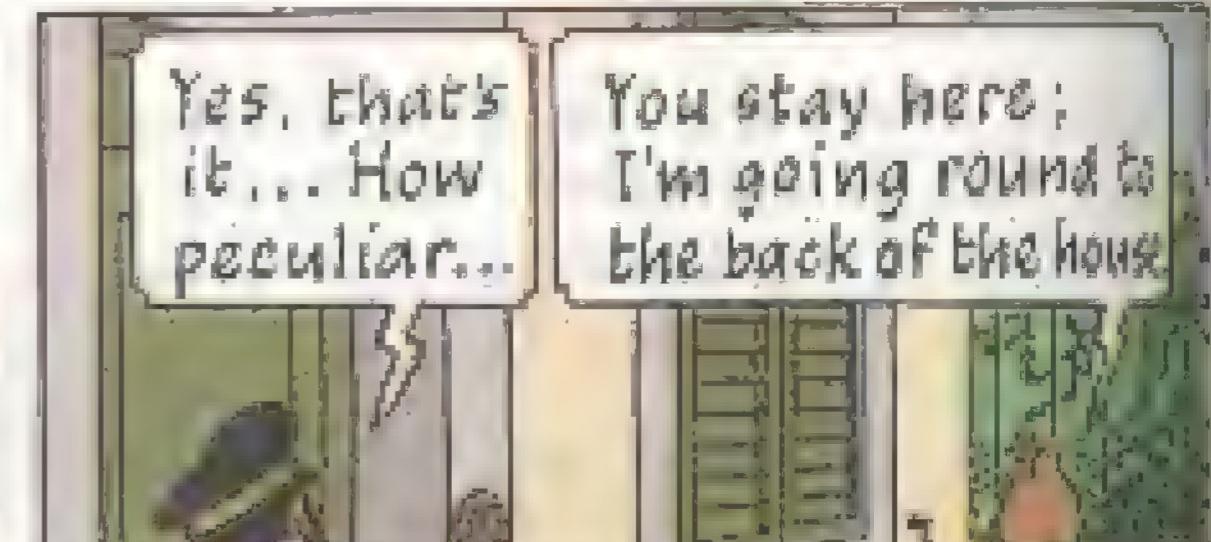
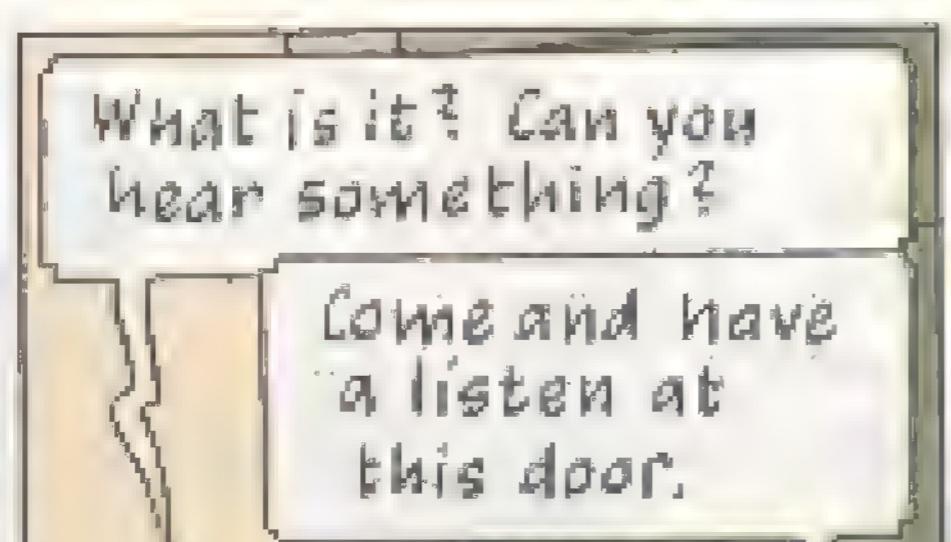
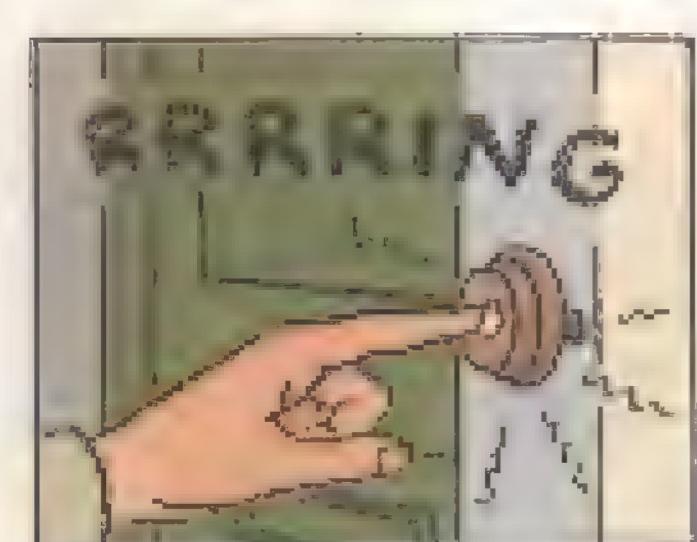
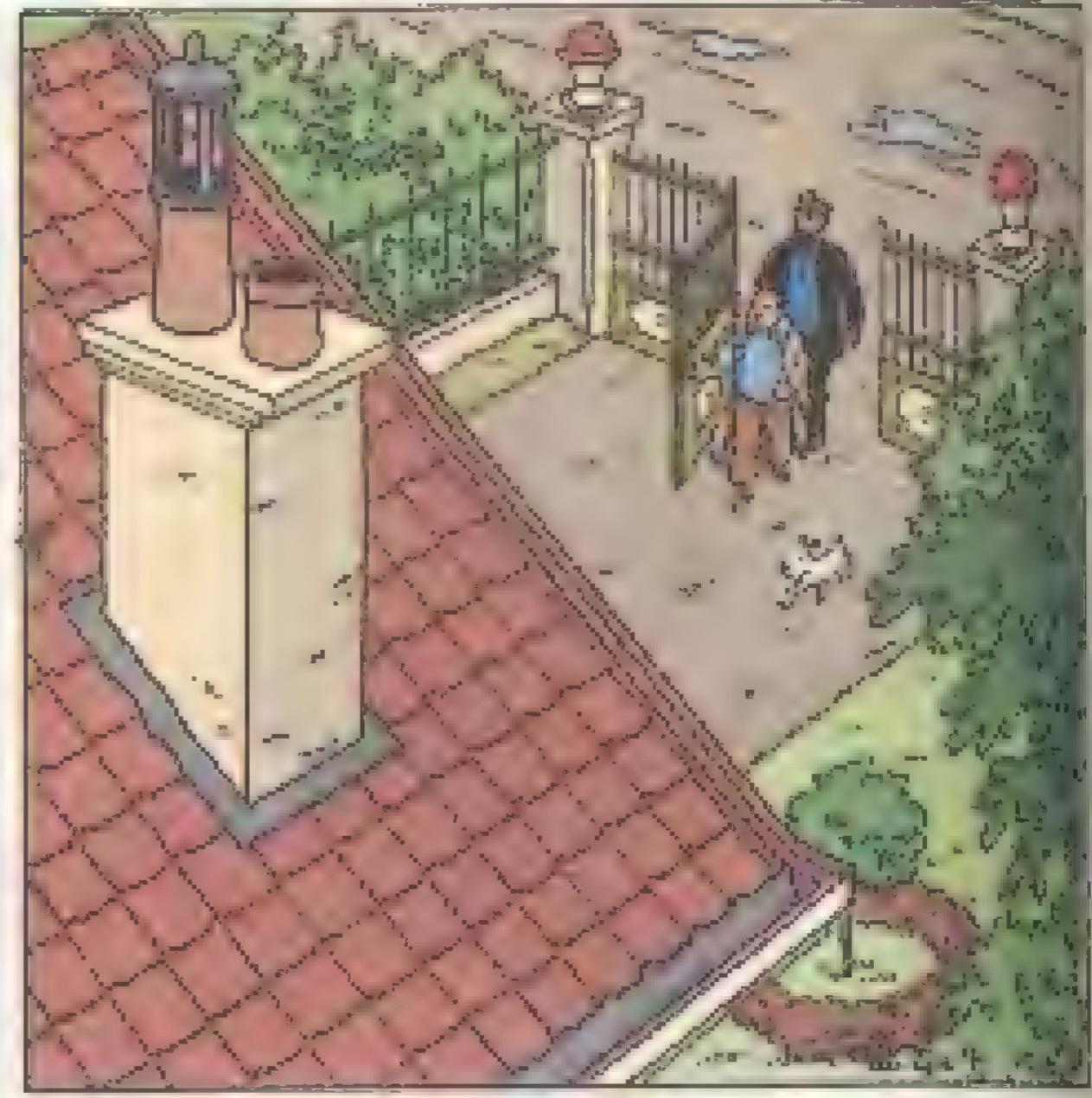
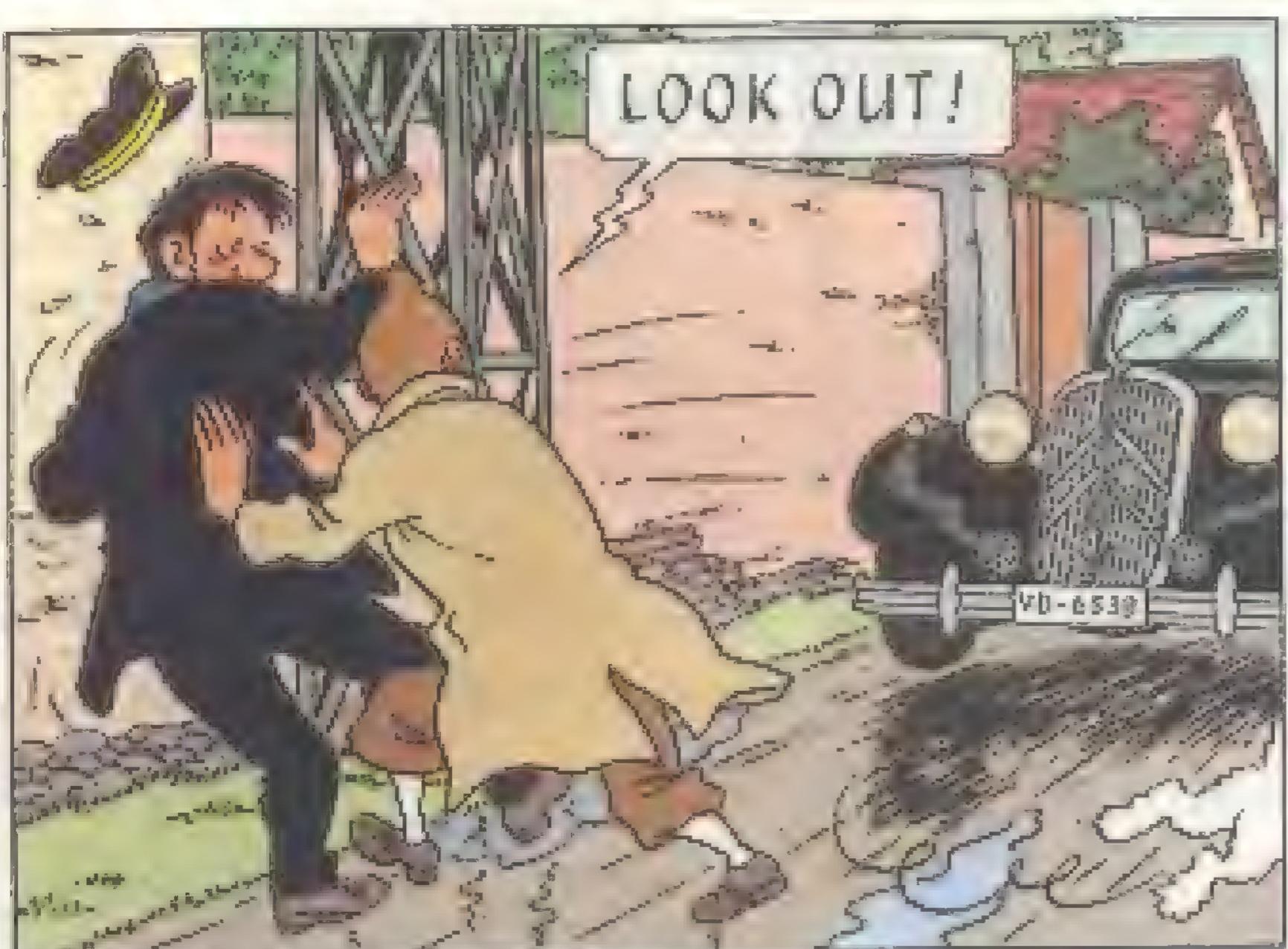
Good. Now then, a little swerve, and jam on the brakes... hard!

Wham!



Crumbs!... What's happening?... We're skidding...  
HELP!..HELP!..HELP!





Come in quickly!...  
The back door was  
open; I got in that way.



Ssh!...  
Listen...

Not a sound  
now...



WOOAH!  
WOOAH!



Calculus's umbrella!  
... Well done, Snowy!  
This absolutely proves  
it; he certainly  
came here.



Let's hope we're not  
too late. Perhaps  
he's still about...



Not a soul... But  
what's that on  
the table?



A bottle and two glasses.  
Someone was expecting us.



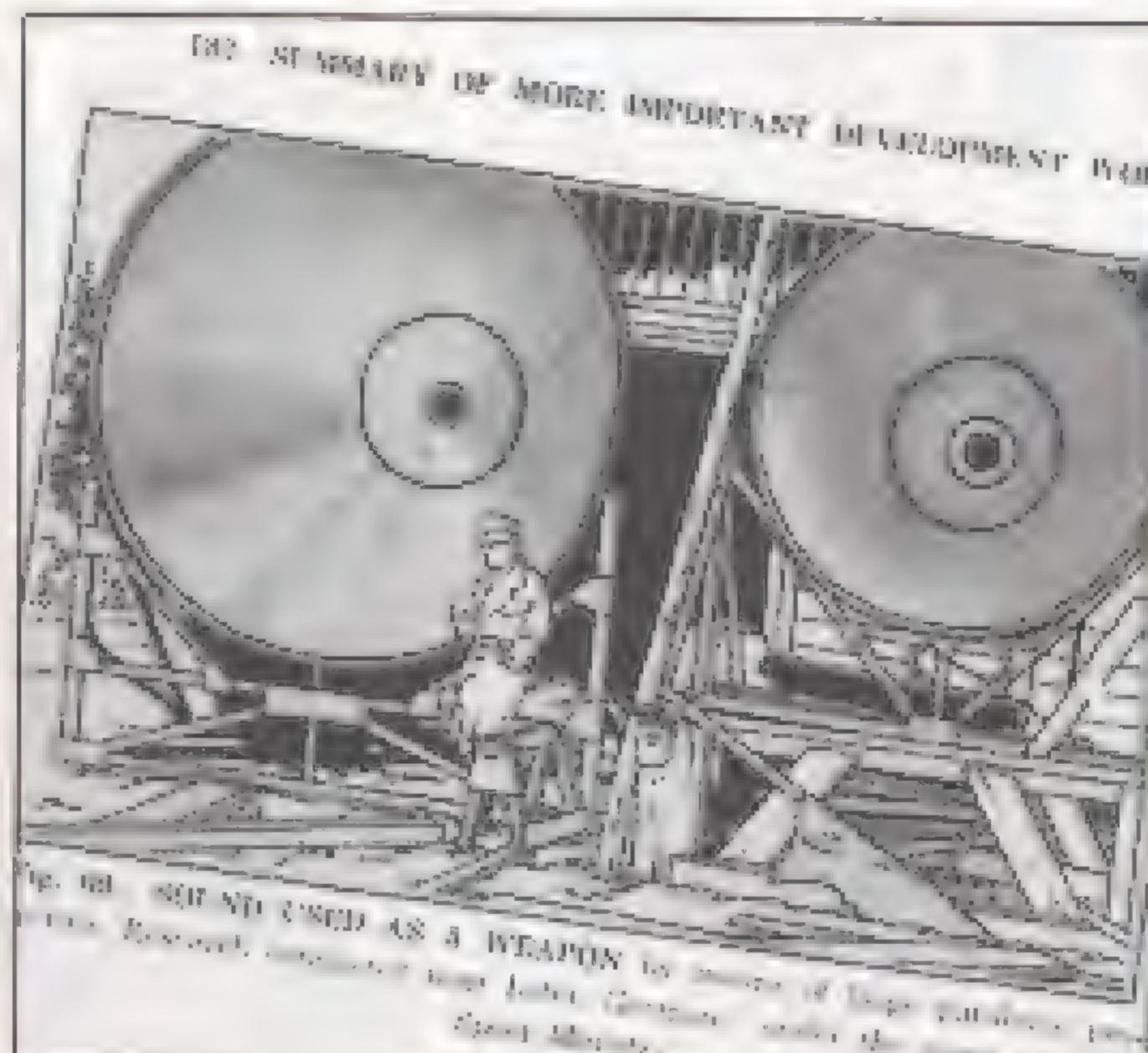
Crumbs! Just look at  
this book!

Wait a moment  
while I fix the  
light; it's as dark  
as a dungeon in  
here with the shutters closed.



There, now we can see properly.

I say, Captain,  
this is extra-  
ordinary!



Look!... That's the same as the  
queer machine we found in  
Calculus's laboratory.

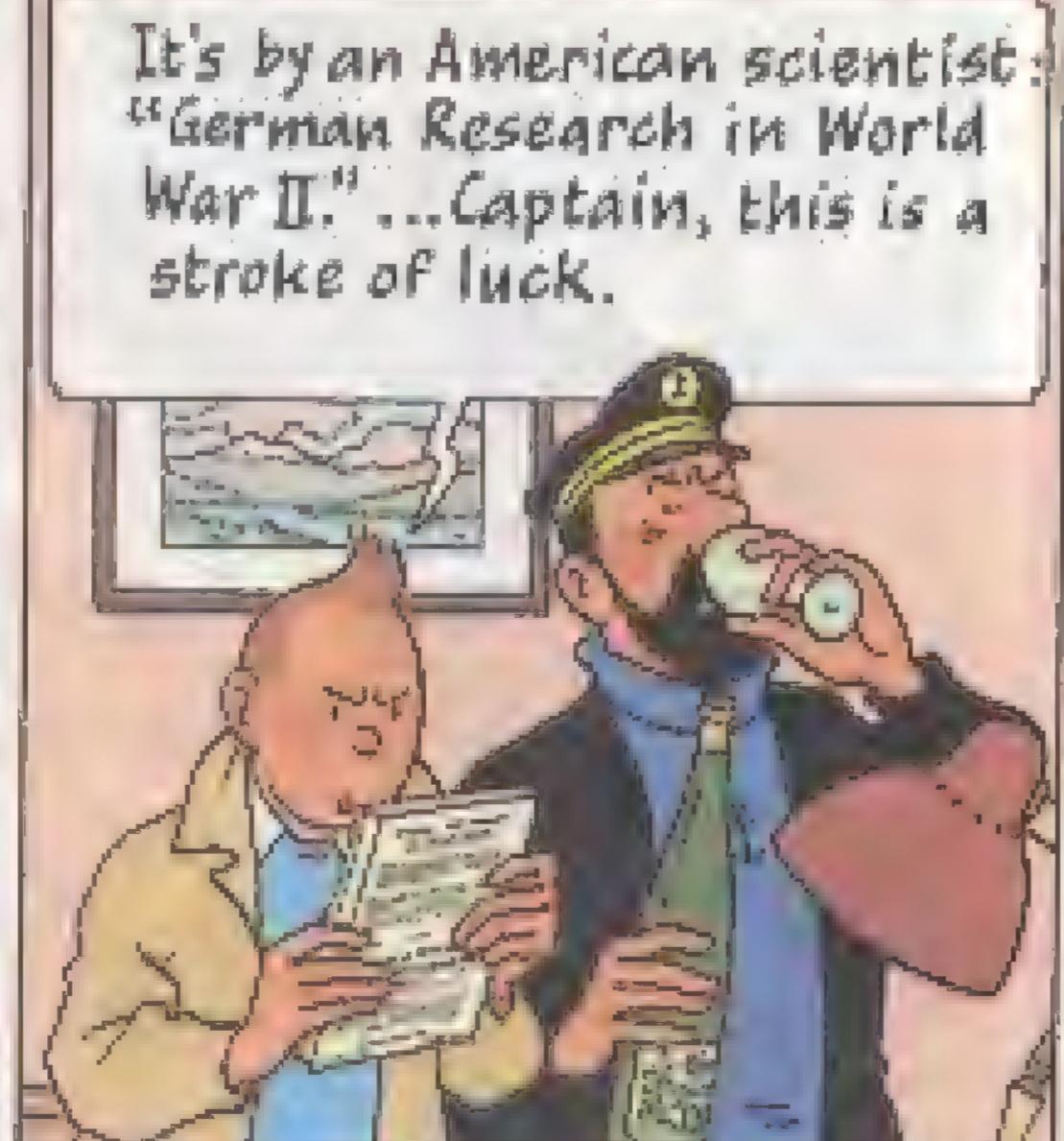
What is that  
book, anyway?



German  
Research  
in  
World War II

Leslie E. Simon

It's by an American scientist:  
"German Research in World  
War II." ... Captain, this is a  
stroke of luck.



Ha! ha! ha! In fact, you've  
put your head right into  
the lion's mouth...



You will pay dearly for your folly, Lawton, my friend! Ha! ha! ha!... At last we can settle our account...

The radio!

The radio!... You set it going when you plugged in the lamp.

It's useless to shout; that will do you no good...

Great snakes!... THAT CIGARETTE!... Another!

Well, what about that cigarette?

Look at the brand!

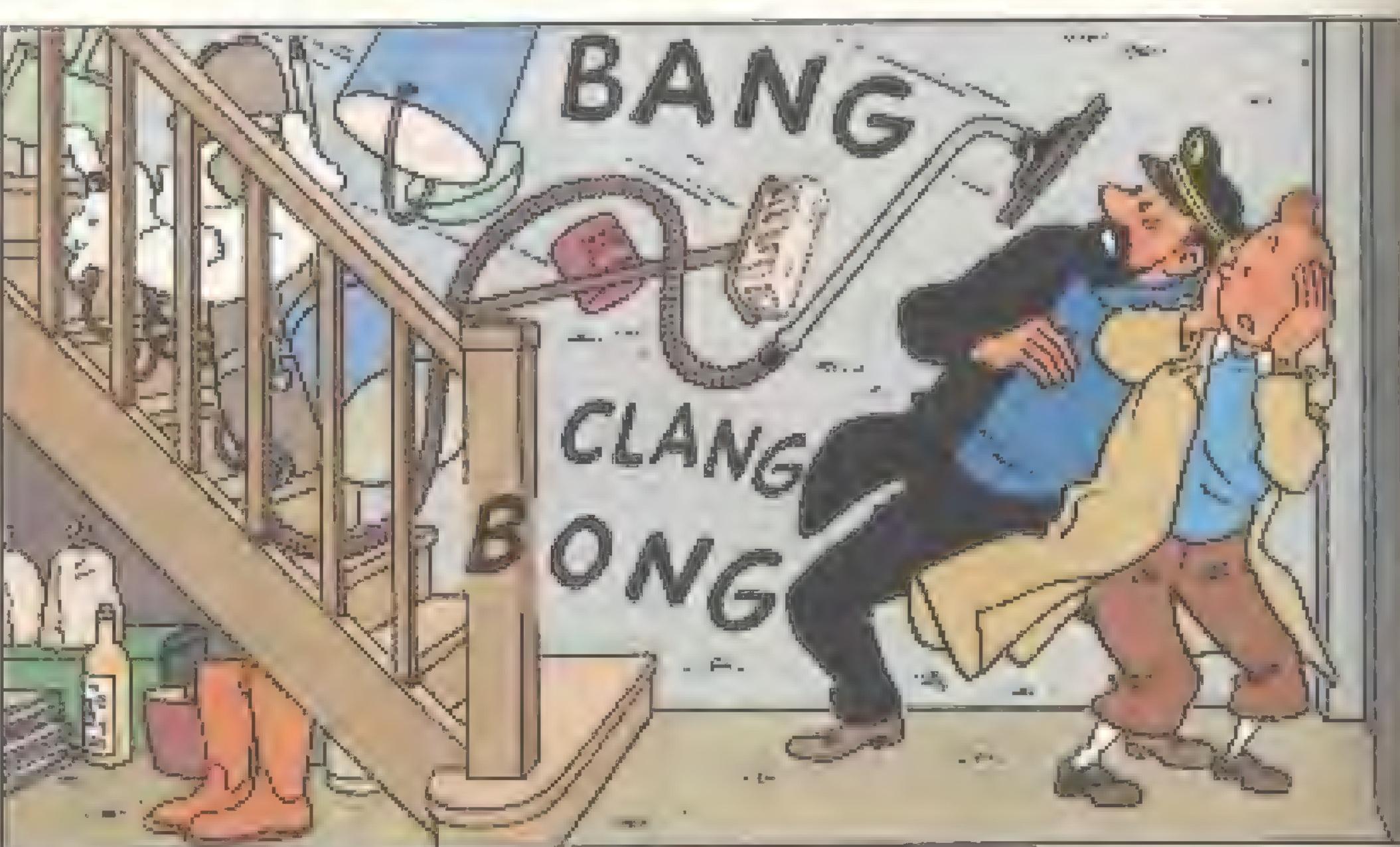
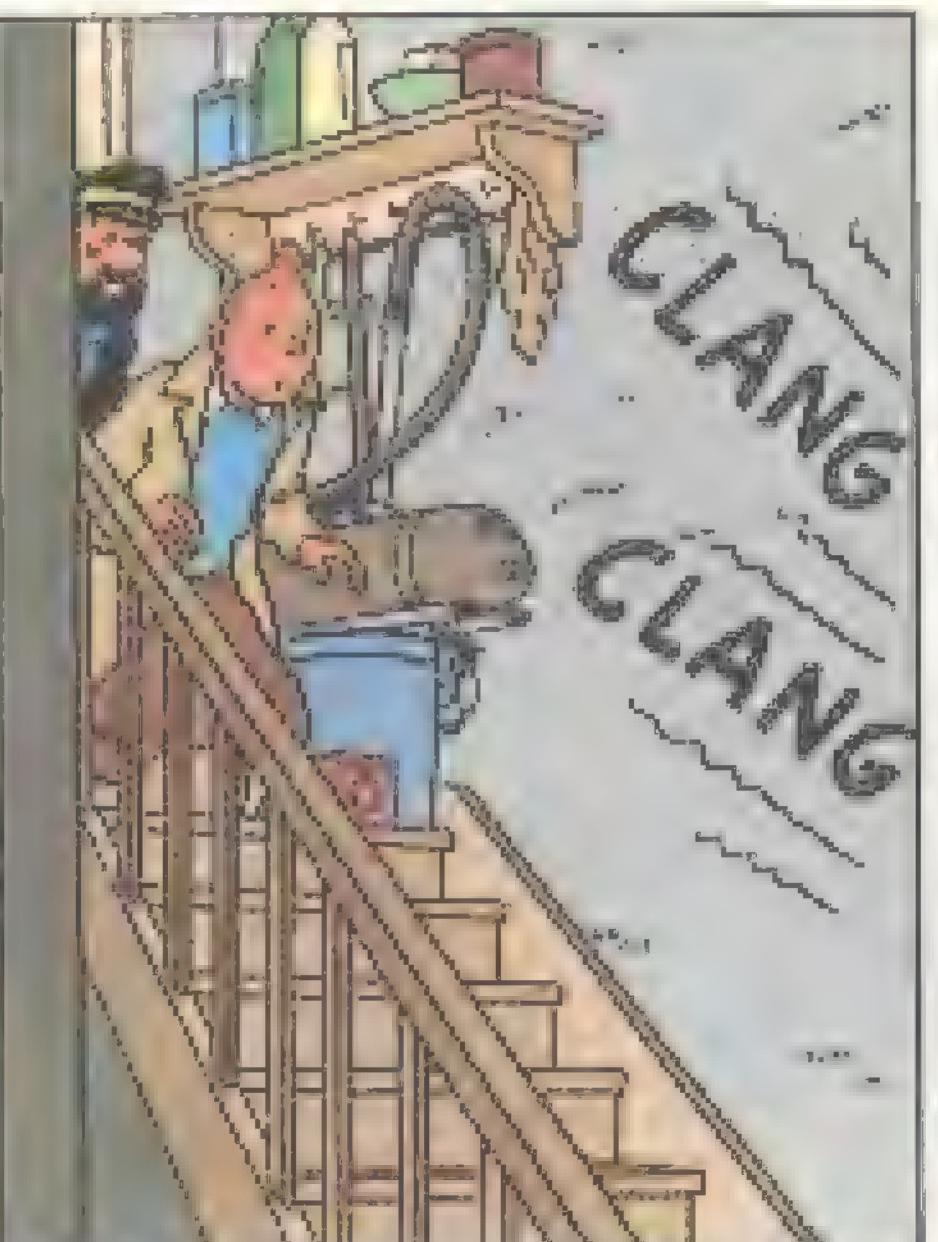
See here; it's the same as the packet dropped in Calculus's laboratory by that intruder.  
Blistering barnacles, so it is!

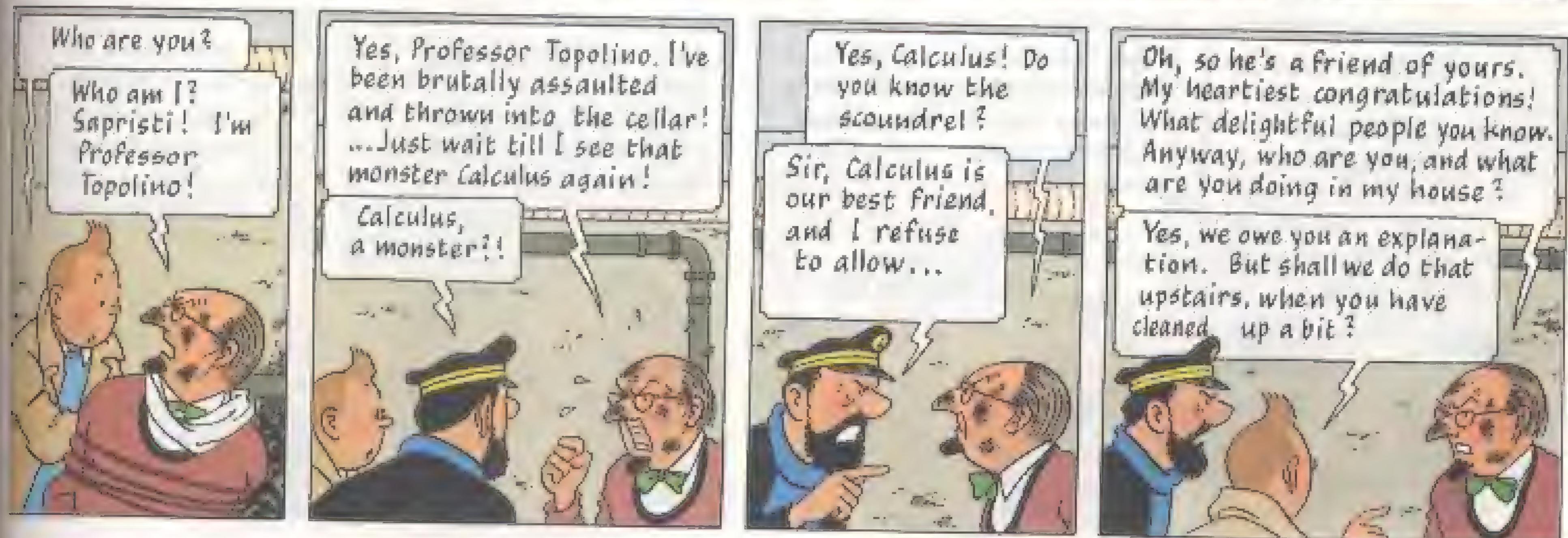
**CLANG**  
**CLANG**

Listen... there it is again.

You were absolutely right, Captain: something's knocking against the central-heating pipes. Let's have a look in the cellar.

Careful... Go quietly: don't make a noise.





Who is Boris?

Boris? He's my servant. He smokes very little, and only those cigarettes. He gets them direct from Borduria.

From Borduria?... Boris is a Bordurian?... Where is he?

He left for home yesterday evening. They sent a telegram. His mother has just been taken ill.

Oho! It's '53!

I think I'm beginning to understand. Yes... But what's your story, Professor?

Well, it's like this. About a month ago I had the first letter from Calculus.

Your wine has rare distinction.

He wrote to say that he was on the verge of a sensational discovery, in the field of ultrasonics. As I am a specialist in that subject, he sought my advice. Last week another letter arrived... He had succeeded.

But it seems that the consequences of his invention so alarmed him that he wished to talk to me. I arranged to see him today.

Er... This bottle was intended for him?

Exactly. But help yourself if you feel like it. ... This afternoon Calculus arrived, a little earlier than I expected, and we began to chat.

...

Then I bent down to pick up some papers. I looked up, and there was Calculus, brandishing a cosh... Then I came to in the cellar, bound and gagged.

I've got it!

Do you know this man?

Never seen him. Who is he?

Calculus! The one and only Calculus! So it wasn't he who knocked you out; it was someone else, masquerading as the Professor. Meanwhile the real Calculus arrived...

You're sure the timing mechanism hasn't stopped?

Don't panic! Only a few seconds to go...

Oh, sorry!...  
Not at all!

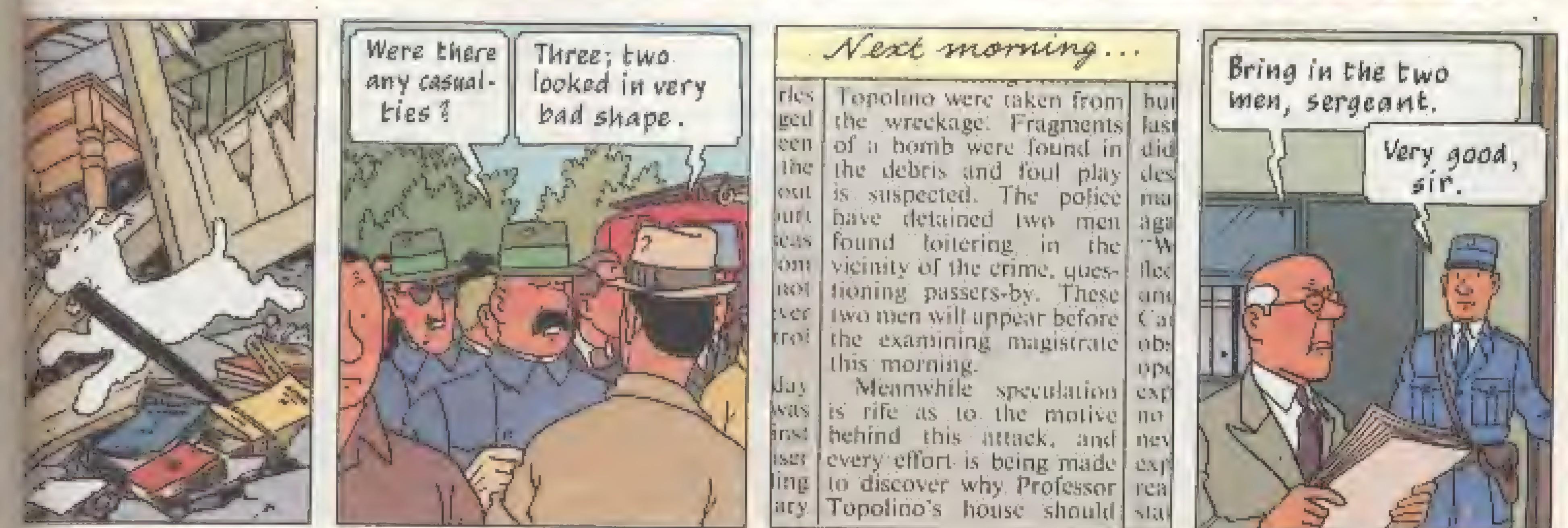
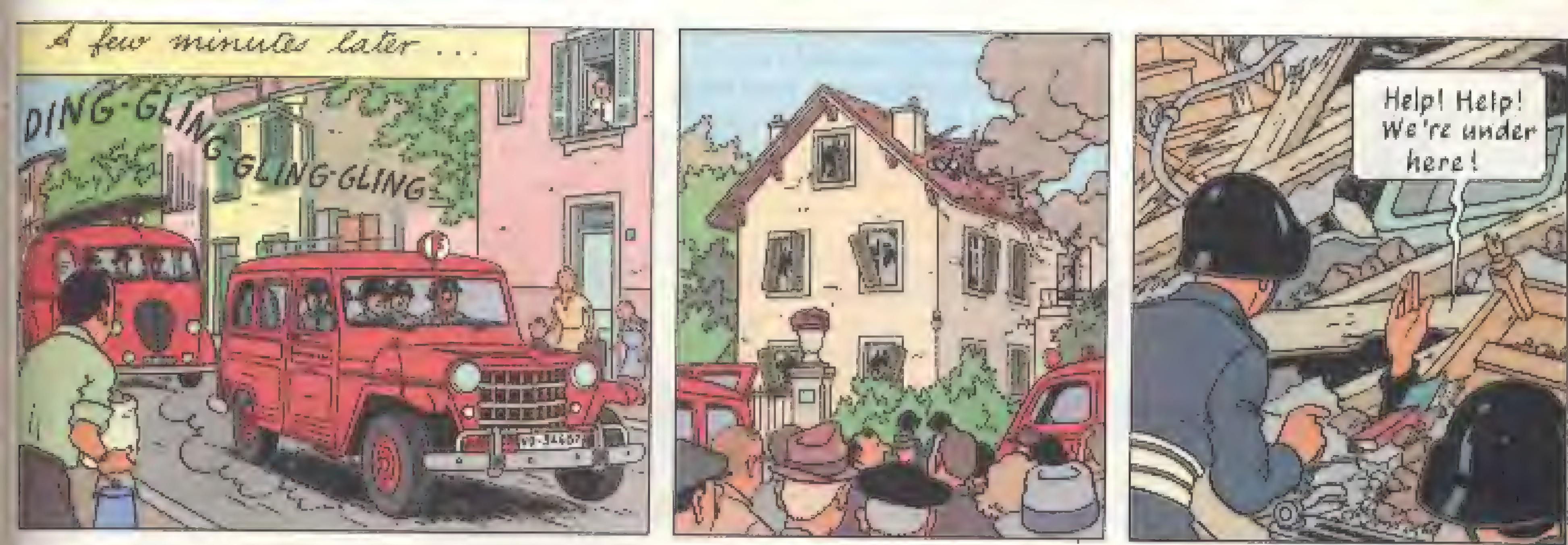
And Calculus did come here; his umbrella proves that... He was met by the man who knocked you out, and then pretended to be you.

Good health, Professor!

That's how it must have happened...

BOOM

Up she goes! That's got rid of the whole bunch at one stroke!



In you go!

Here we are!

Gentlemen, the statements you made yesterday have been checked and confirmed. You will be released immediately. I must apologise for our mistake.

That's quite all right, Mr. Magistrate. None of this would have happened if our credentials hadn't been stolen... with our luggage.

We're in Swiss disguise while we're searching for our friends Tintin and Haddock. We have important news for them.

You'll find them in the hospital, quite near here.

A little later...

Tintin and Captain Haddock? I'll take you to their room. You're just in time. They're getting ready to leave.

I say, how clean these hospitals are. Just look at the shine on the floors!

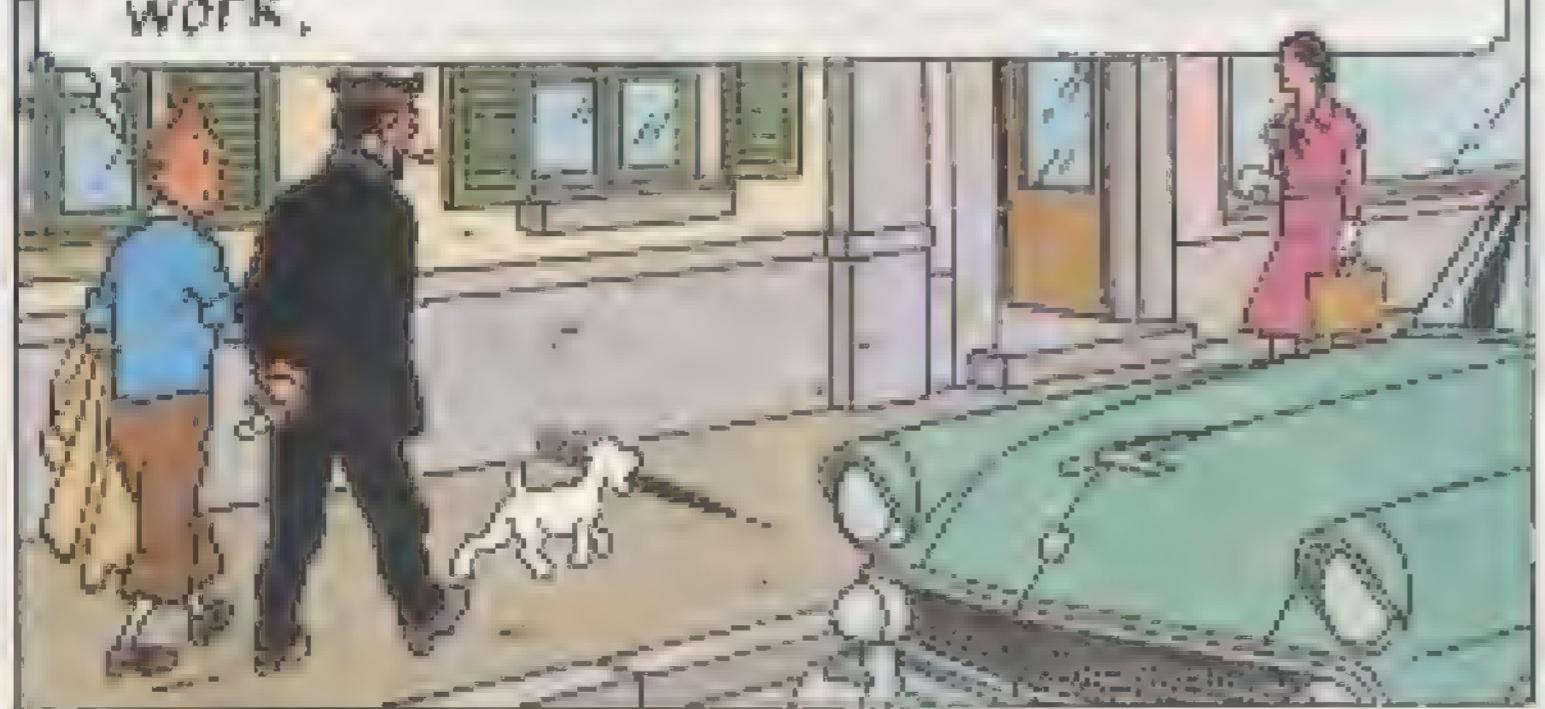
ZIIIIIP

?

... Yes, important news. We caught him... the man in the park who was wounded, then vanished. He's Syldavian. But we can't get another thing out of him. He swears he was there "quite by chance".

Quite by chance. I'll bet he was. Thanks all the same. I'm terribly sorry you slipped up... We must be off to the police station. Goodbye for now.

... This is how I see it. Calculus had perfected an ultra-sonic instrument, capable of destroying glass from a distance, glass and - who knows? whole buildings, tanks, ships... In short, a terrible weapon... In a letter to Topolino, Cuthbert described his work.



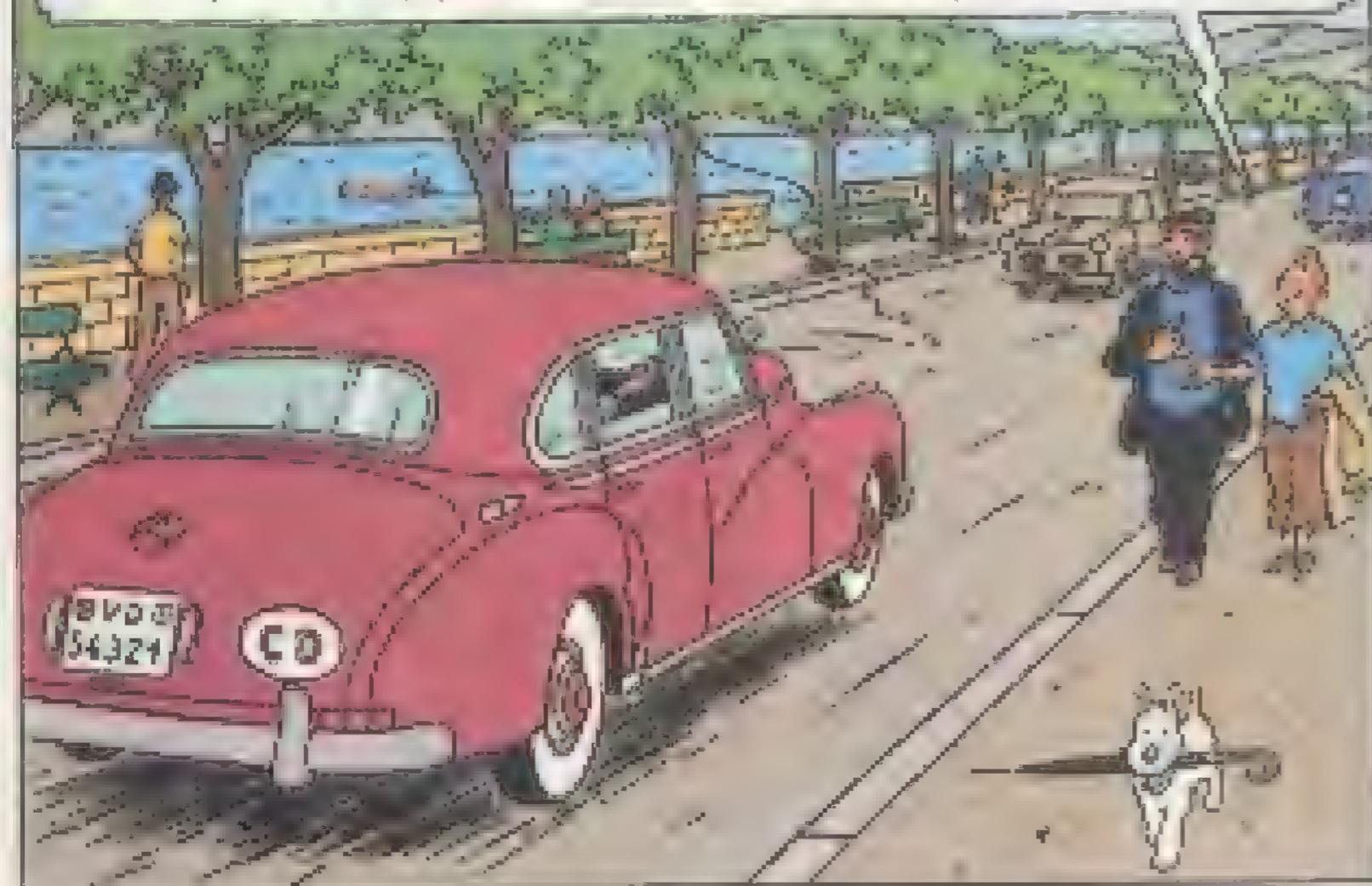
This letter was discovered by Topolino's servant, a Bordurian called Boris, who tipped off his country's secret service. But the Syldavian espionage got wind of the invention too, and sent an agent to Marlinspike. He stumbled upon his Bordurian rival, who shot him.



So far so good. Then Calculus arrives in Geneva, but we are close behind. And since we make life difficult for spies and kidnappers, they try to eliminate us. Right... The first thing is to find Calculus.



But where can he be?... Who knows what they have done with poor Cuthbert?



Blue blistering barnacles!... A lighted cigarette! The fat-headed fire-raisers!



Nit-witted ninepins! Bashibazouks! A "C.D." plate, so do as you like! Certified Diplodocuses, that's what you are!

OH!



Look at this cigarette, Captain. The same brand...once again!

Thundering typhoons, you're right.

... It was a C.D. car... Diplomatic Corps. That means from an embassy, and most probably the Bordurian Embassy... We must find out where that is. A post office directory will tell us. We'd better go back to Nyon.

There... Bordurian Embassy, "Les Cygnes," Rolle.

Rolle... That's a few miles from Nyon.

Well then, this afternoon we'll reconnoitre. We'll go out to Rolle and spy out the land; and tonight, Captain, we'll go into action!

That night...

Blood-suckers!

Main-eating pests!

PCHH

Lucky I brought this along!

Don't make a sound Captain, we're nearly there.

Wait, just a few more shots!

8Z2RRBZR  
Here comes an absolute whopper! Listen to the din!

OH!... Sorry!

He's landing on the lawn... Moor the boat and we'll have a look.

Look over there; someone's coming.

Crumbs! The man in the middle... no mistaking that silhouette... It's Calculus! They're going to put him aboard the helicopter!

Good heavens! What's happening?

Someone's trying to rescue Calculus! Quick, Captain, let's give them a hand!

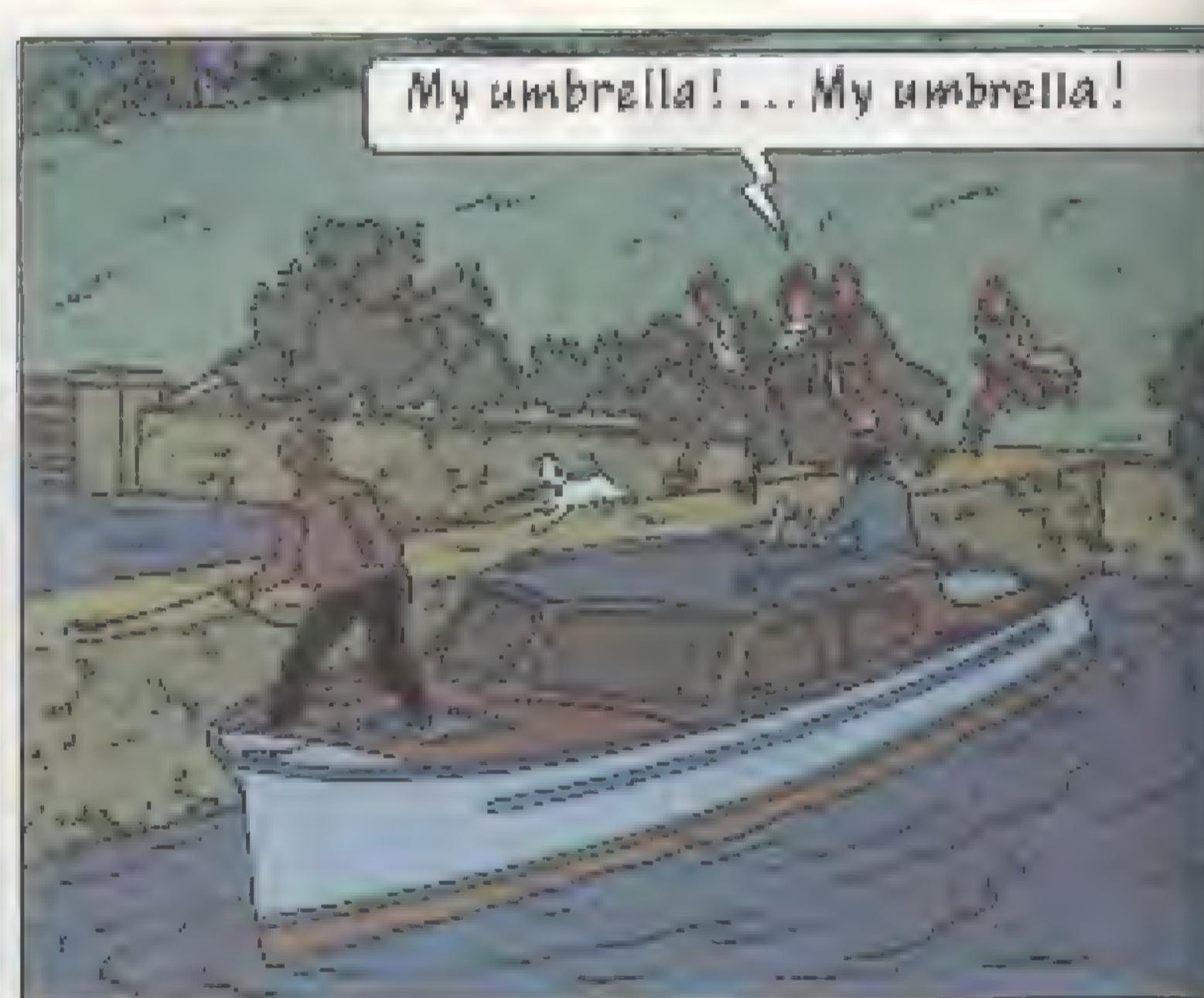
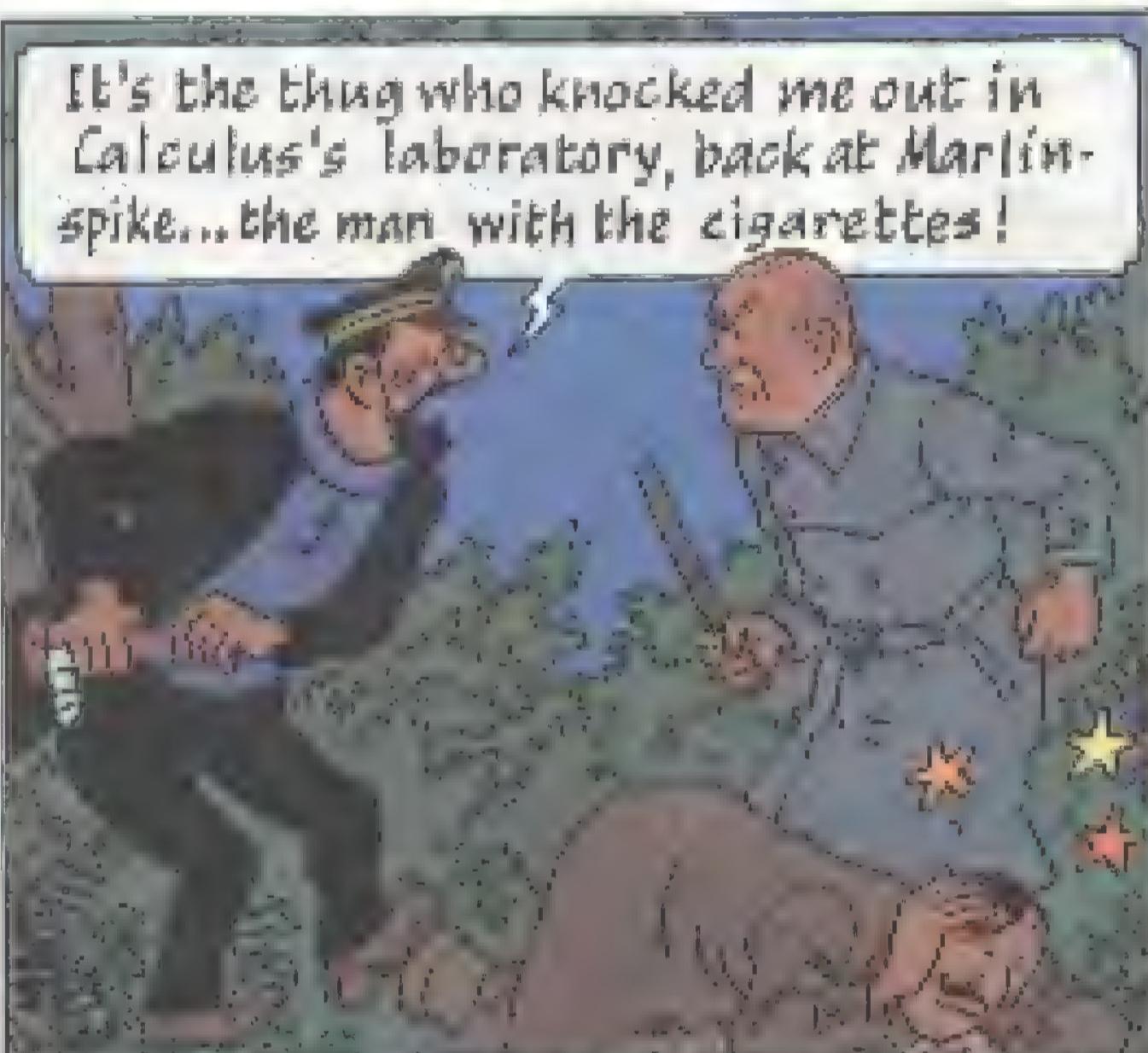
I'm with you! Come on!

... But how can we tell friends from enemies?

Go for the ugliest ... That won't be difficult - you'll see.

Now which has the ugliest mug? It looks about fifty-fifty ...

Tintin! Is it really you? I can't believe my eyes!



Gangsters!... Anacoluthons!  
... Bashi-bazouks!



We'd better not hang around here, Captain; the others will be back.



We must get under cover, quickly.



There they are. Let's get back to the lawn.



By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch! These accursed Syldavians have got away with the Professor!



Only one thing to do: go after them in the helicopter...



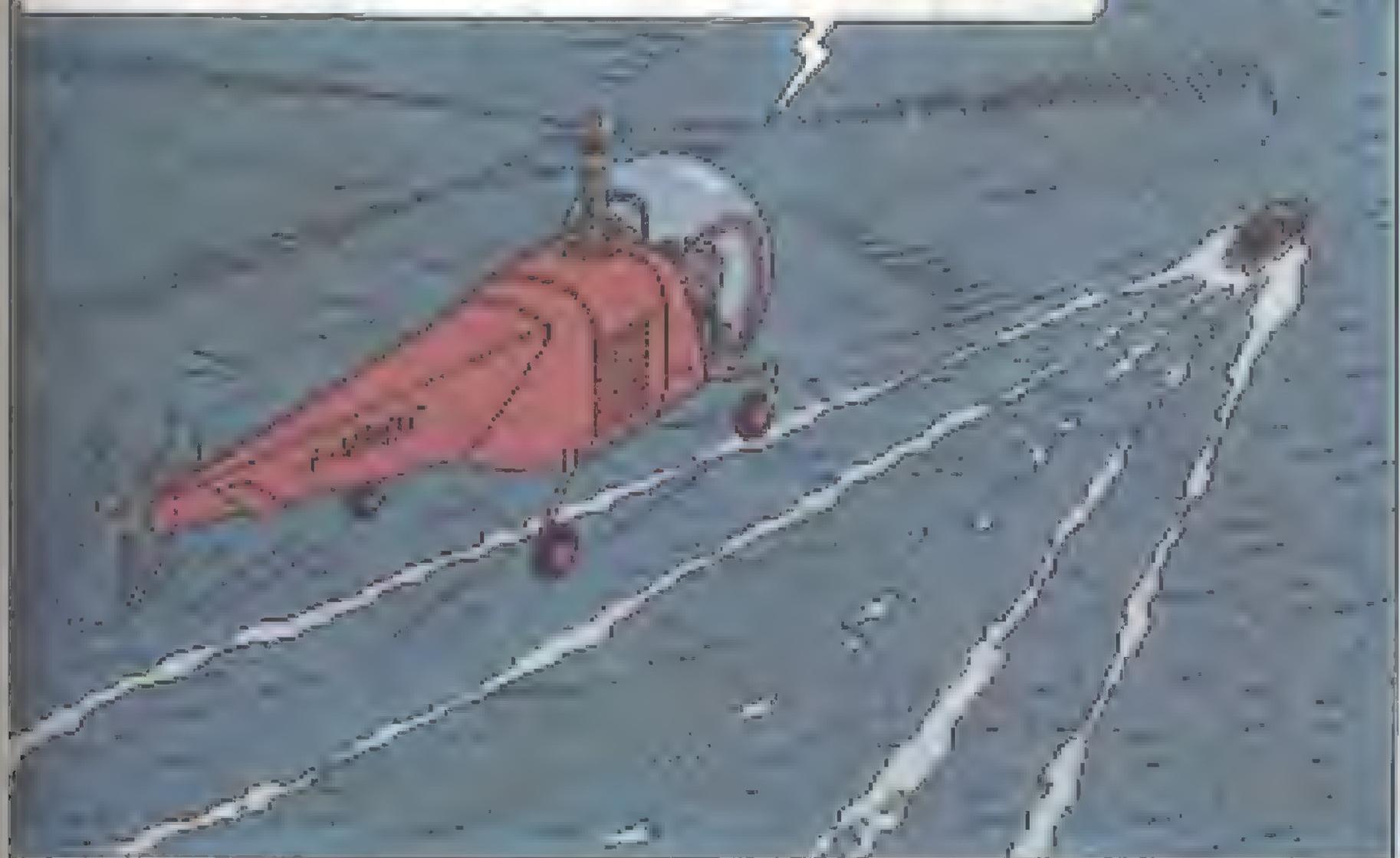
Good idea!



We're overhauling them fast. You can see their wake clearly.



It's them all right, heading towards France!

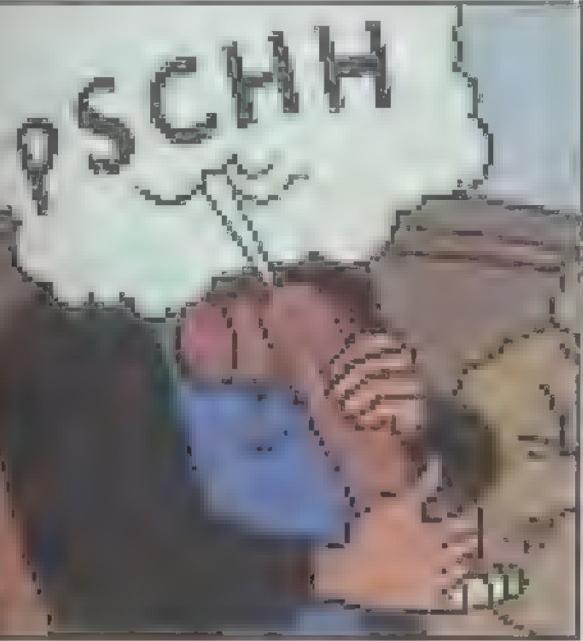


Blistering barnacles! Another mosquito, inside this goldfish-bowl!

By the Sceptre of Ottokar! Their helicopter's on our tail!



OH! You monster! Just you wait... Where's my spray-gun?



The gangsters! Blistering barnacles, they're shooting at us!

Quick let's climb a bit higher!

Crumbs! How shall we... Ah! The radio! Captain, the radio. There beside you.

Hello, hello! ... S.O.S! ... S.O.S! ... Hello! Police! Calling the police! ... Hello, police! ... Hello! ...

Hello, this is SB31 answering... I am an amateur... I am receiving you loud and clear. ... Please identify yourself.

Hooray! An answer!

Hello SB31... Hello SB31... This is Captain Haddock and I ...

What?... No, it's not possible!... Ha! ha! ha! That's a good one!... Ha! ha! It's Captain Haddock!

This is Jolyon Wagg of the Rock Bottom Insurance... Blow me! Fancy meeting you again! So you're another radio-amateur? Ha! ha! ha! That takes the biscuit, as my Uncle Anatole used to say...

Listen, Mr. Wagg. You must warn the police at once. We're in a helicopter flying over the Lake of Geneva, and we're following a motor-boat with Calculus in it. He's been kidnapped...

Ha! ha! ha! You old humbug, you! But you can't catch Jolyon Wagg that easy!... You can't teach your grandmother to suck eggs, you know! By the way, what about your insurance?

Blistering barnacles, shut up about your insurance!... I'm not joking... You must get in touch with both the French and Swiss police... Those thugs must be arrested!

Ha! ha! ha! While I'm about it, would you like me to ring up the Admiralty and get them to send the Home Fleet?... Get away, Haddock!

You ectoplasm, you! Will you or will you not warn the police? And get a move on! The boat's just reached the shore... I can't see it any more; it's hidden by trees... What are they doing? Oh, headlights! I see; they're putting Calculus into a car ...

There they go... The boat's just put out again... Thundering typhoons!

Hello, Wagg, hello! We're going after the car now... Listen, I'll buy all the policies you like, but for heaven's sake warn the police!

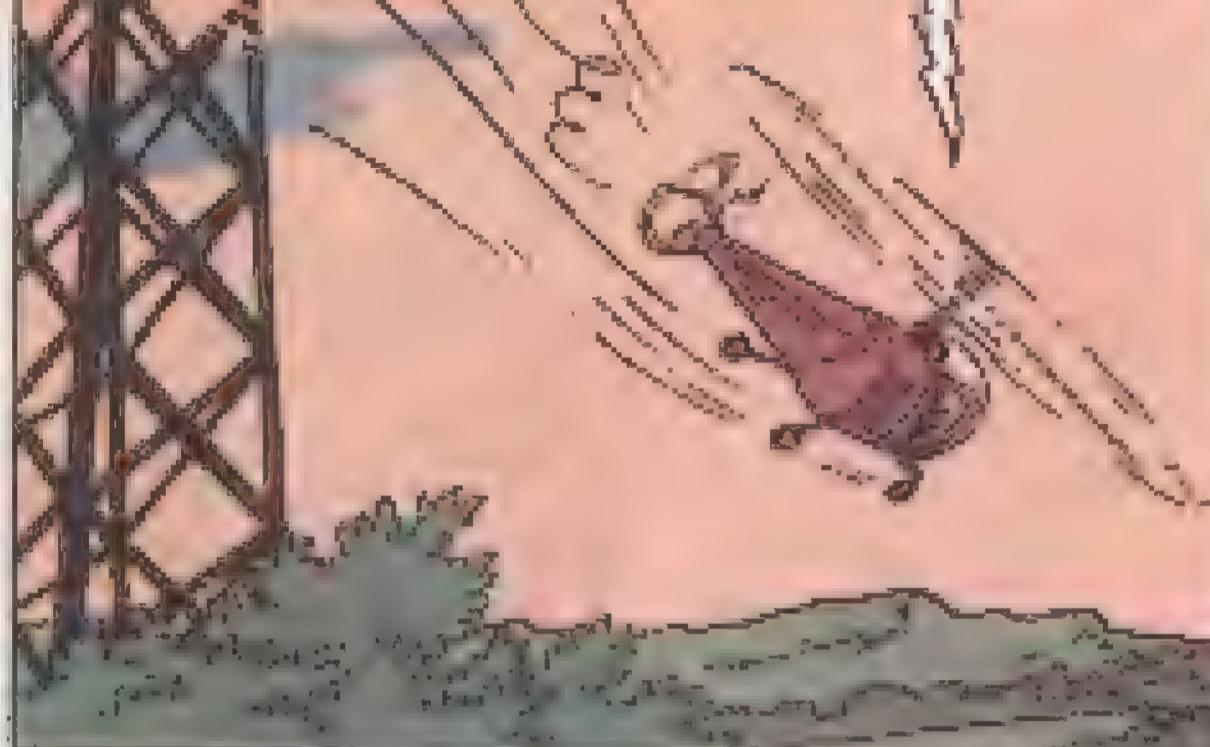
You should be a radio-commentator! Anyone'd think it was real! Ha! ha!

Oooh!... Look out, over there ... LOOK OUT!!

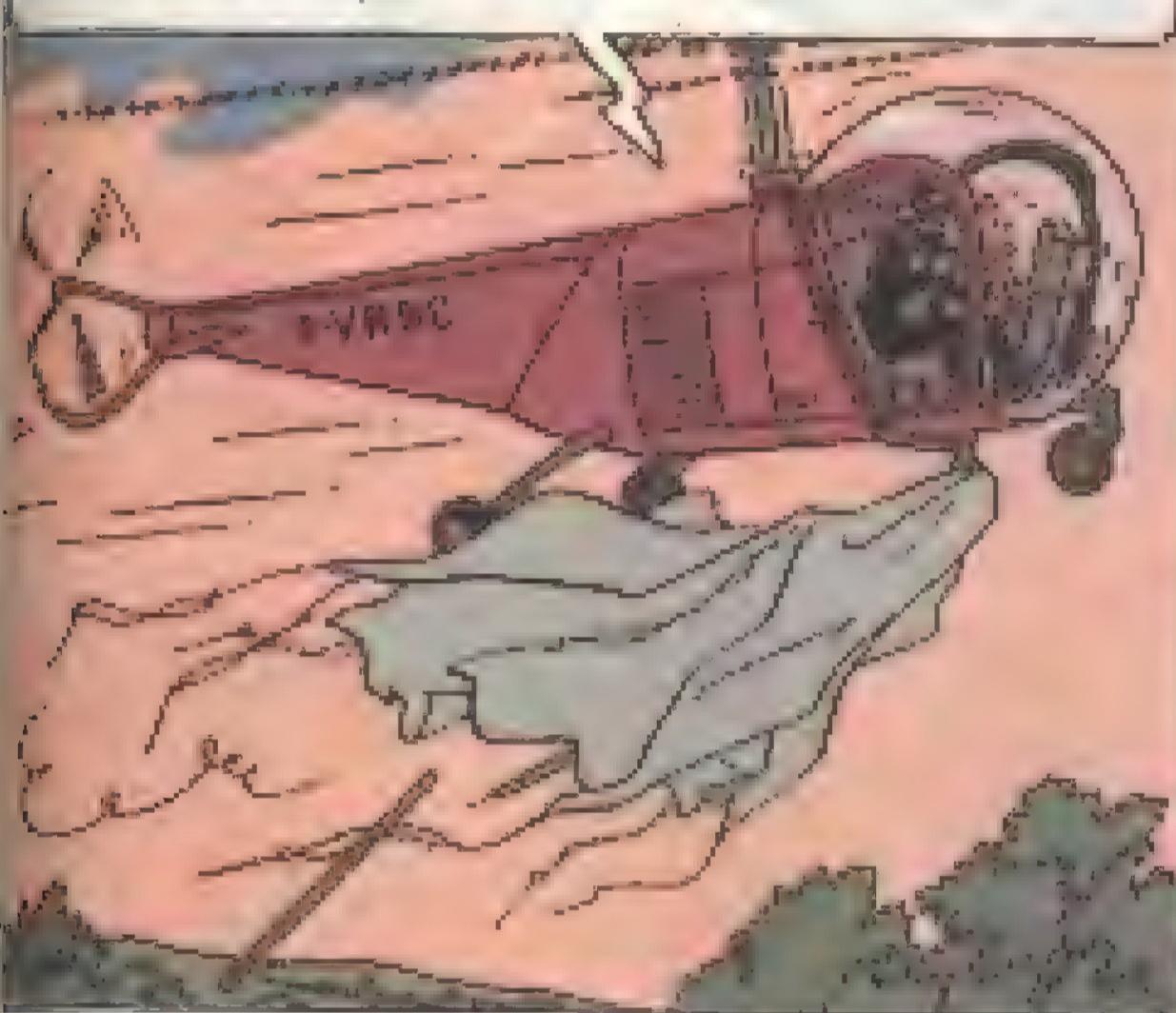
A pylon!  
Power  
cables!

We just missed  
them. But  
blistering  
barnacles, we're  
out of control!

Whew! We're safe!



I think we must have trimmed  
the treetops.



Ha! ha! ha!  
Still keeping  
up the com-  
mentary!  
You know, you're  
an absolute  
wow at the  
mike, Captain!



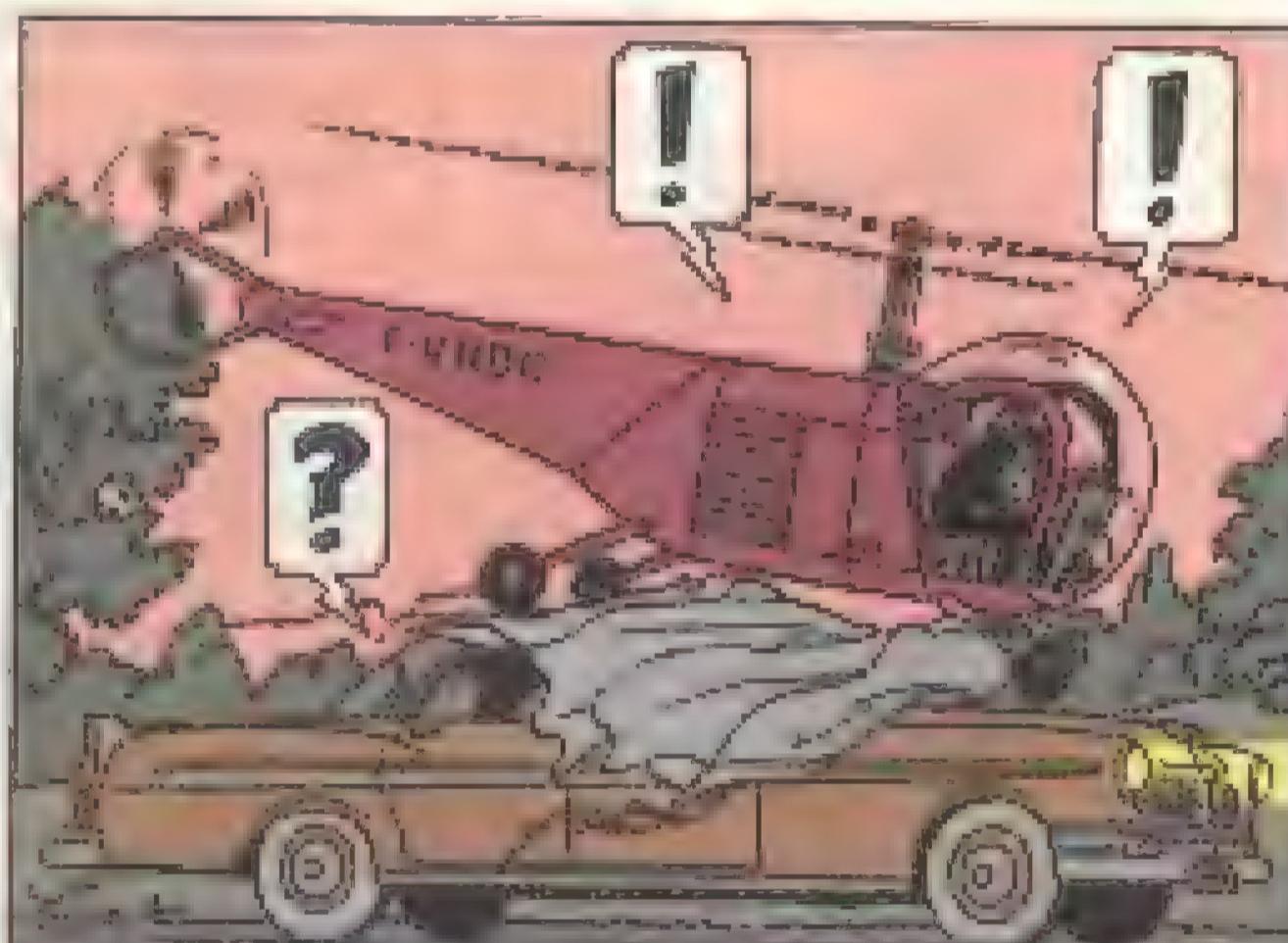
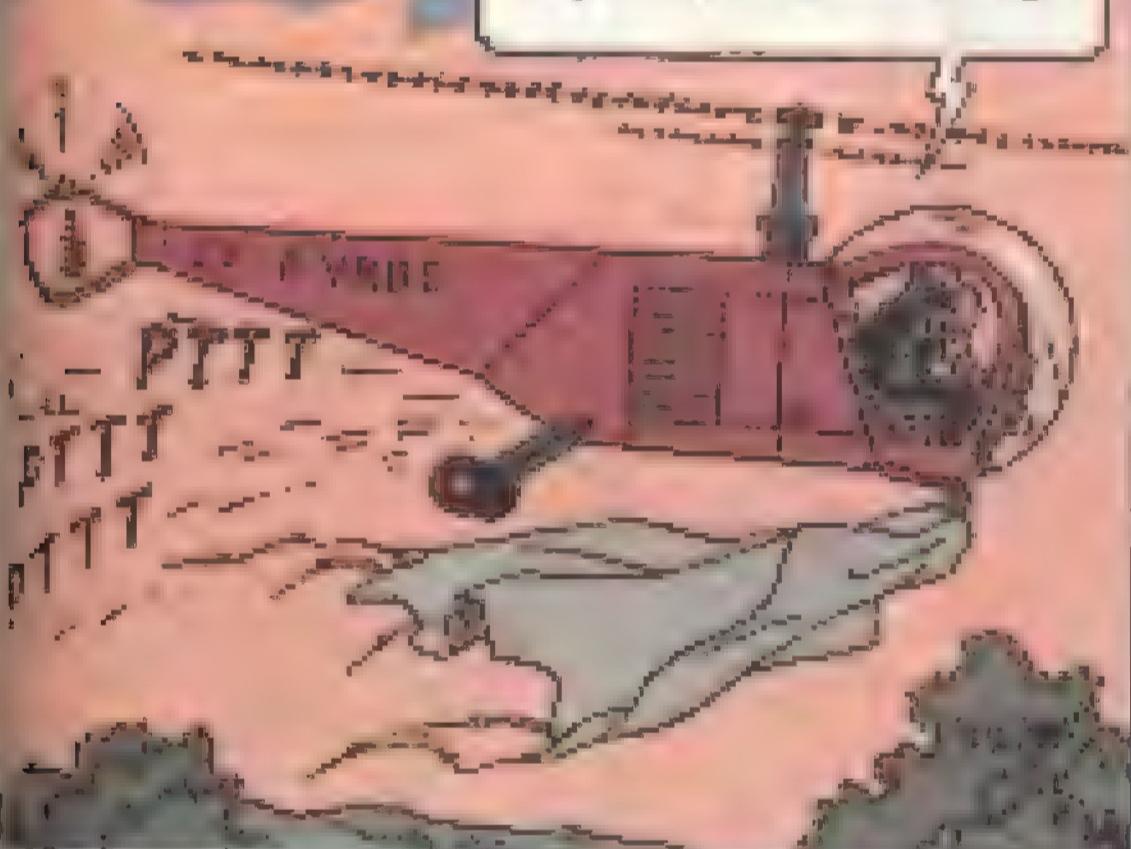
You prize purple  
jellyfish, you!  
Must I kill my-  
self drumming it  
into your thick  
skull? This is no  
joke!... Now listen  
to me, Wagg...



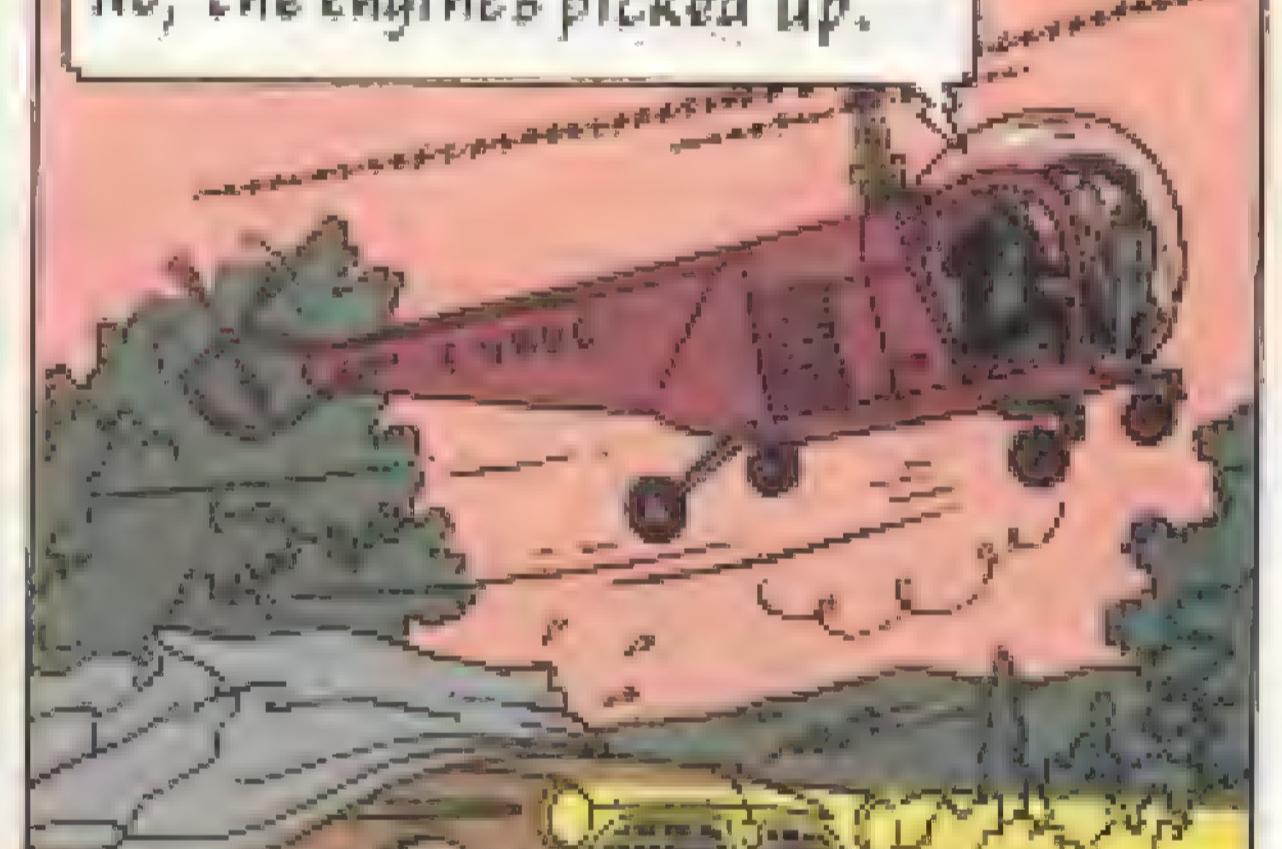
Don't bother, Captain; it's  
too late anyway. Look: the  
petrol gauge is down to zero.  
A bullet must have holed  
the tank. The only thing we  
can do is to land on the  
road in front of the car and  
force it to stop.



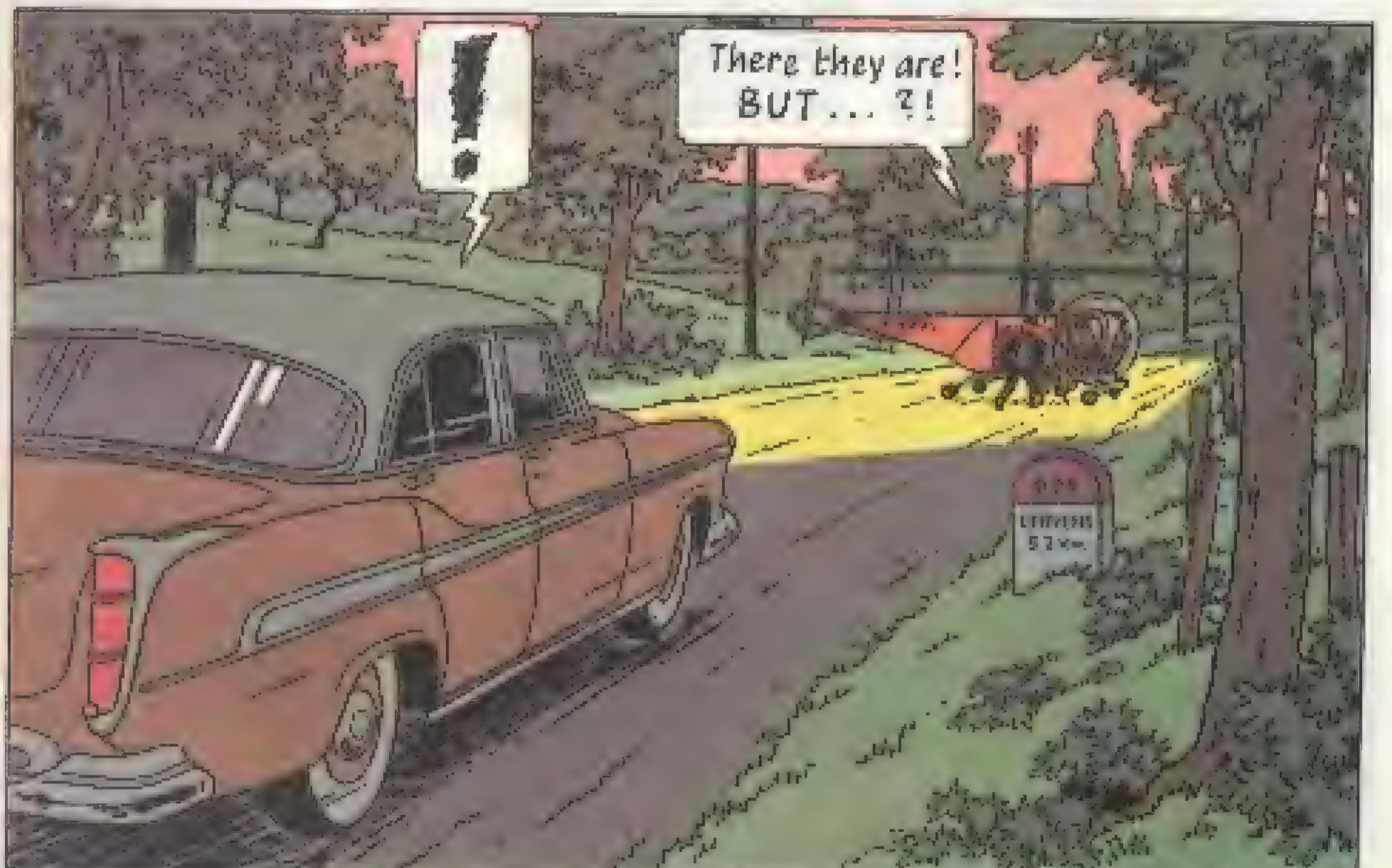
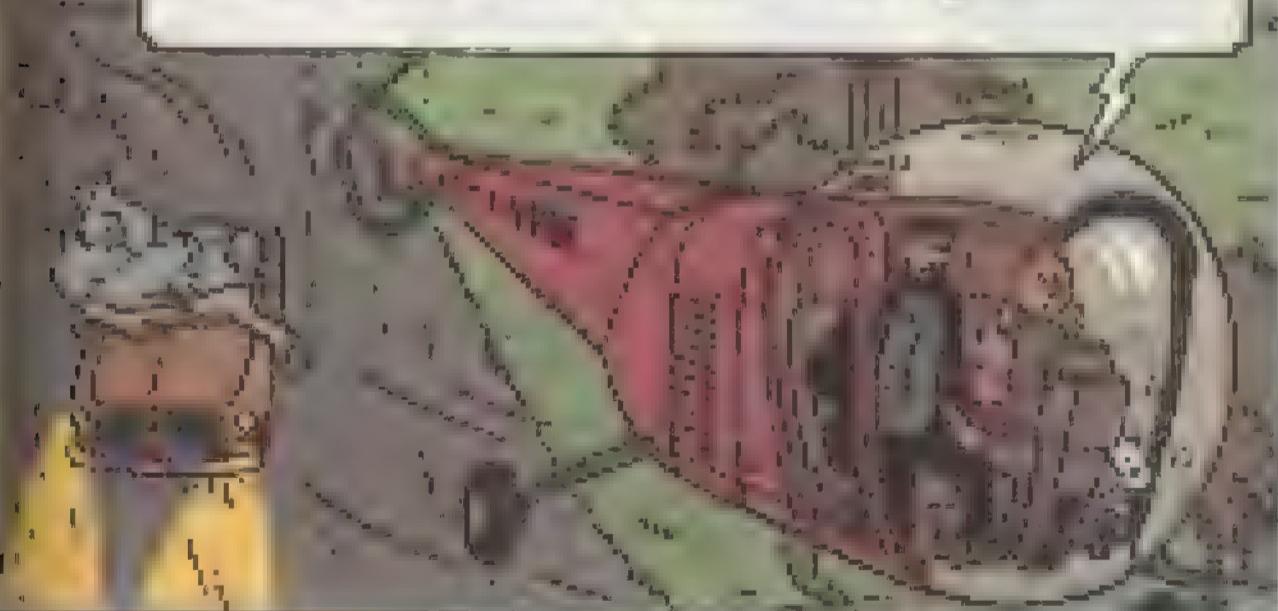
Help!! She's misfiring!



No, the engine's picked up.

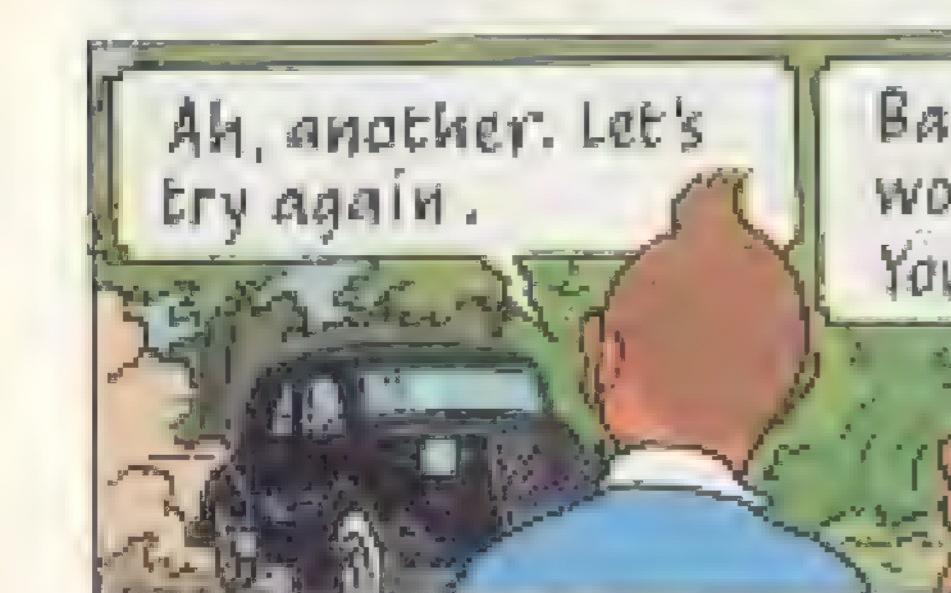
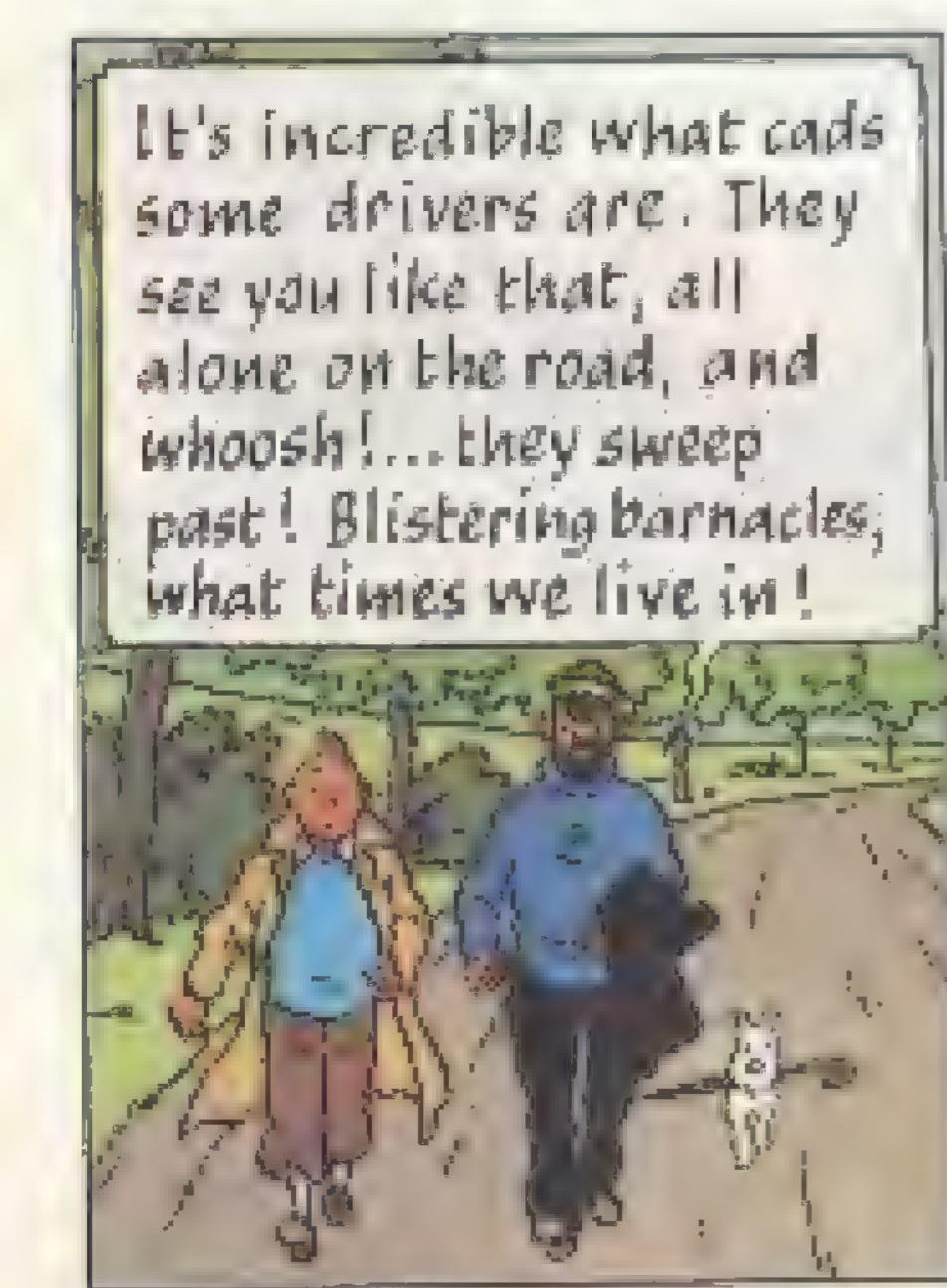
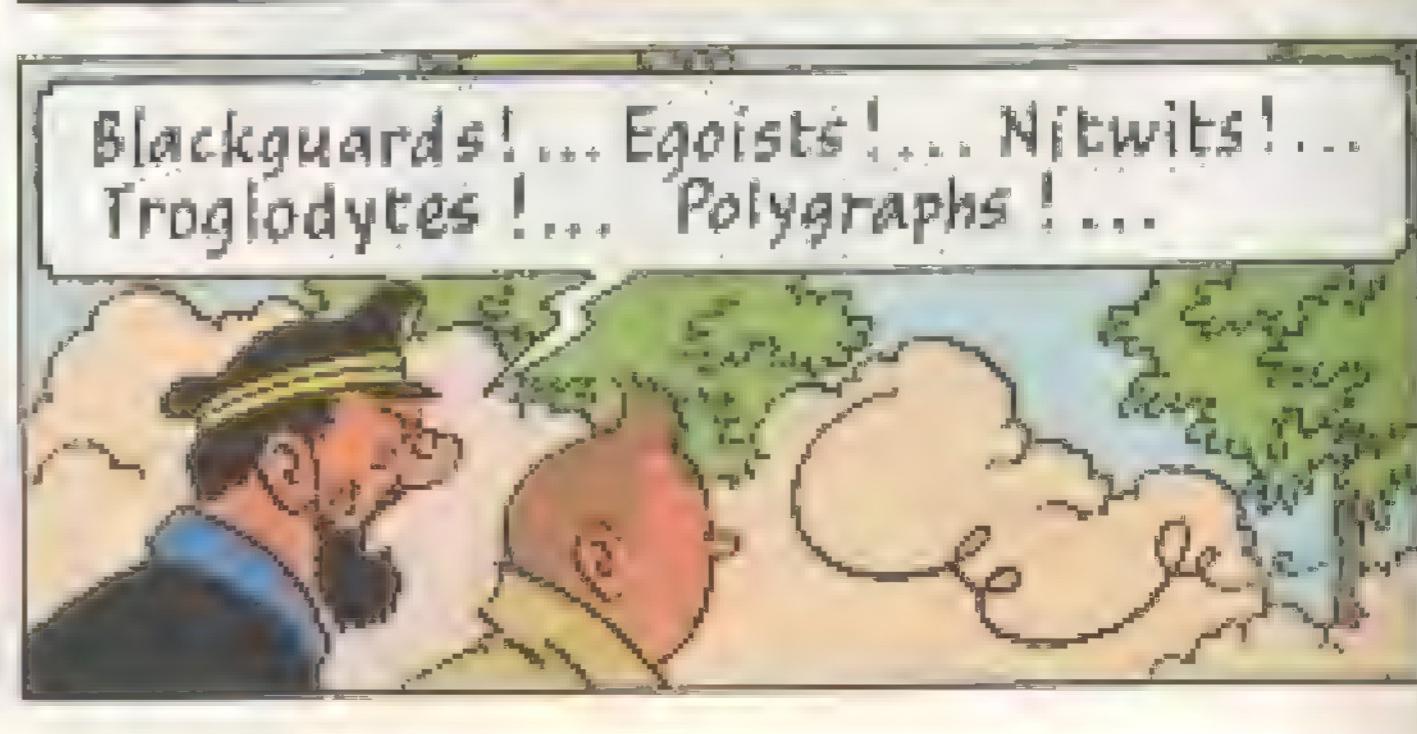
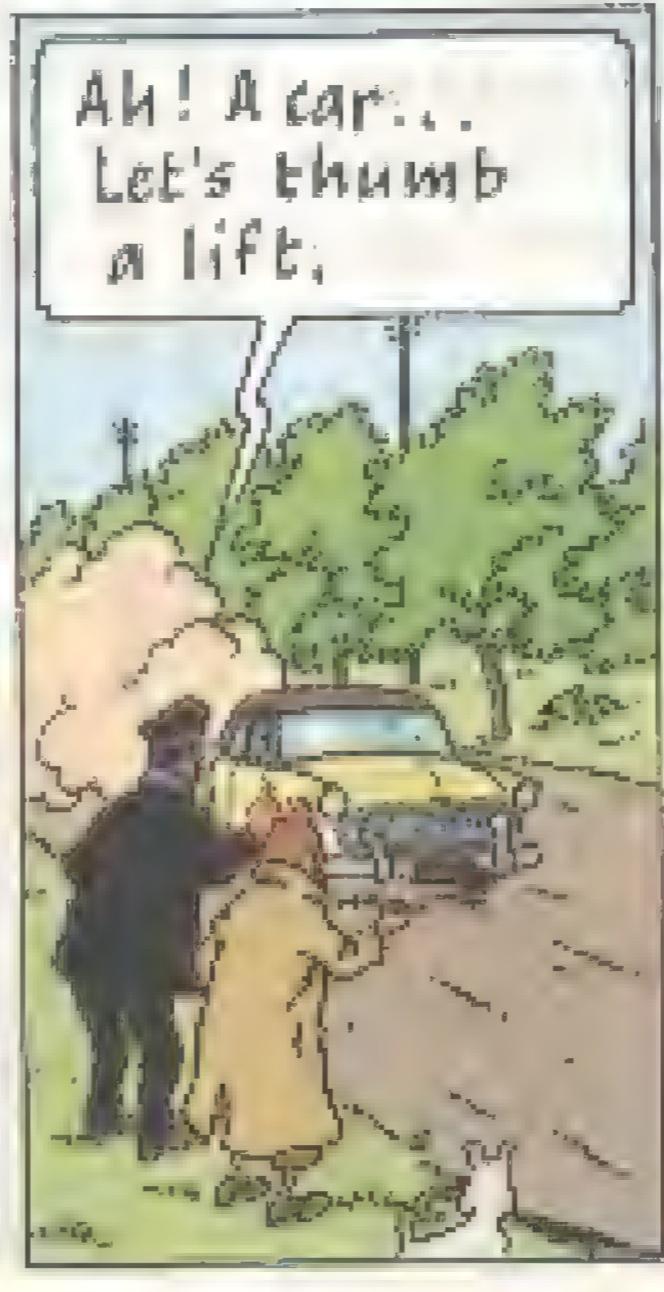
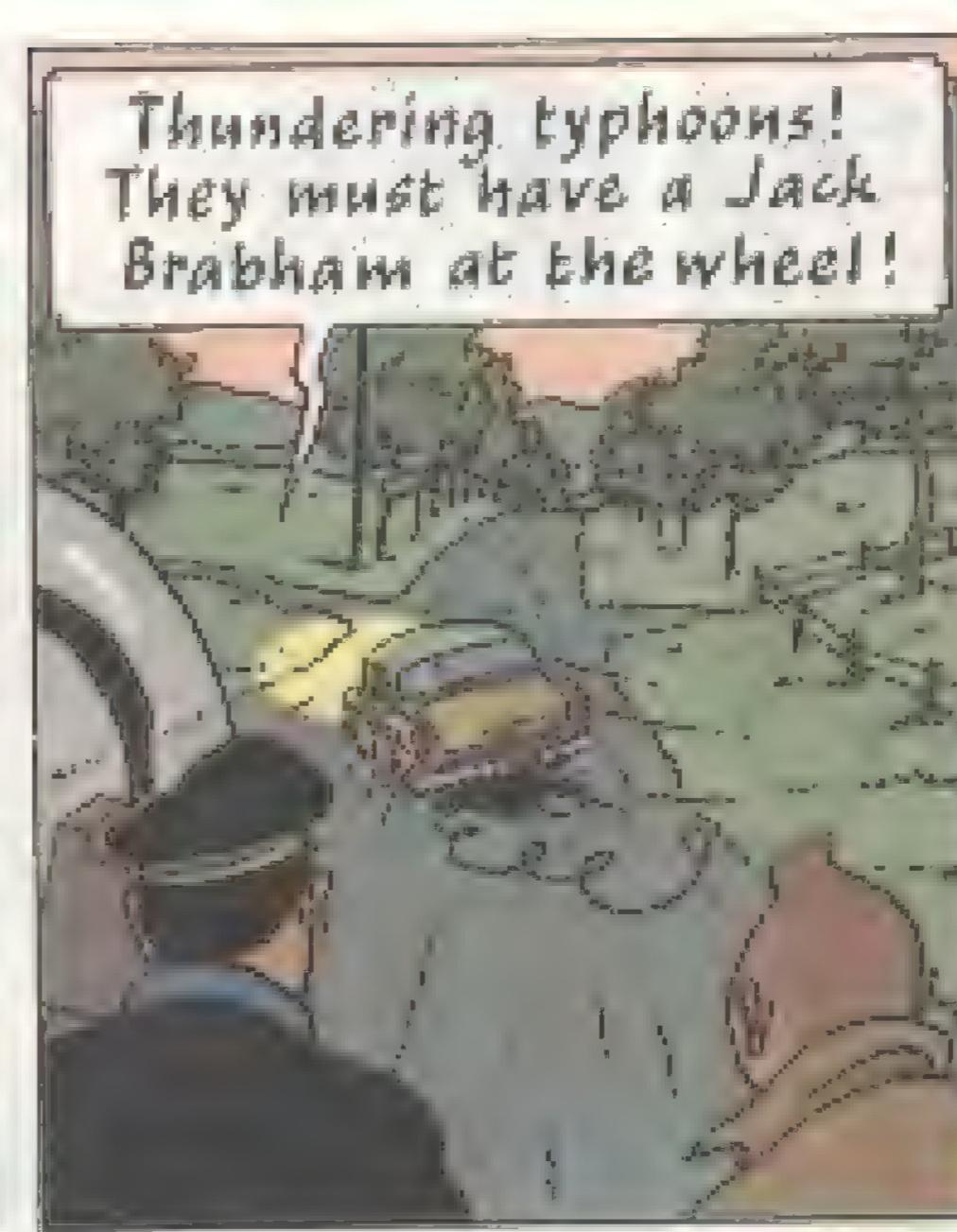
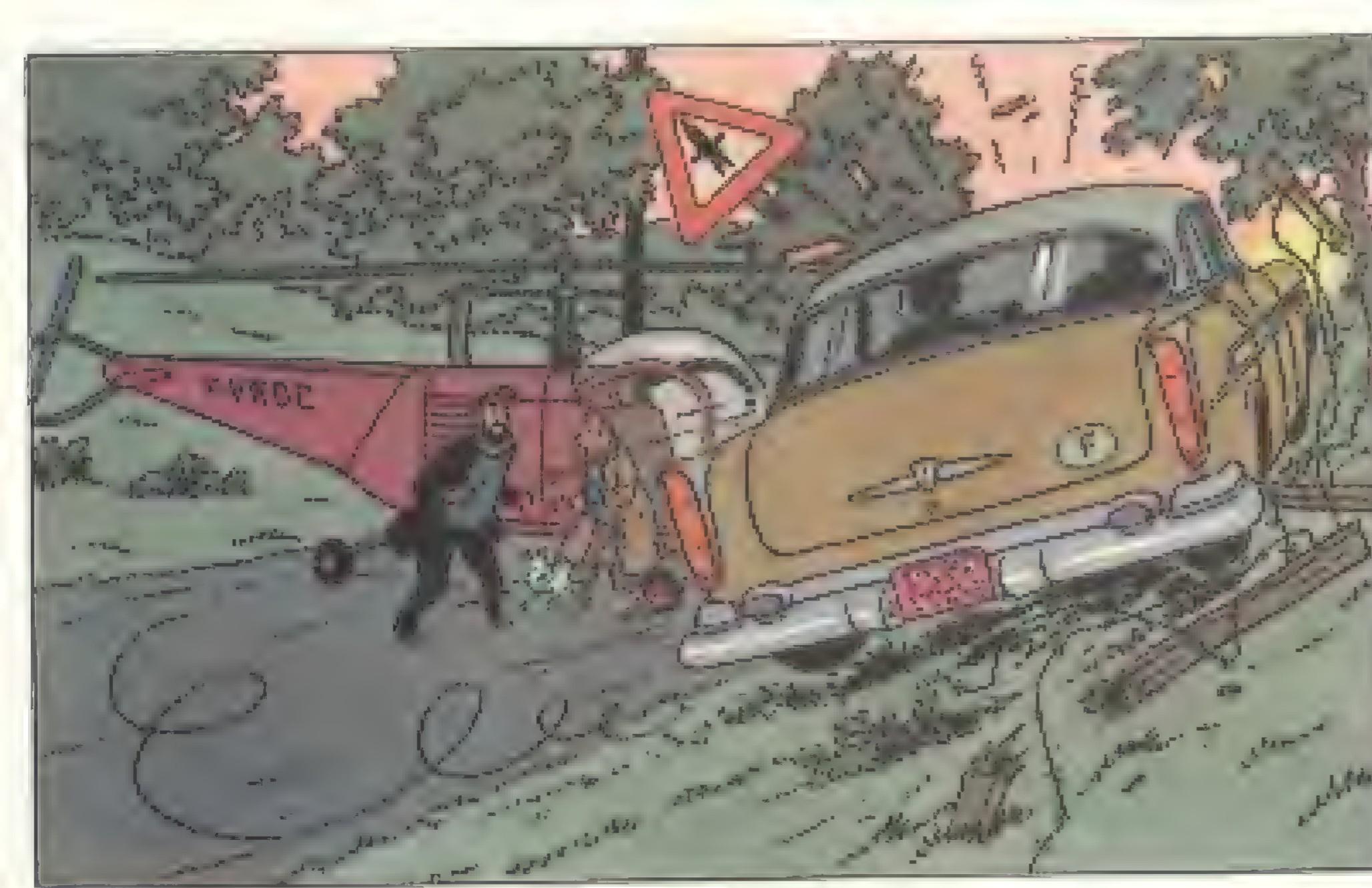


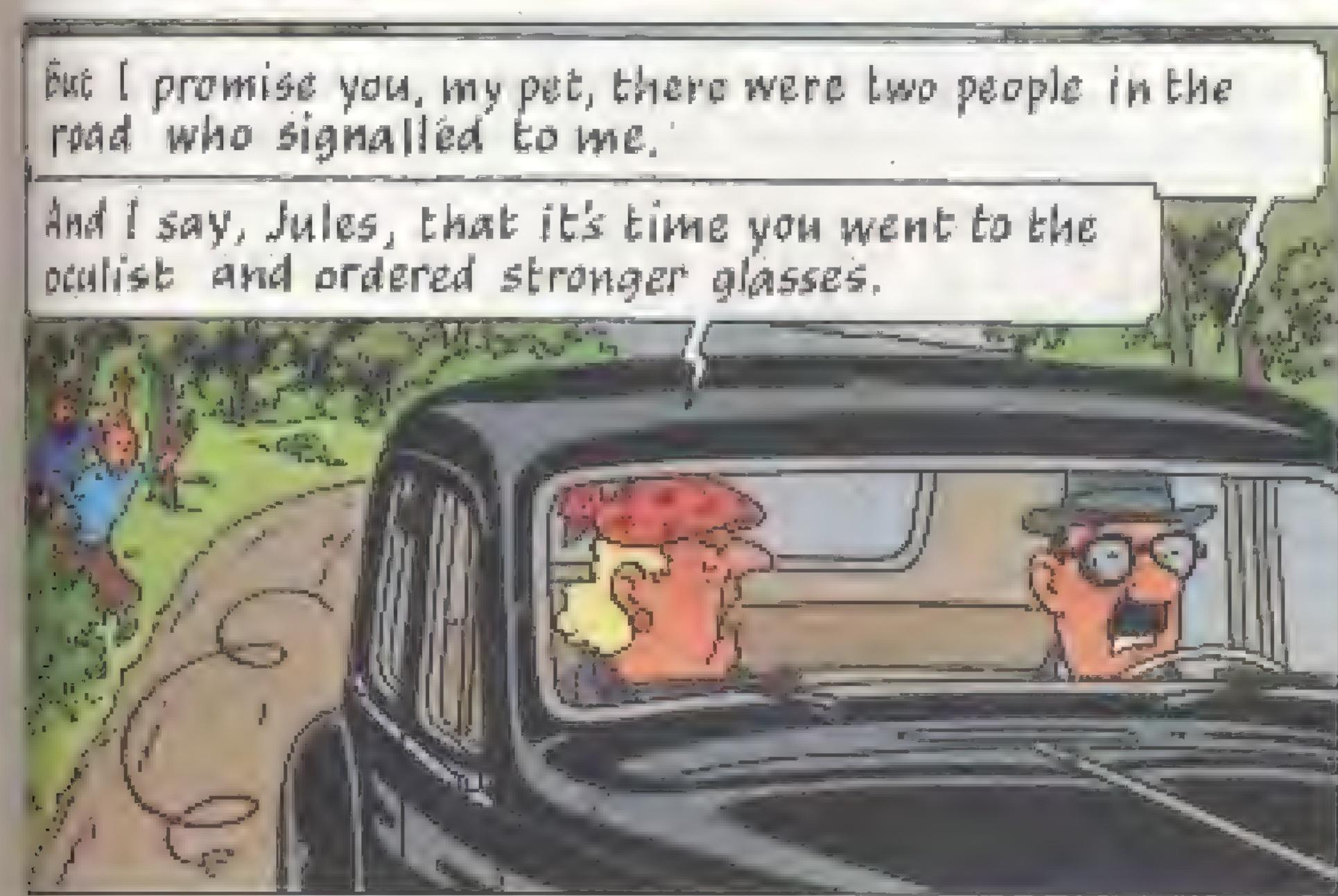
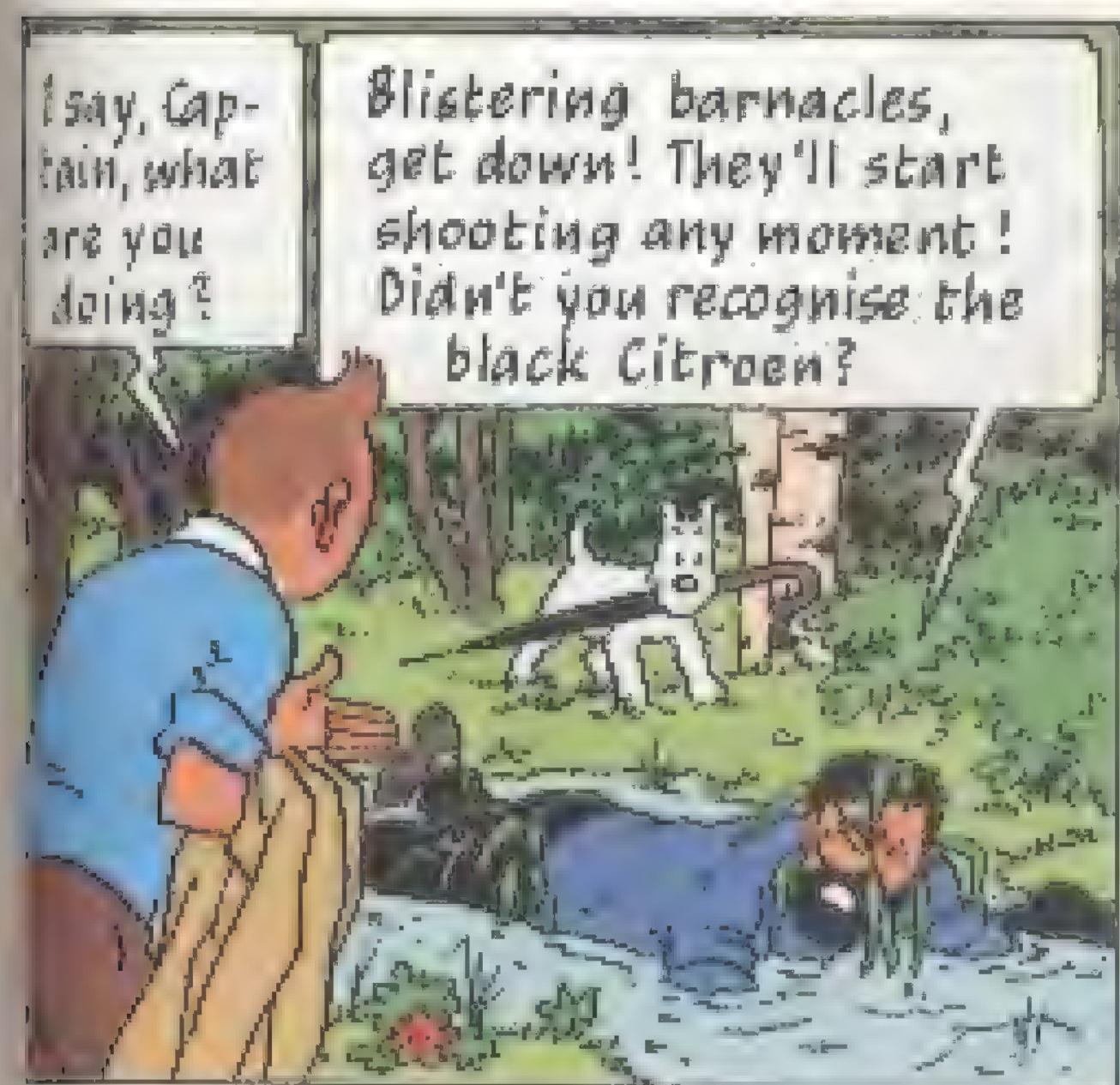
Quick! Down on the road!

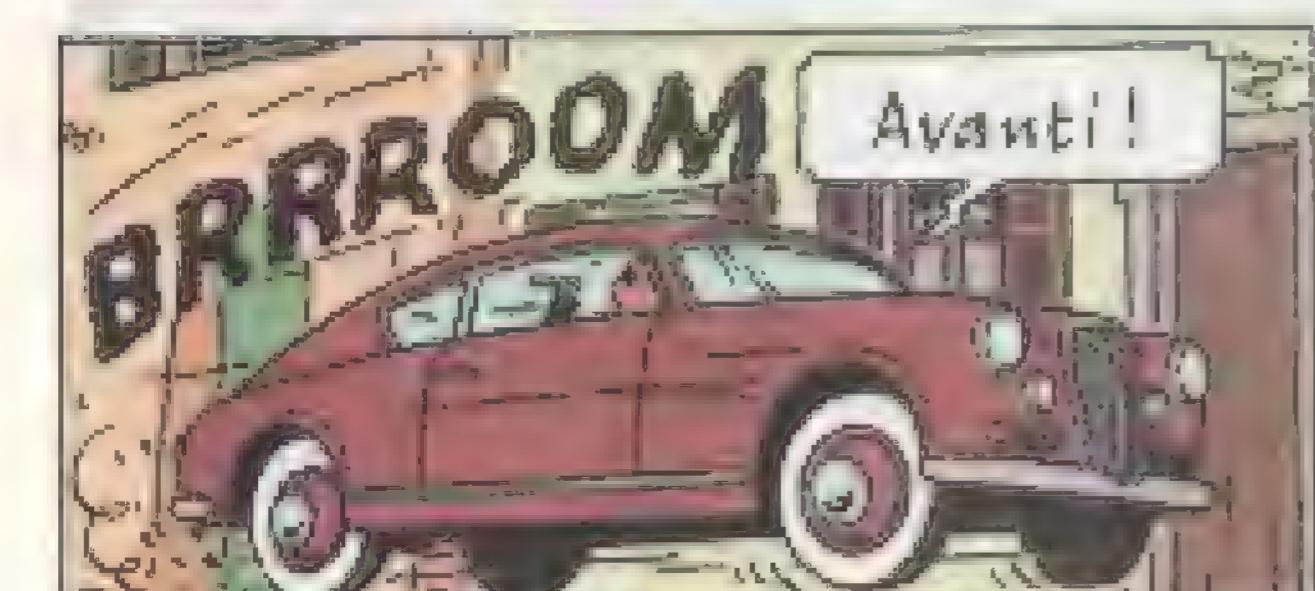
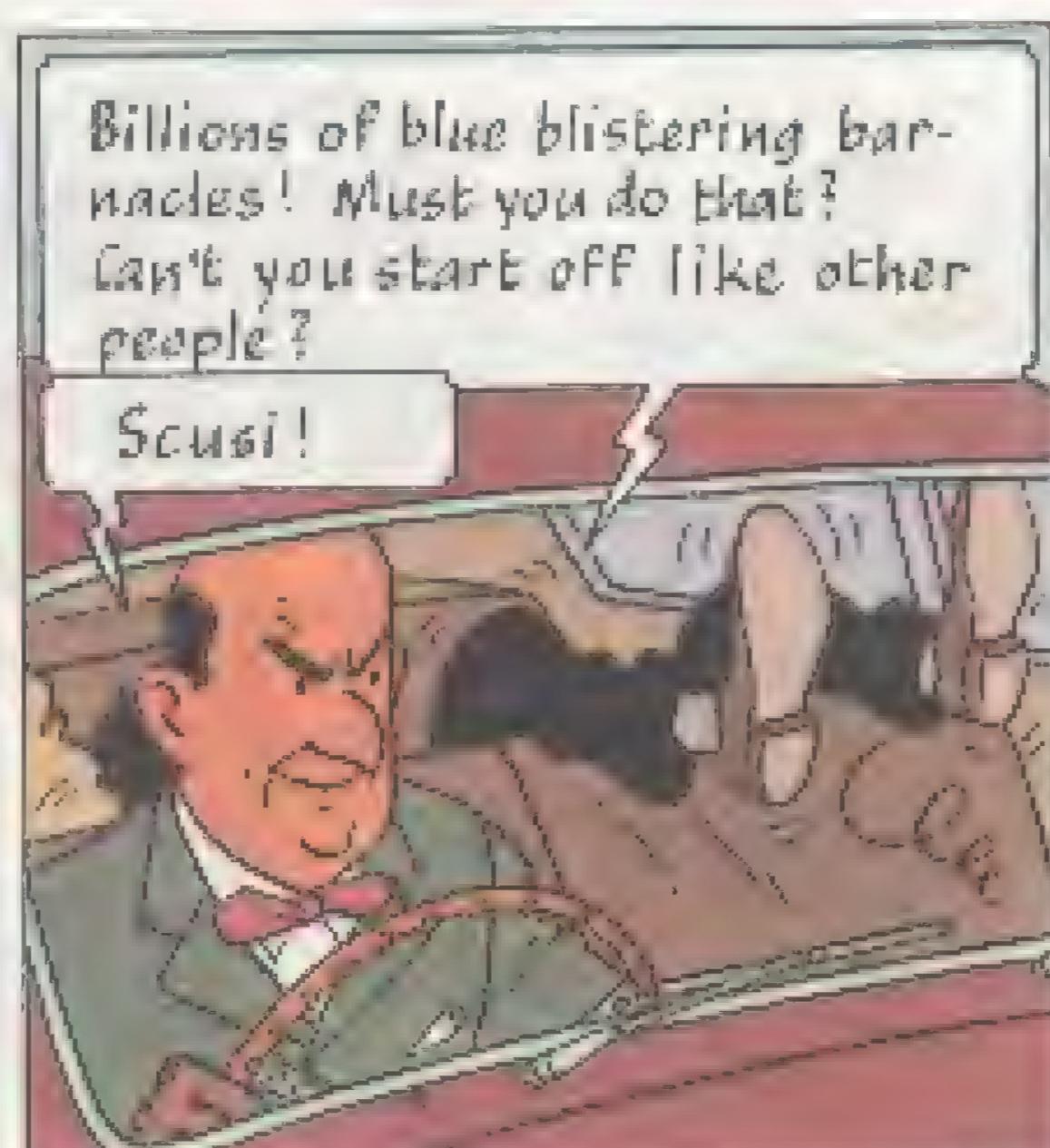
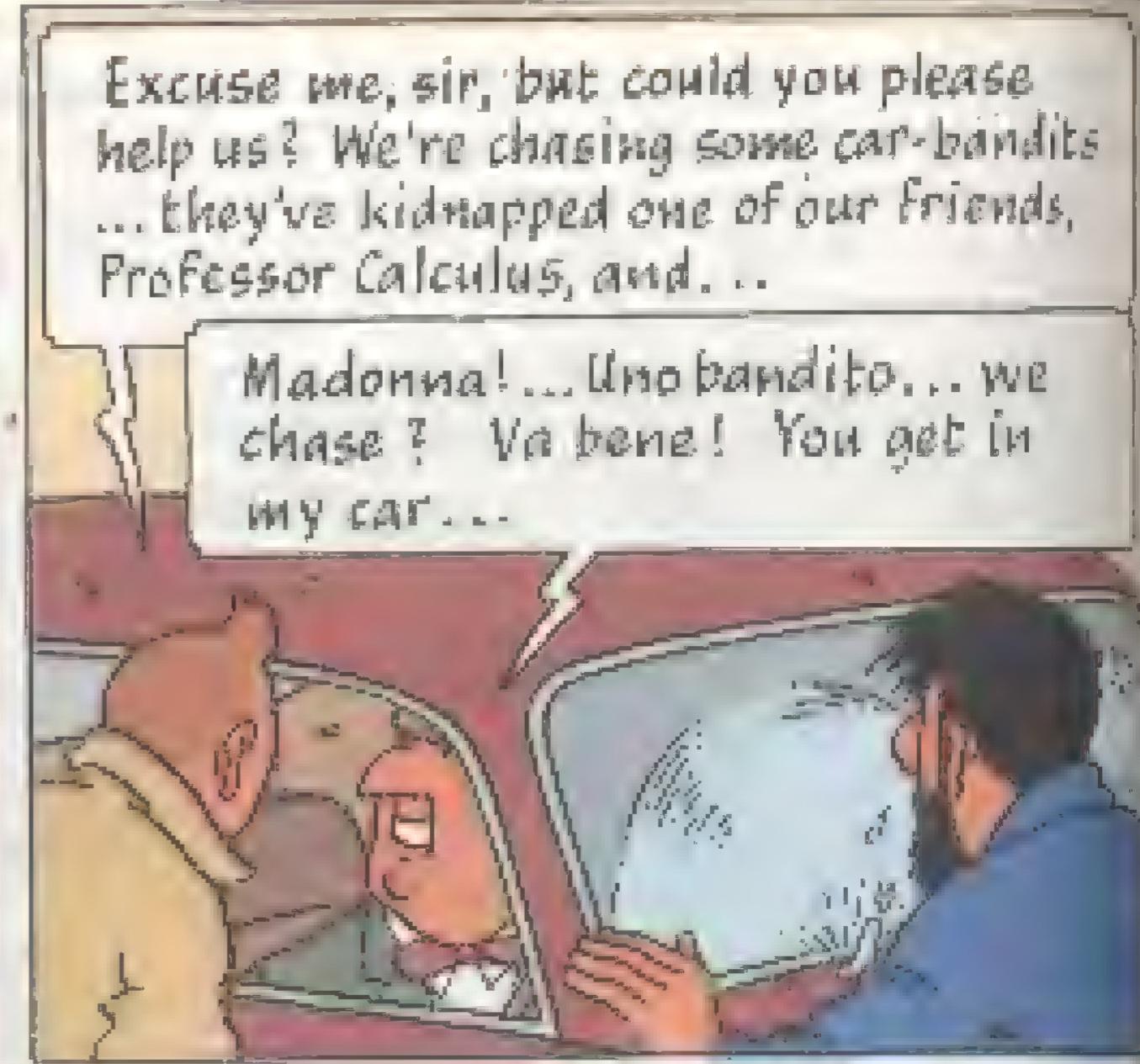
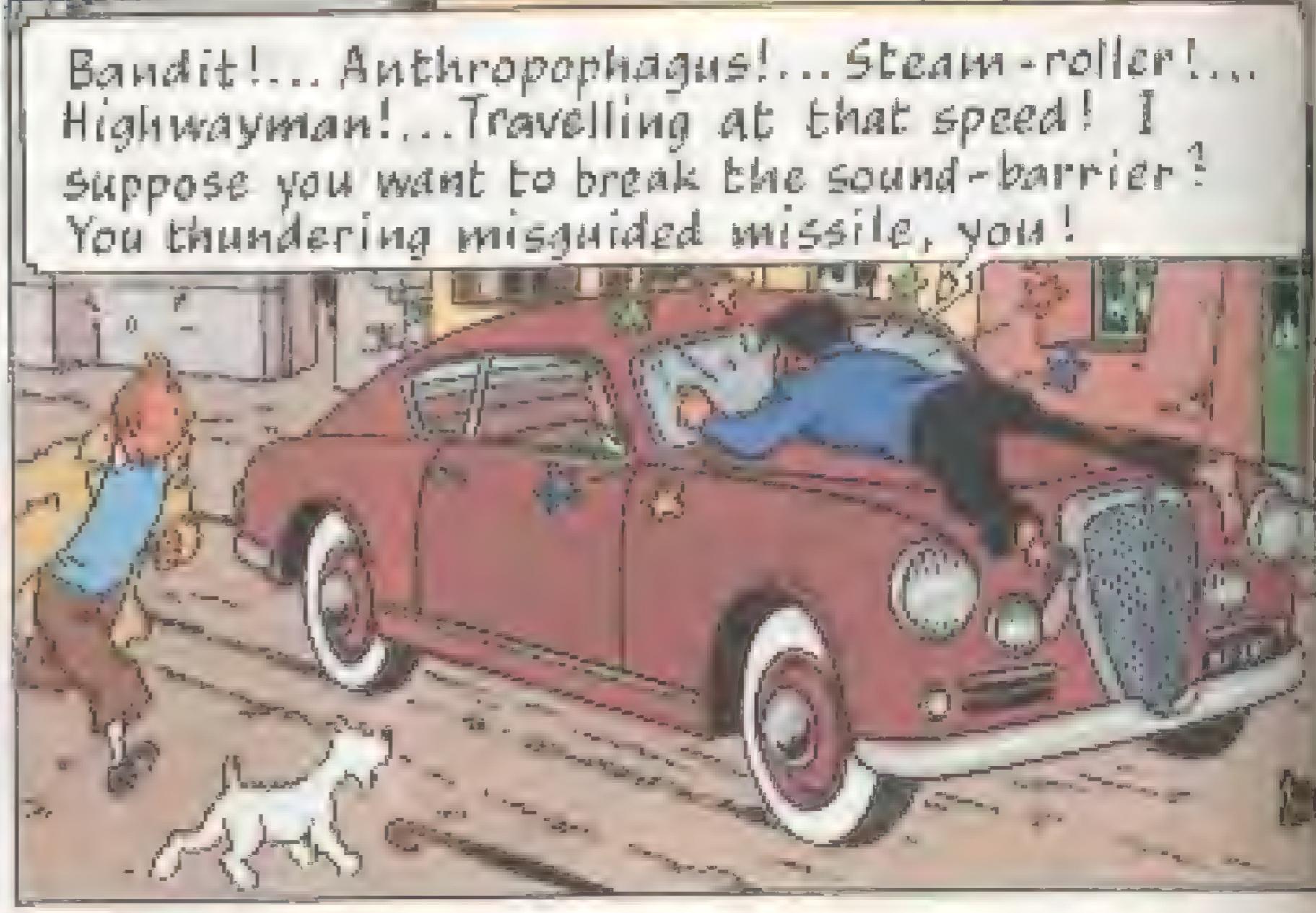
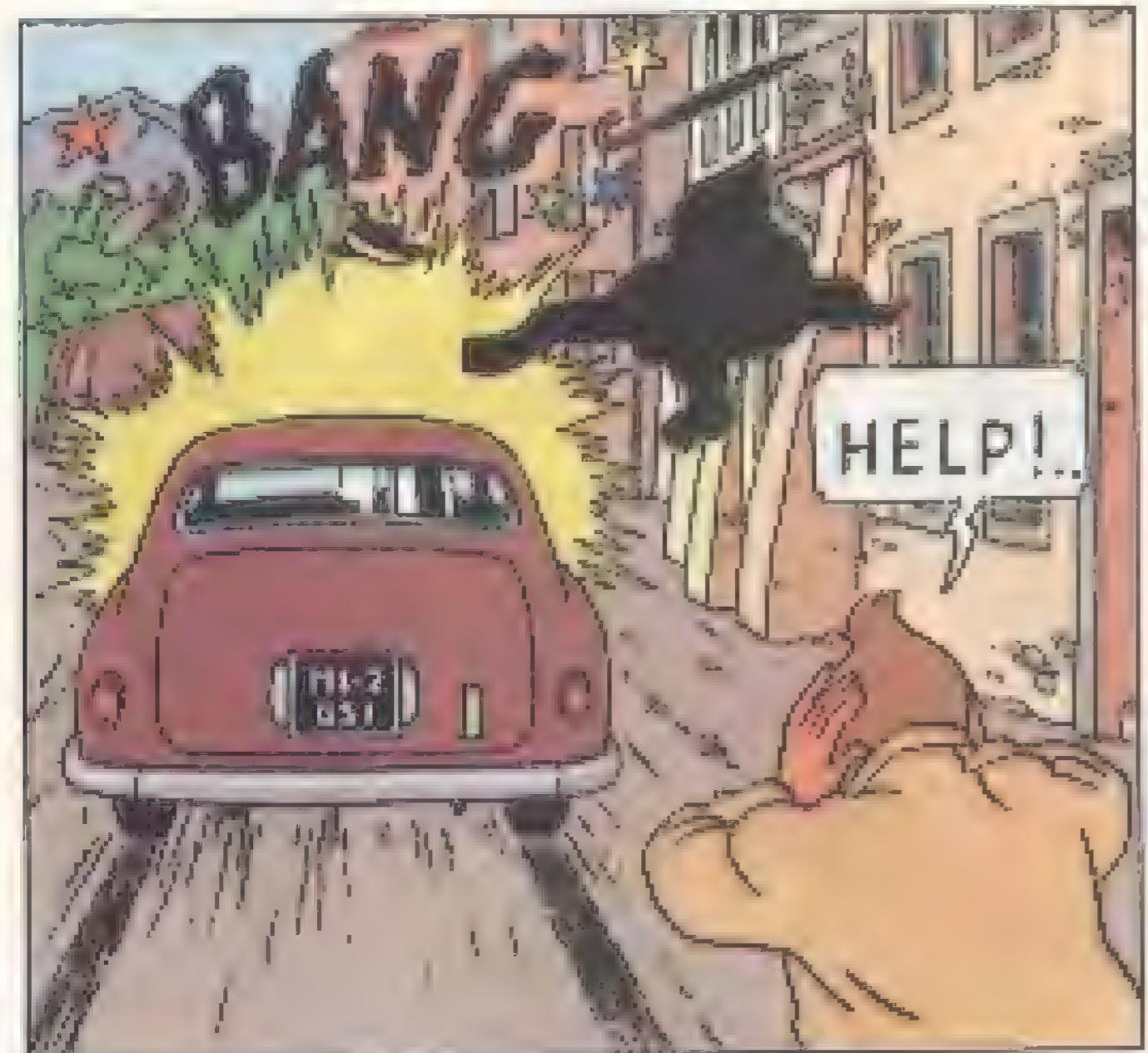


That's it!

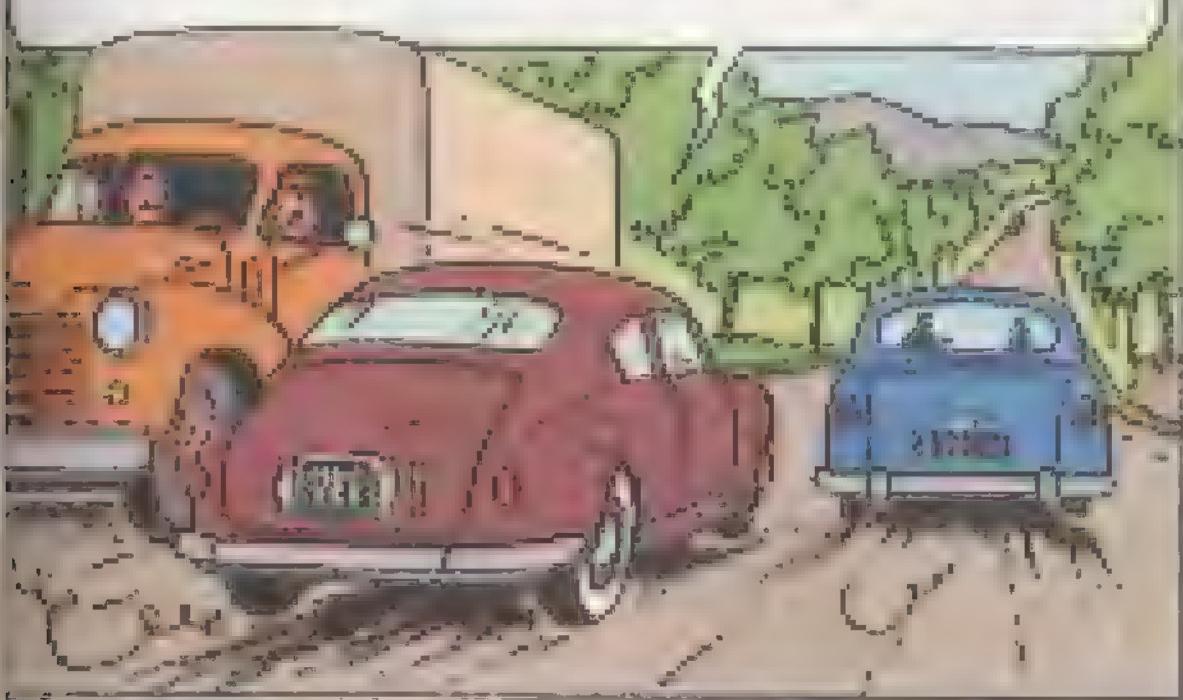








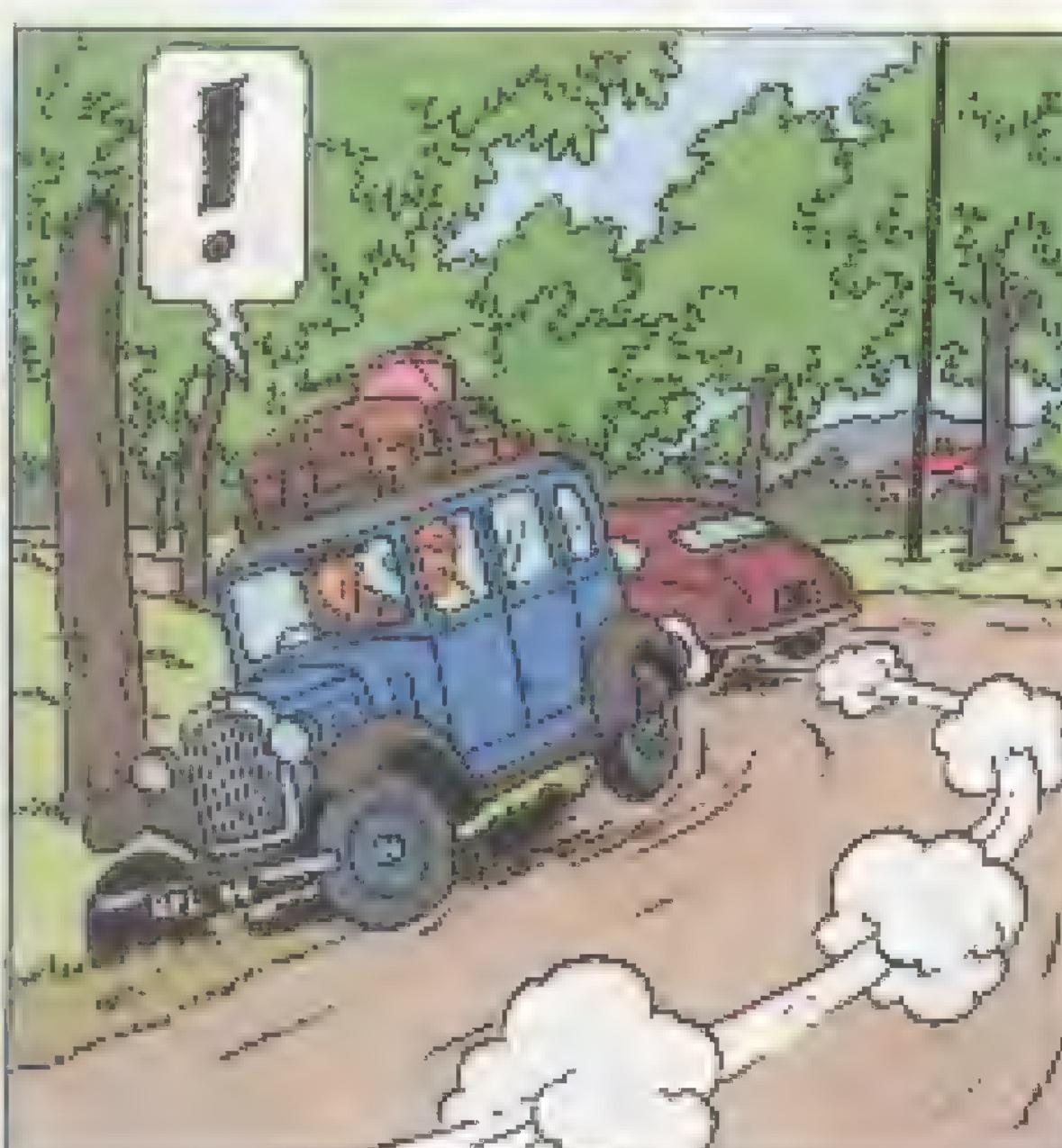
Perhaps we'd better explain. Our friend Calculus has an invention which secret agents from a foreign power are trying to steal. That is why they kidnapped Calculus.



But a rival gang, probably secret agents from another country, grabbed our friend.



As I was saying, this second gang snatched our friend from the first lot. We...er... Don't you think we'd better slow down?

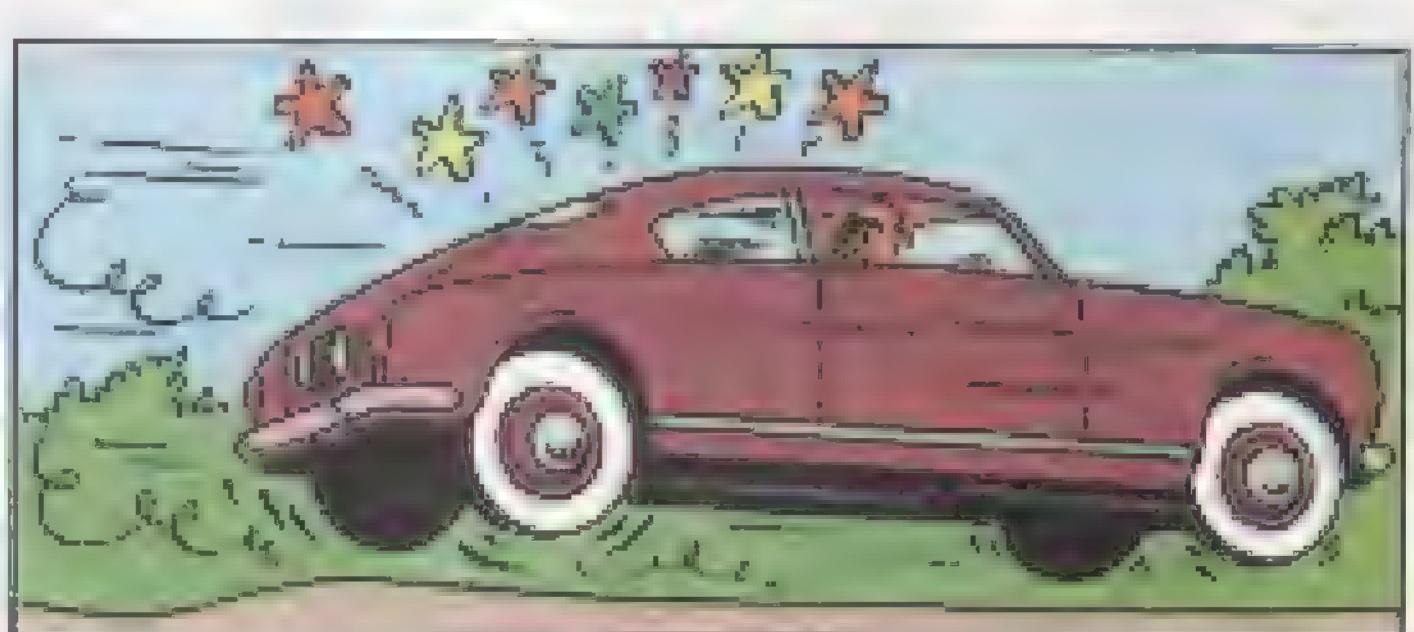


It... it... it's nothing.  
... It... it... it's my...  
my t-t-t-teeth... ch-ch-  
ch-ch-chattering...

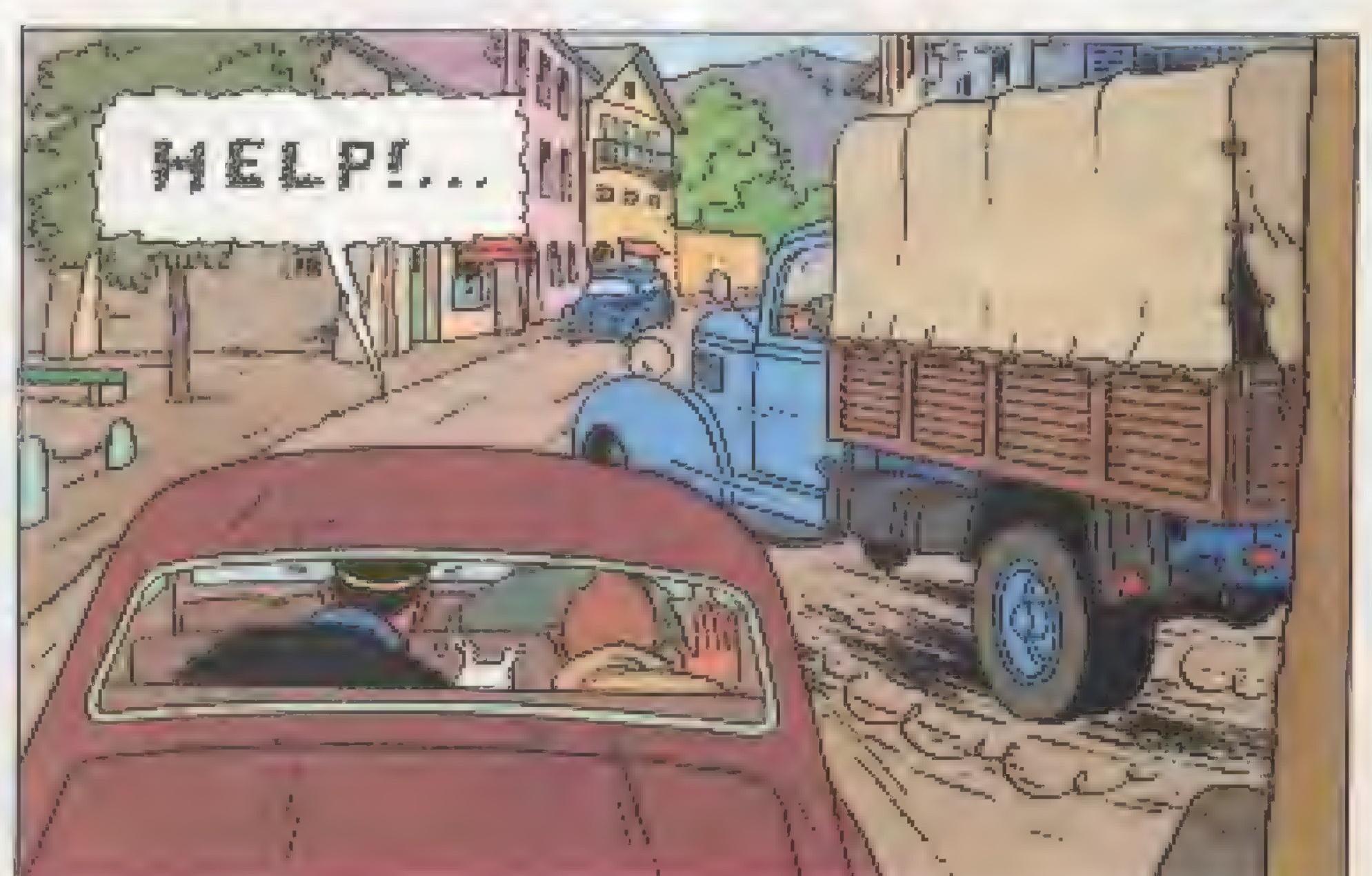
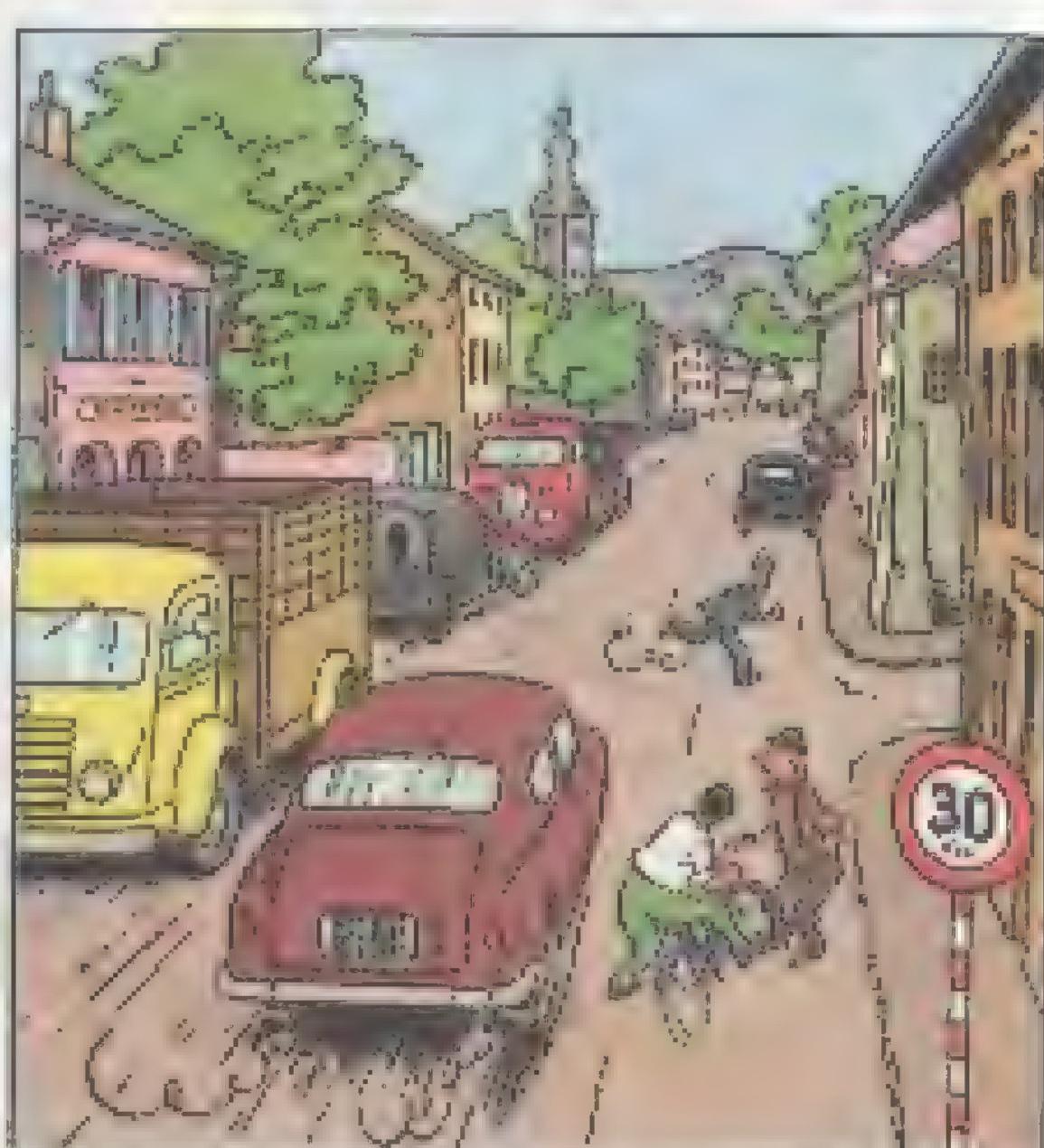
Old! You think I  
drive troppo  
presto?

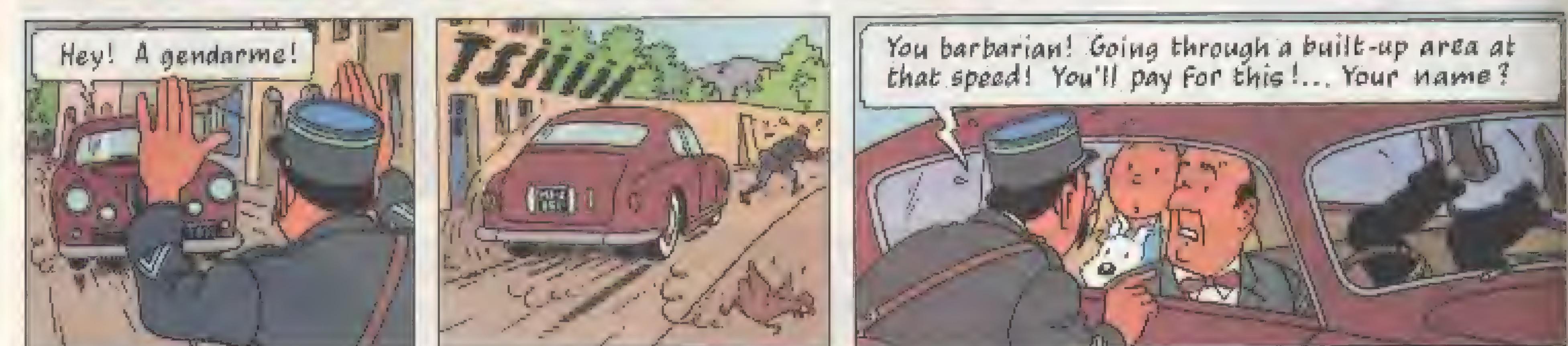


Er... I believe the  
Captain thinks that  
you're flying too  
low...

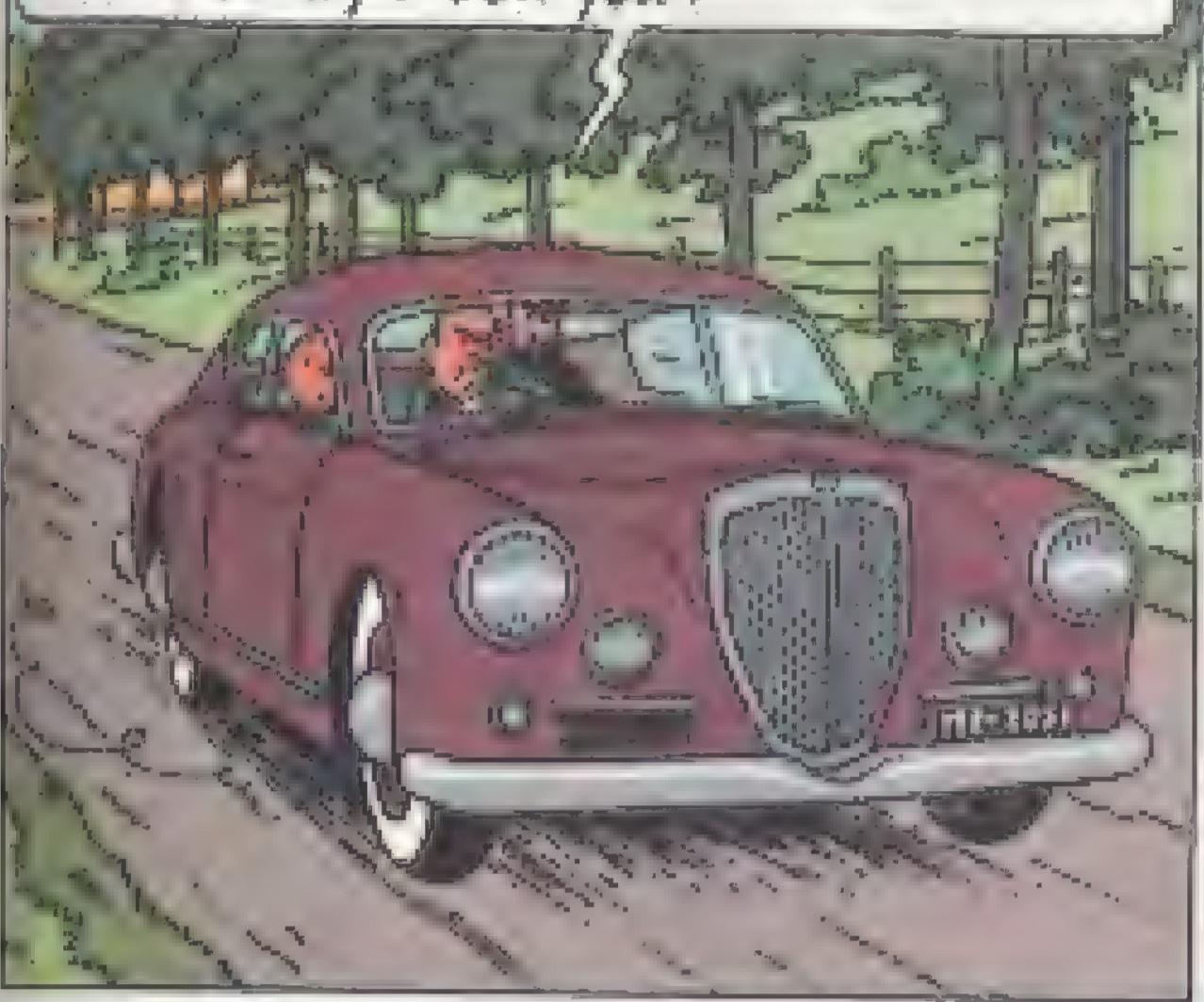


There it is! That  
car there! The  
Chrysler that's  
just gone through  
the village.



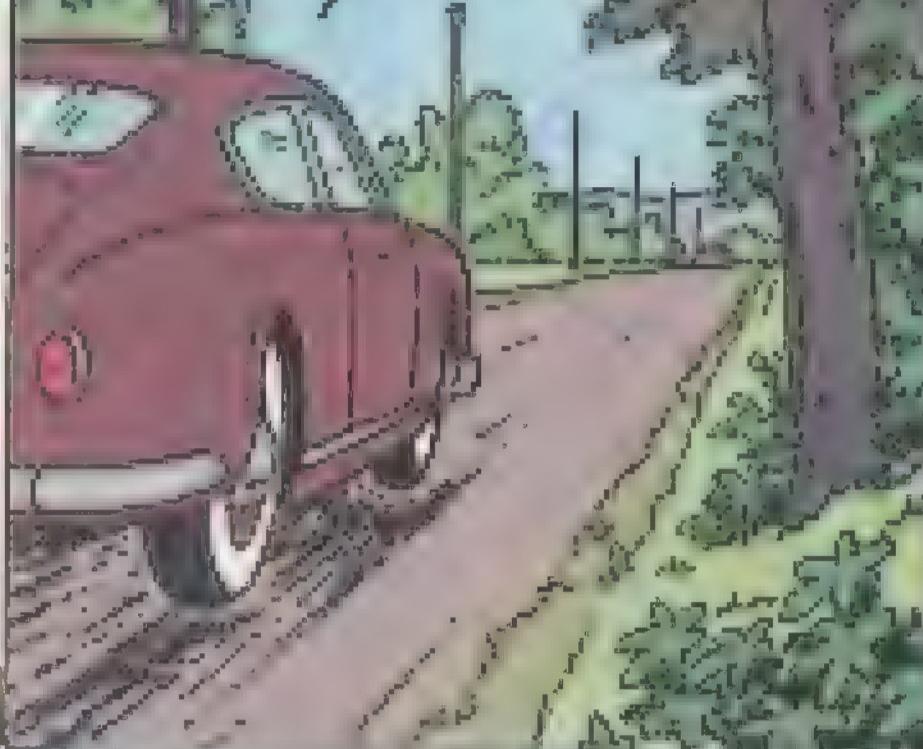


Blistering barnacles, we'll break our necks, I tell you!

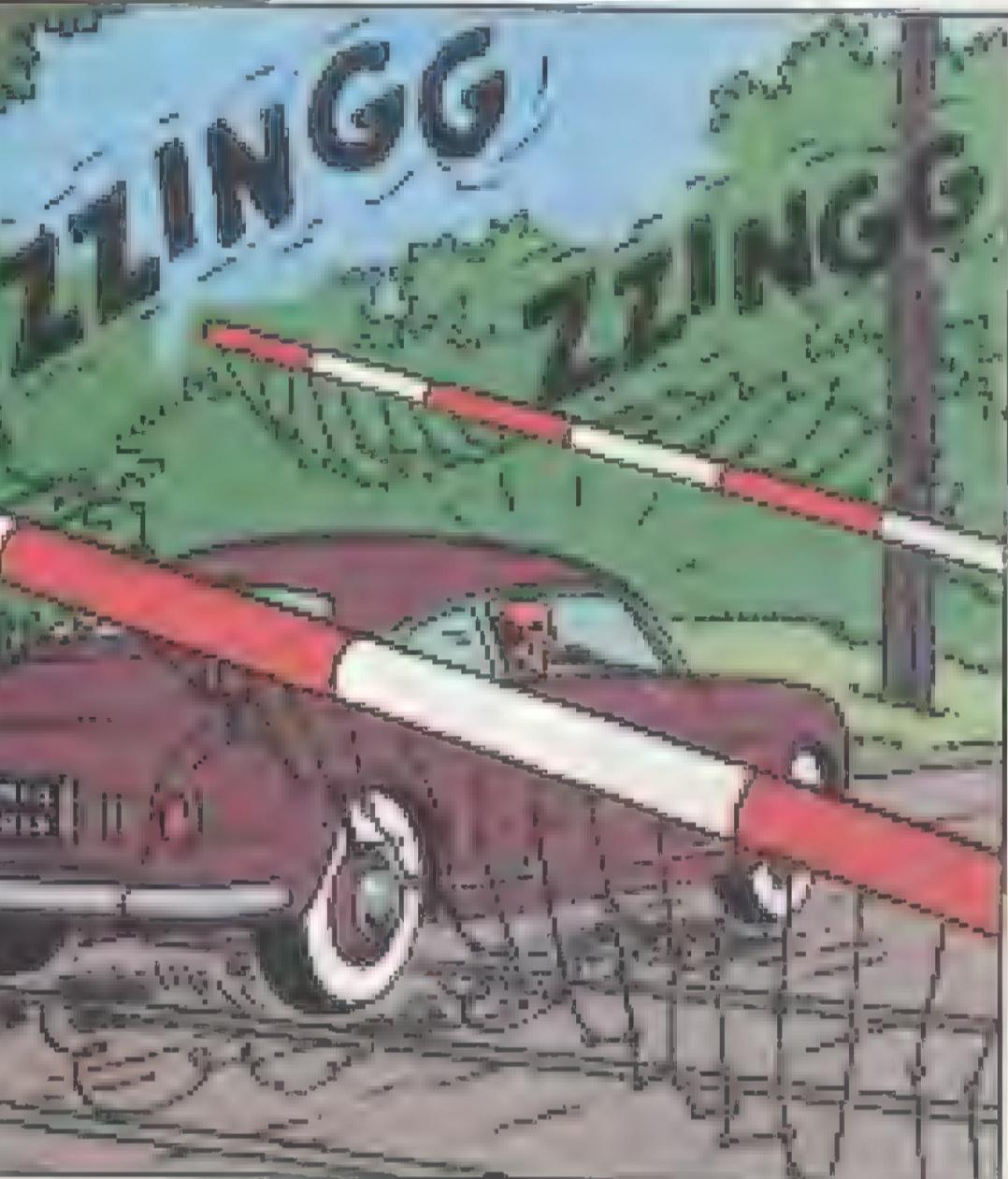
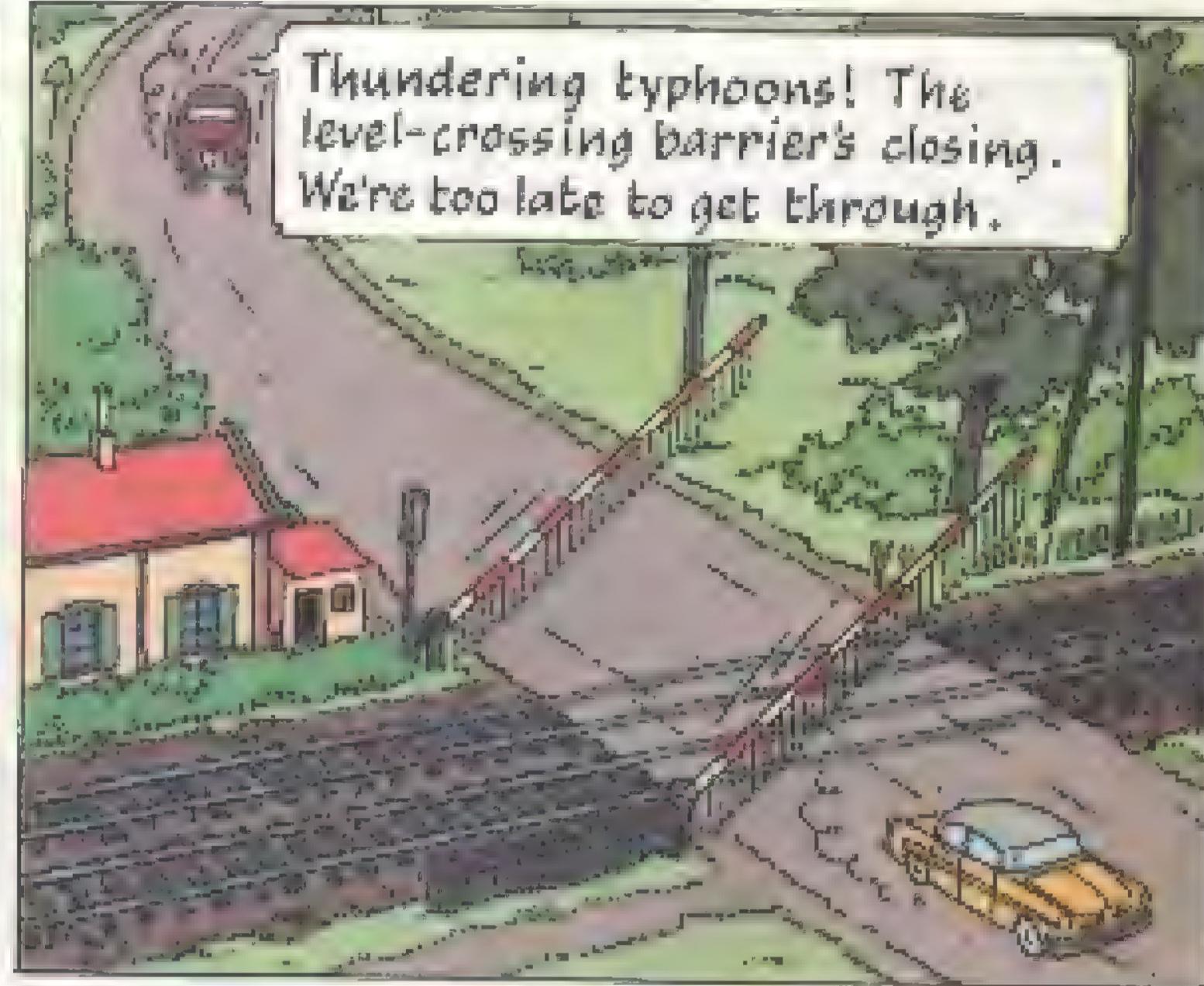


There they are again!

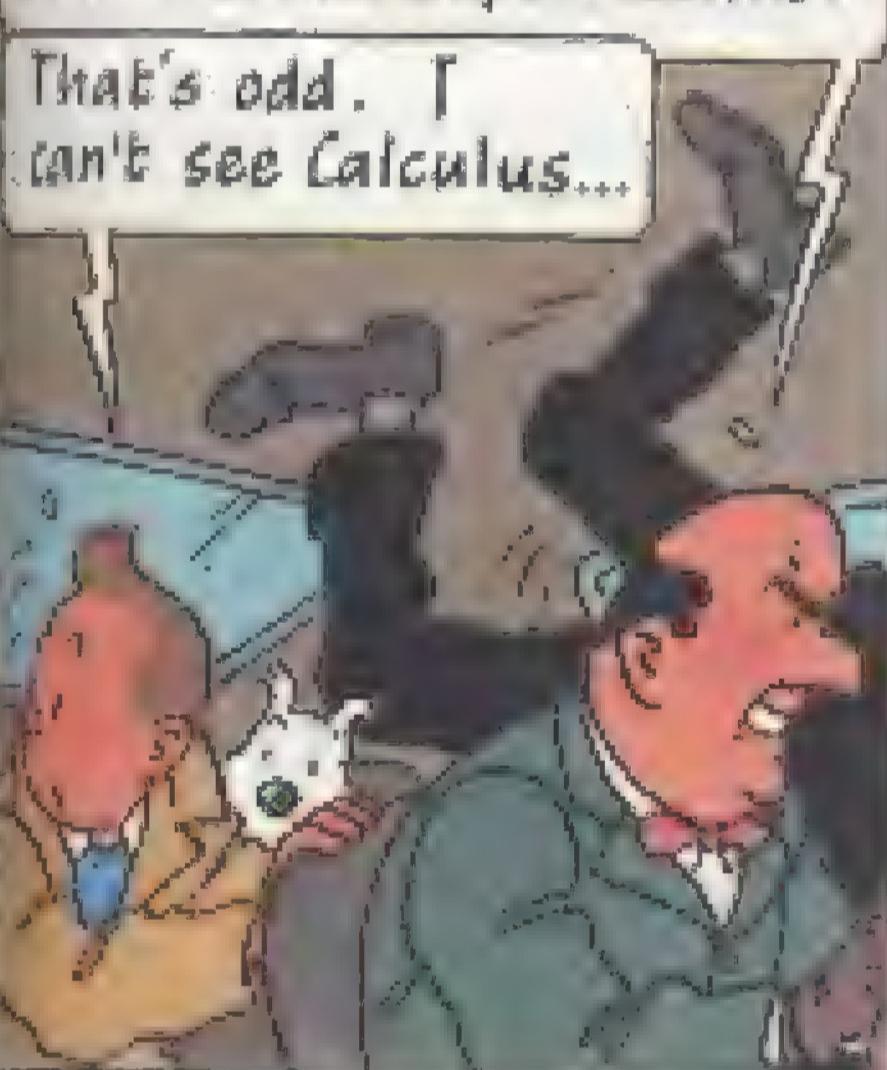
Bene! Bene! We catcha them up!



Thundering typhoons! The level-crossing barrier's closing. We're too late to get through.



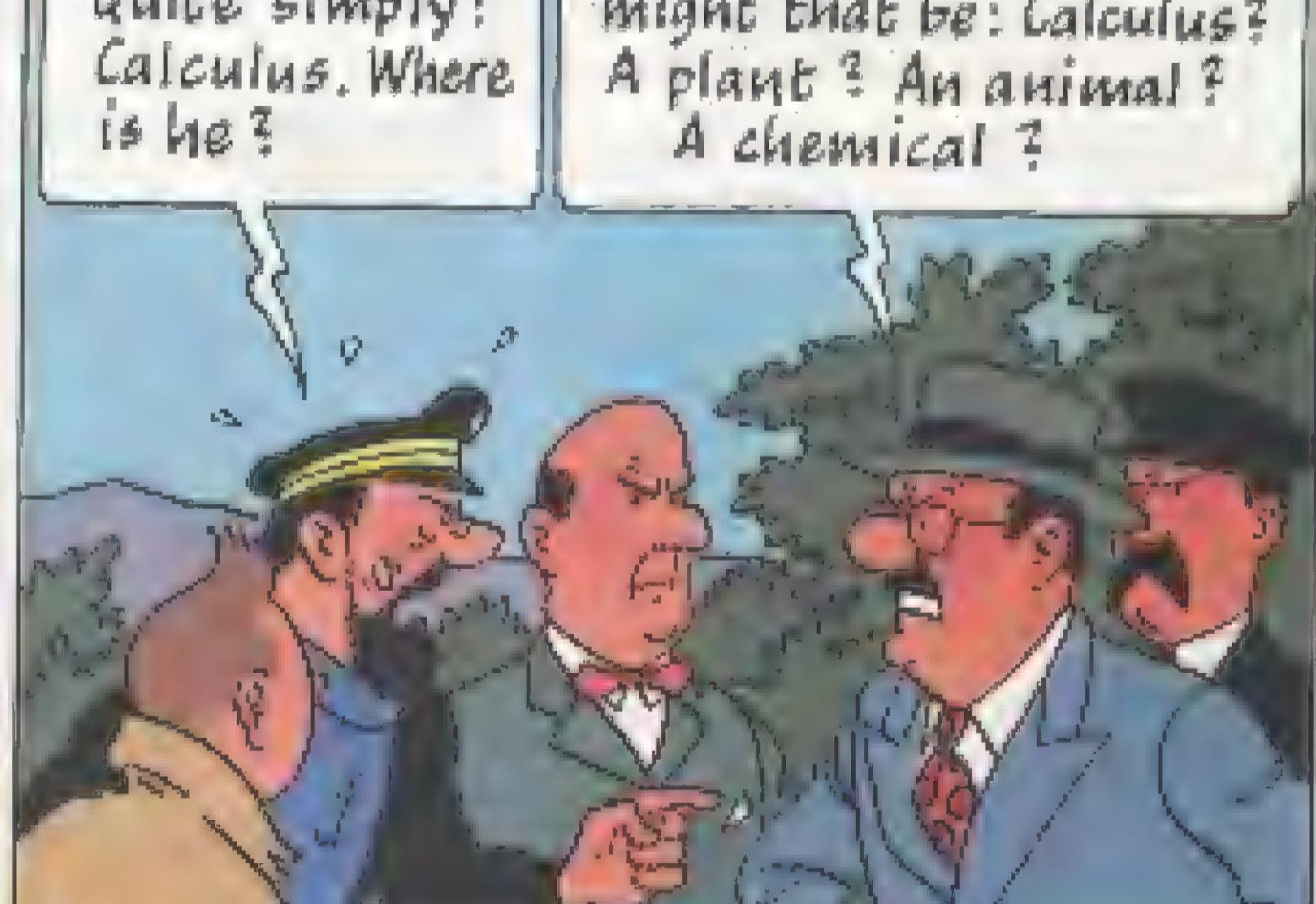
...We put on the brakes, so!... Eccolo... Superbissimo!  
That's odd. I can't see Calculus...



By heaven!! What d'you think you're playing at? What do you want?



What do we want?  
Quite simply:  
Calculus. Where  
is he?



Calculus? And what might that be: Calculus?  
A plant? An animal?  
A chemical?

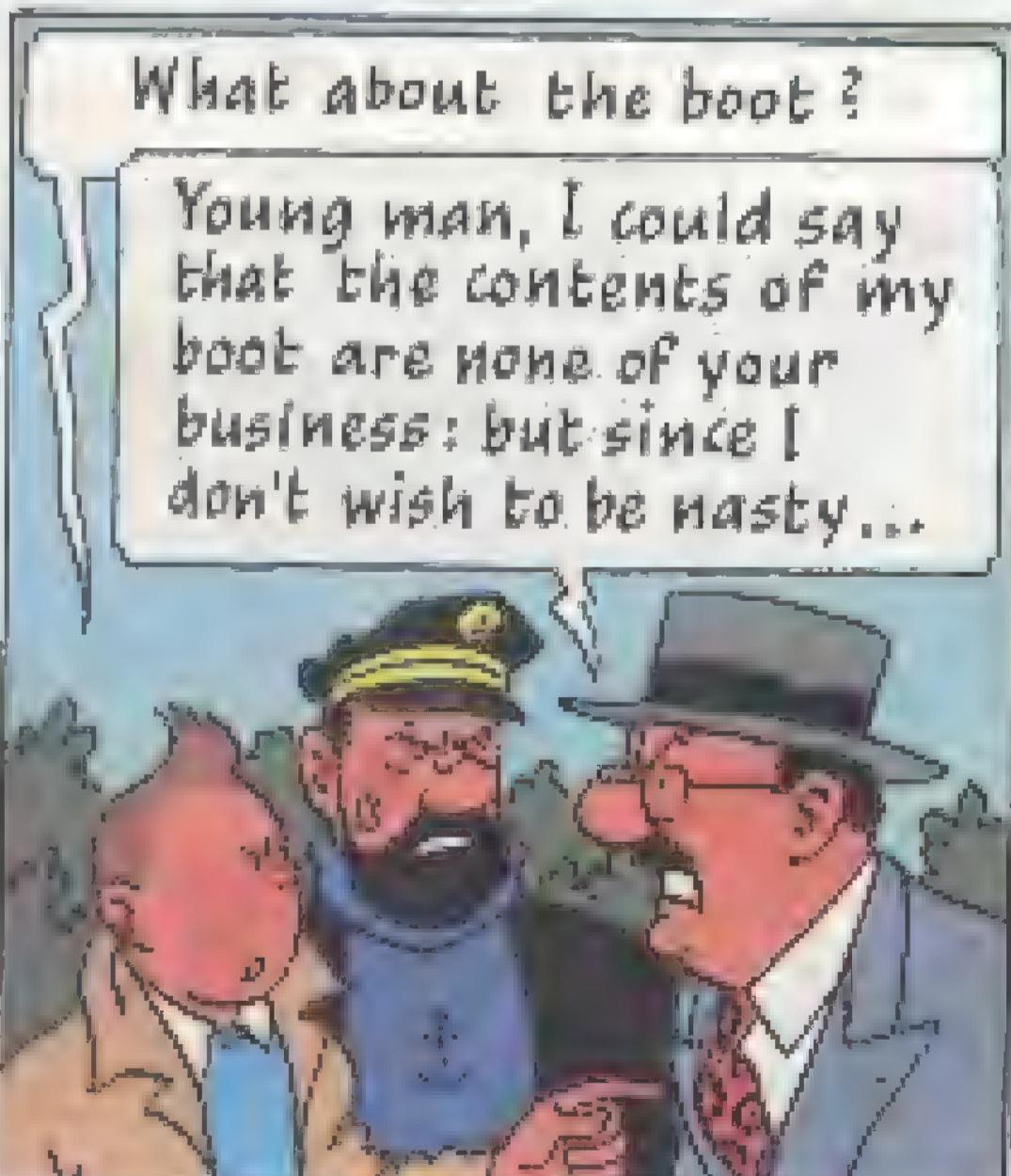
You know as well as we do! What have you done with him?

I'd ask you to mind your manners. Once and for all, I've never heard of your Candyfloss! You can see that my chauffeur and I are alone in my car...



What about the boot?

Young man, I could say that the contents of my boot are none of your business: but since I don't wish to be nasty...



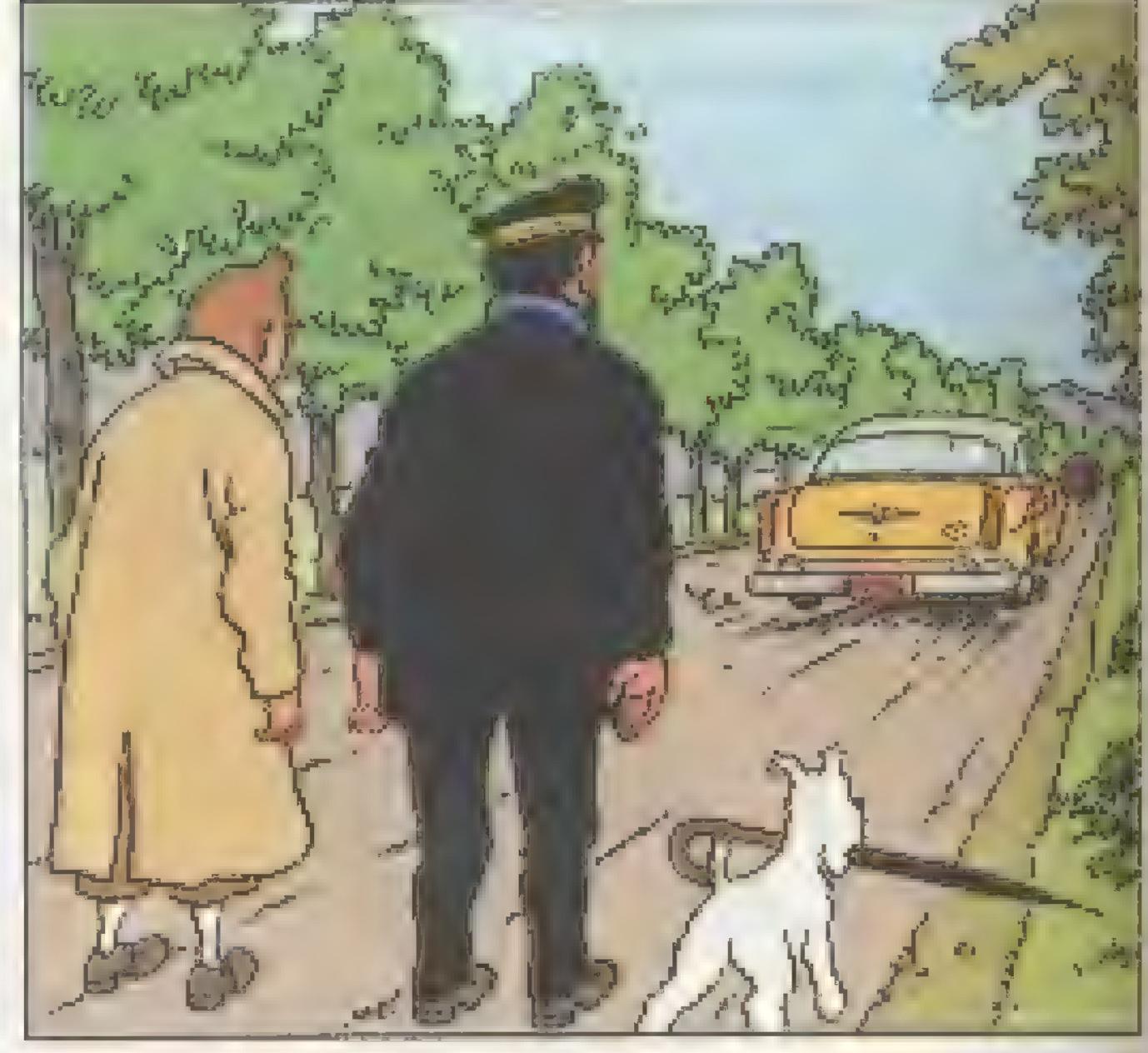
There! Now where's your Coelacanth?  
Inside the spare wheel, I suppose.



Does that satisfy you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes? Or would you like to dismantle my carburetor? No? In that case, get out of the road and let me pass. You've wasted enough of my time already.



Mamma mia! You fool me nicely, yes?... You tella me the big fib, yes? You just wanna to make hitch-hike... and me stupido who believes you! Madonna, how you fool me! Va bene! Now you walk. Addio!



What can have happened? Did we follow the wrong car?... Or did Calculus stay in the motor-boat?



### GREAT SNAKES!

Hey, what's the matter? Now what's burning you up?



### YEOW!



What idiots we are! Under the back seat!

Why?... What?... Which back seat?



It was rather high up... That's where they've hidden poor Calculus! We let ourselves be hoodwinked like a couple of kids. Come on!



Old Calculus has certainly led us a pretty dance around the countryside!



That aeroplane looks as if it's landing. Is there an airfield near here? If that's the case, we're saved.



Come on, let's take this footpath. When we get to the airfield we'll ask if there's a plane available.



What's all this?... No airfield?... It's come down in a meadow.



Look! There, behind those trees!

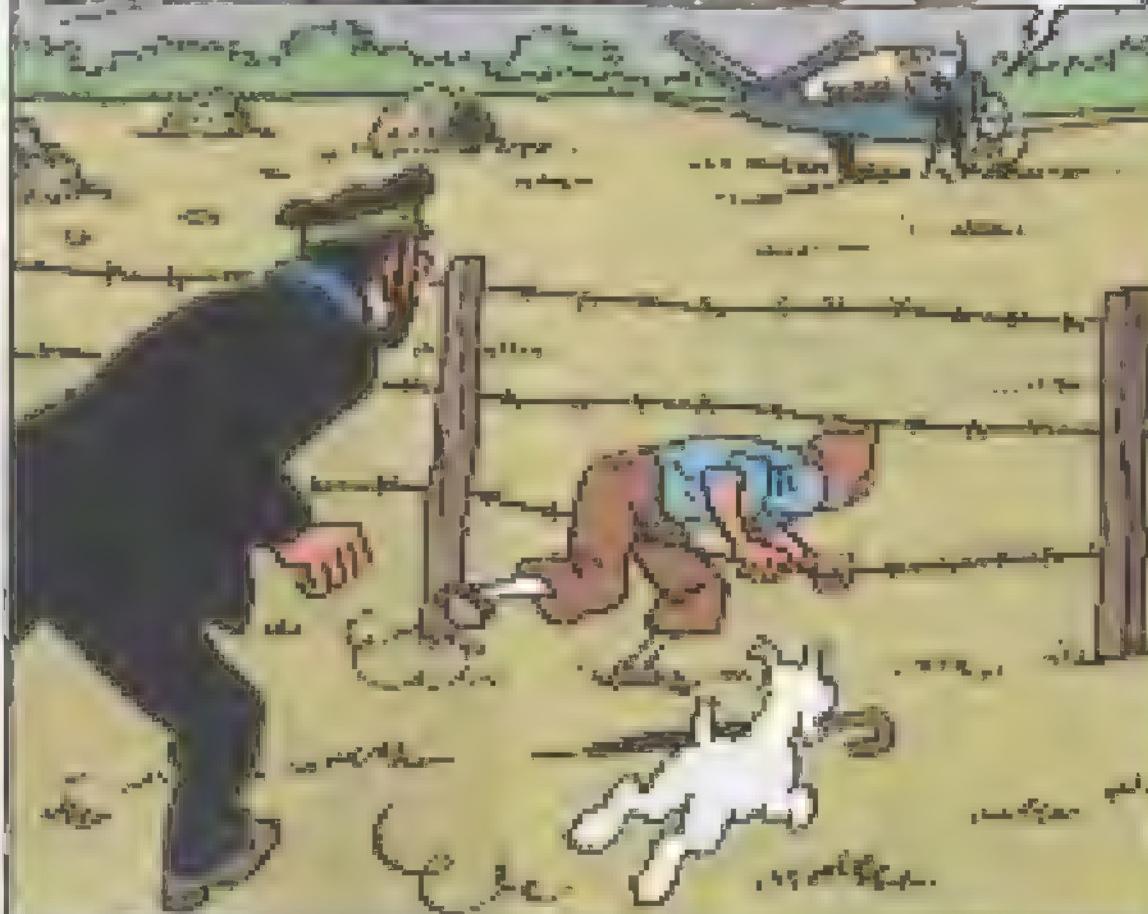
The Chrysler!!



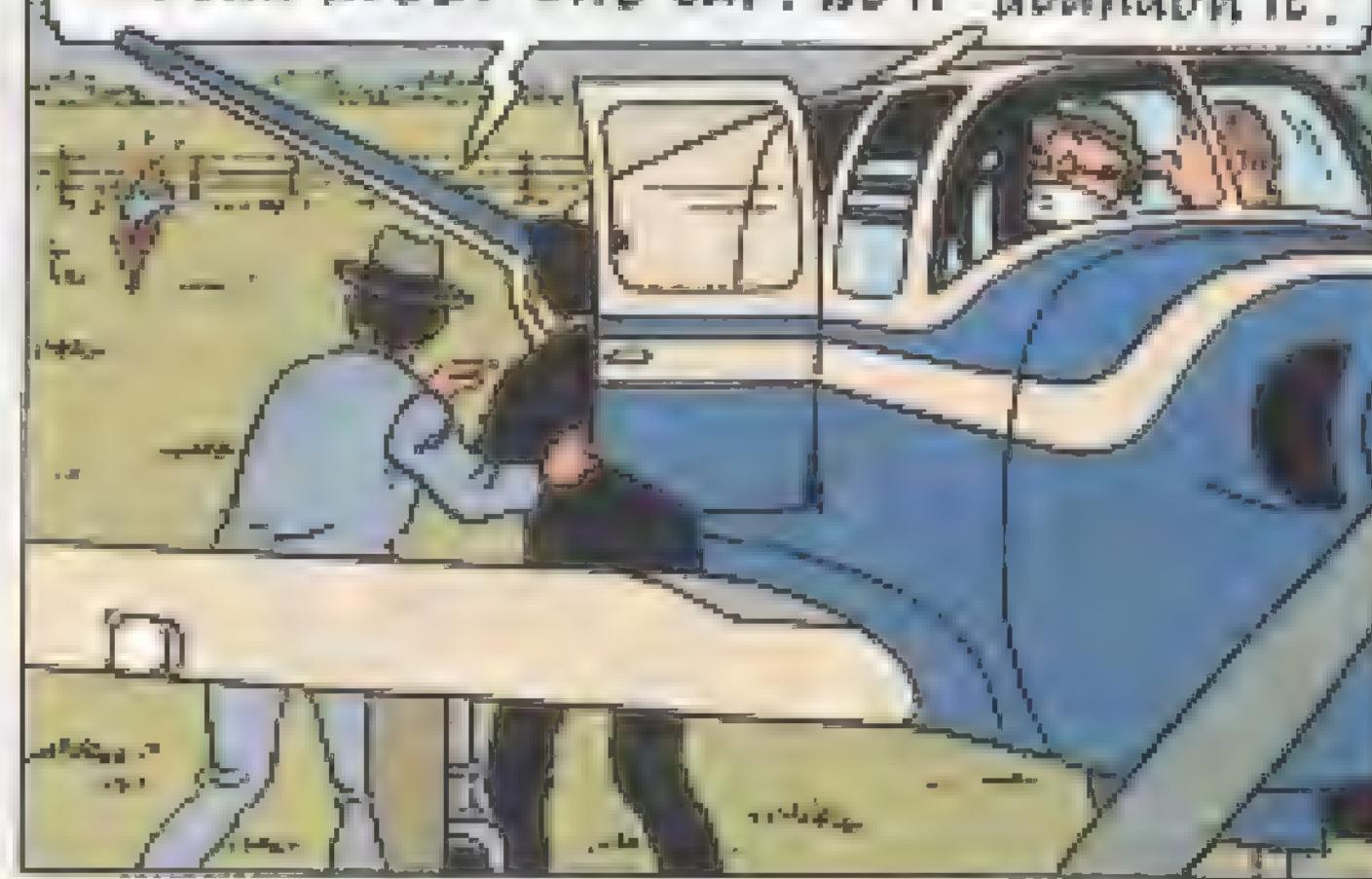
There's Calculus! They're putting him aboard the plane. Quick Captain!



By St. Vladimir! There are those madmen again!



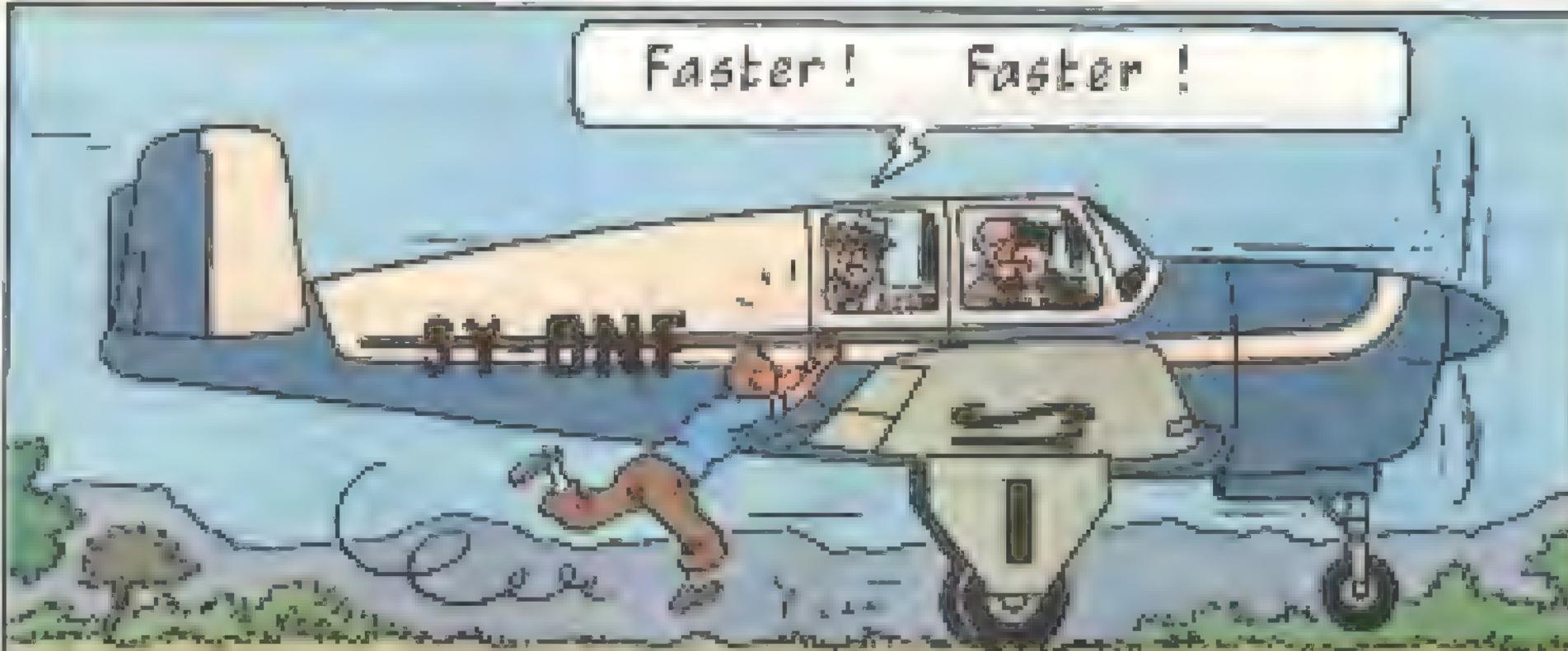
Quick, Stanislas, climb aboard. And start up the engine, Boldoff; hurry! Too bad about the car: we'll abandon it.



Step on it, Boldoff!



Faster! Faster!



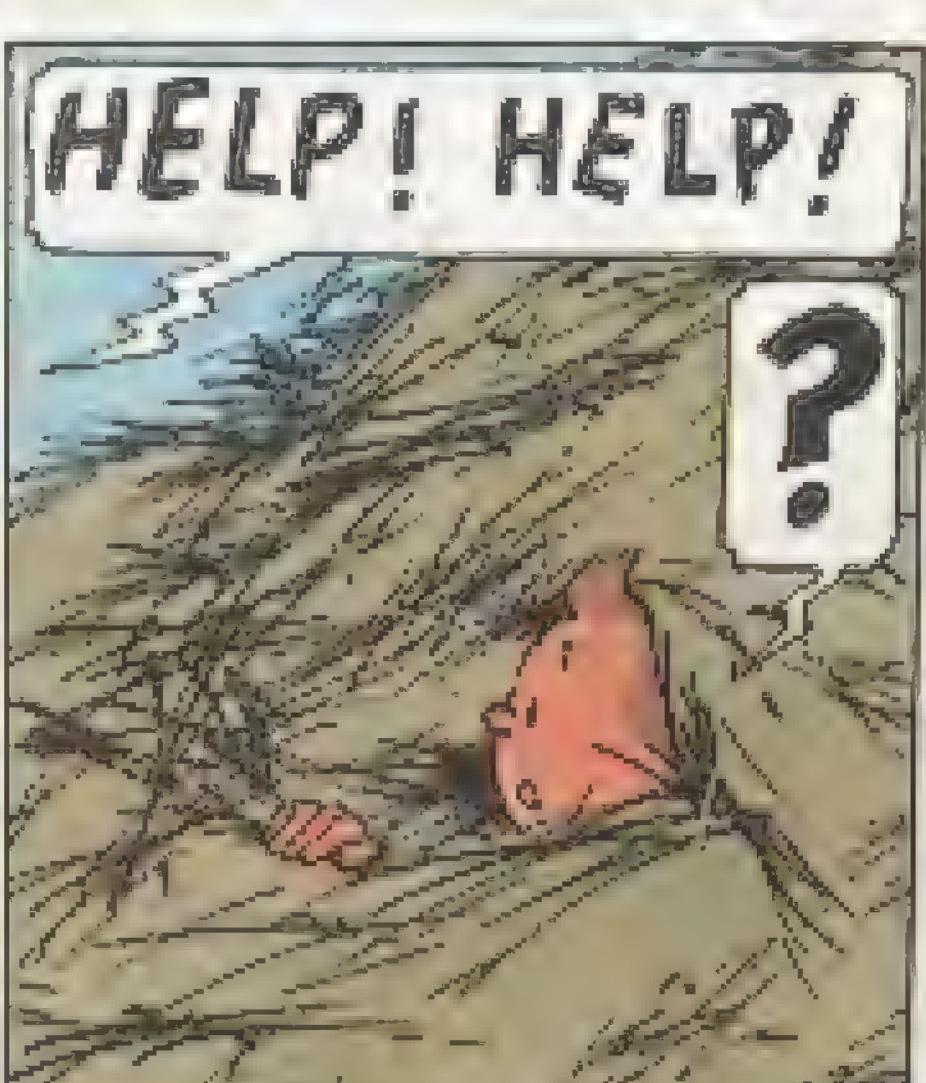
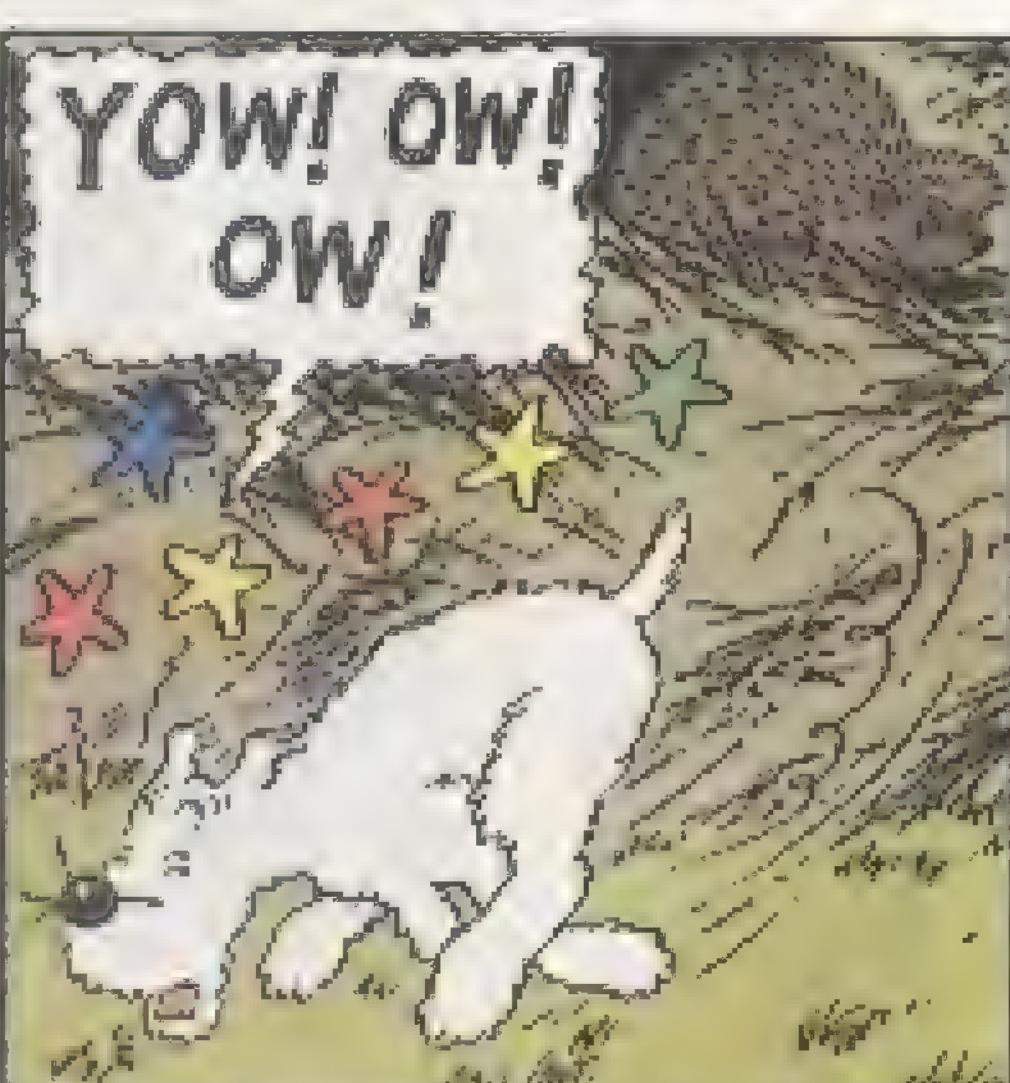
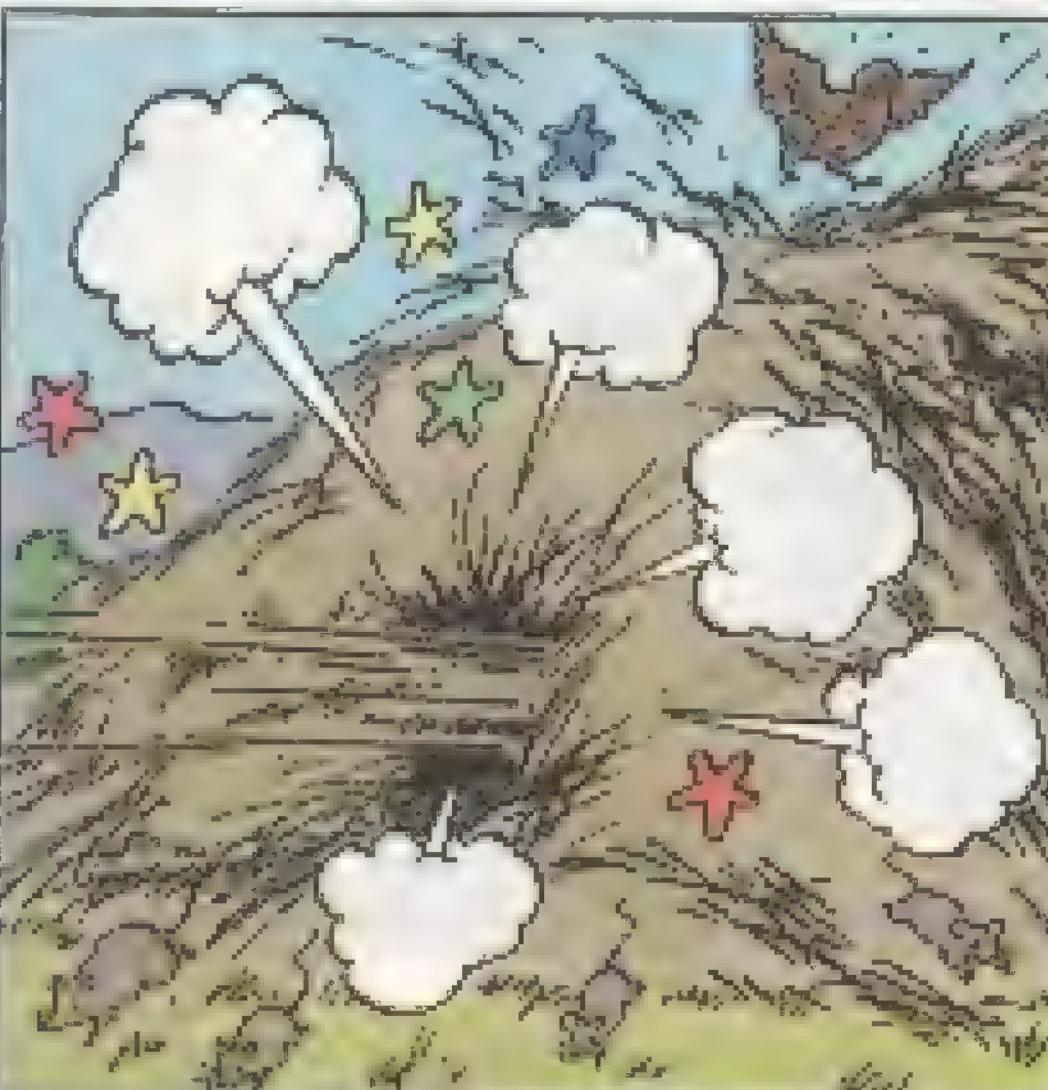
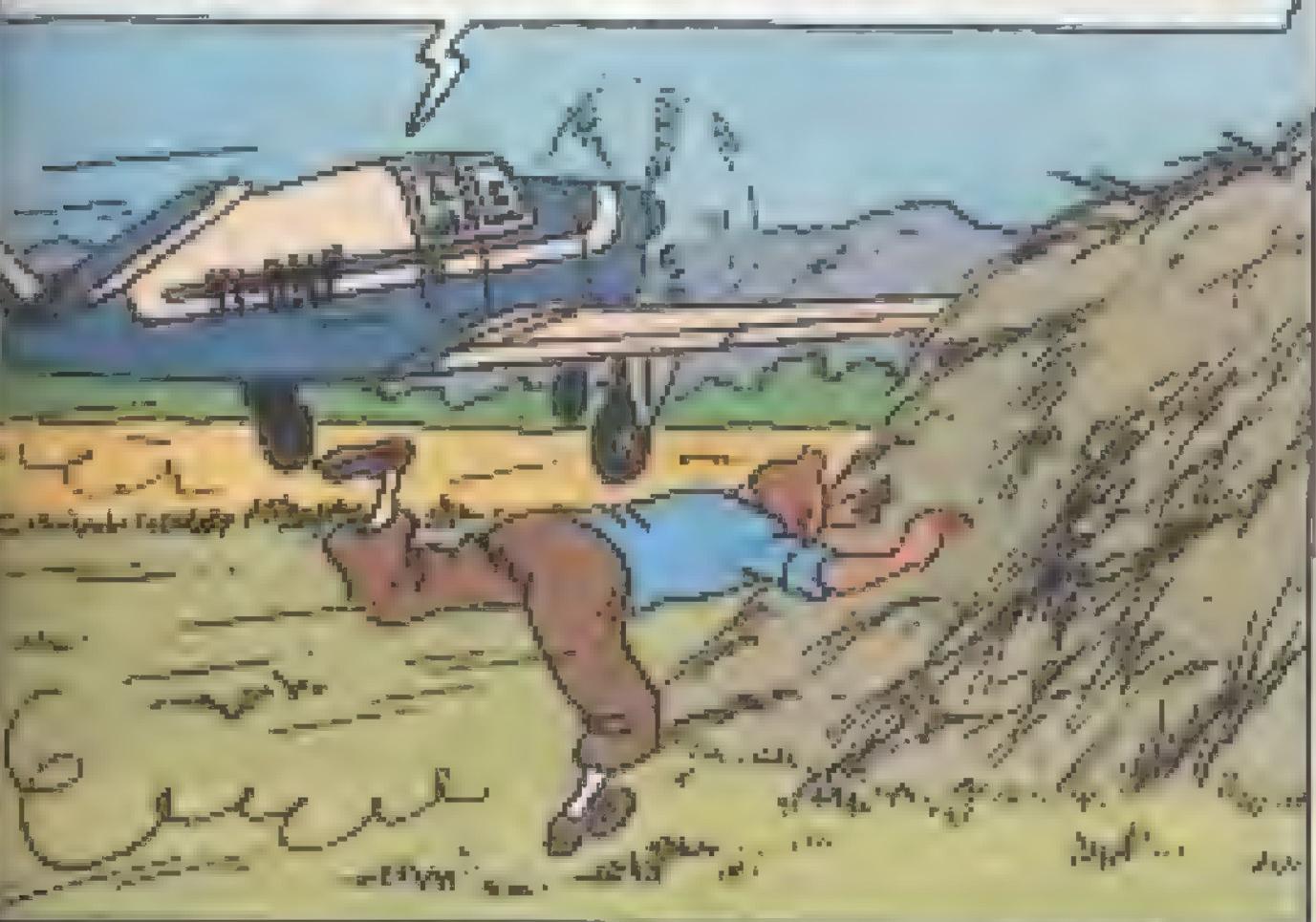
What are you waiting for? Take off!



Ah! That's it!



At last! Calculus is ours!



**SAVE ME!**

Great snakes!  
Poor Captain!

Hurry, blistering barnacles! Help me!

A few minutes later...

Thundering typhoons,  
you were right! The back  
seat is hollow. The pirates!  
That's where they hid  
him!

Listen Captain, we  
mustn't waste time.  
It was a Syldavian  
aircraft: we'll go  
back to Geneva and  
take the first plane  
for Syldavia.

Right!

Next morning in Geneva...

While you buy the tickets  
I'll get some papers. Then  
I'll put a call through  
to Marlinspike ...

Two seats for Klow,  
sir? Certainly. The  
plane leaves from  
Cointrin in two  
hours' time.



Incredible!...fantastic!...  
That's upset the apple-cart!



You Carpathian Bashi-bazouks!  
That's the second time you've  
crossed my path. I hope for your  
sakes there won't be a third. You  
two-timing Tartar twisters,  
you!...Understand?...



Just remember,  
I've got my eye on you!



Hello!  
What's  
happened  
to you?

Er... nothing...  
a slight mishap.  
But read this;  
it's incredible.



## BORDURO-SYLDAVIAN INCIDENT

*Bordurian fighters force down  
Syldavian plane*

"VIOLATION  
OF OUR  
AIR-SPACE"  
SAYS SZOHÖD

A Bordurian Air Ministry communiqué reports that a Syldavian aircraft has been intercepted by fighters while flying over Bordurian territory. Despite repeated warnings,

"UNPROVOKED  
TASCHIST  
AGGRESSION"  
KLOW PROTESTS

In an official note the Syldavian Ministry of Foreign Affairs has protested vigorously against "unprovoked aggression by the Bordurian Air Force towards an unarmed

Great snakes! This alters everything. I bet that's the plane Calculus was in. Now he's fallen into Bordurian hands again. They never give up, do they?



Your  
tickets  
for Klow,  
sir.

We don't need  
them! We're  
going to Szohöd,  
in Borduria.

Yes...er... Can  
we by any chance...



I'm sorry, sir, the flight  
to Szohöd is fully booked.  
The last two seats have  
just been taken. However,  
if you would care to  
wait...



... we may have  
a last-minute  
cancellation.  
In that case  
we can make  
arrangements  
for you.



By the whiskers of  
Kürvi-Tasch! They  
want to go to Szohöd,  
you can bet your life.  
But we took the last  
two seats. I wonder...



You'll wait here? Good.  
I'm just going to see if  
I can get through to  
Marlinspike.

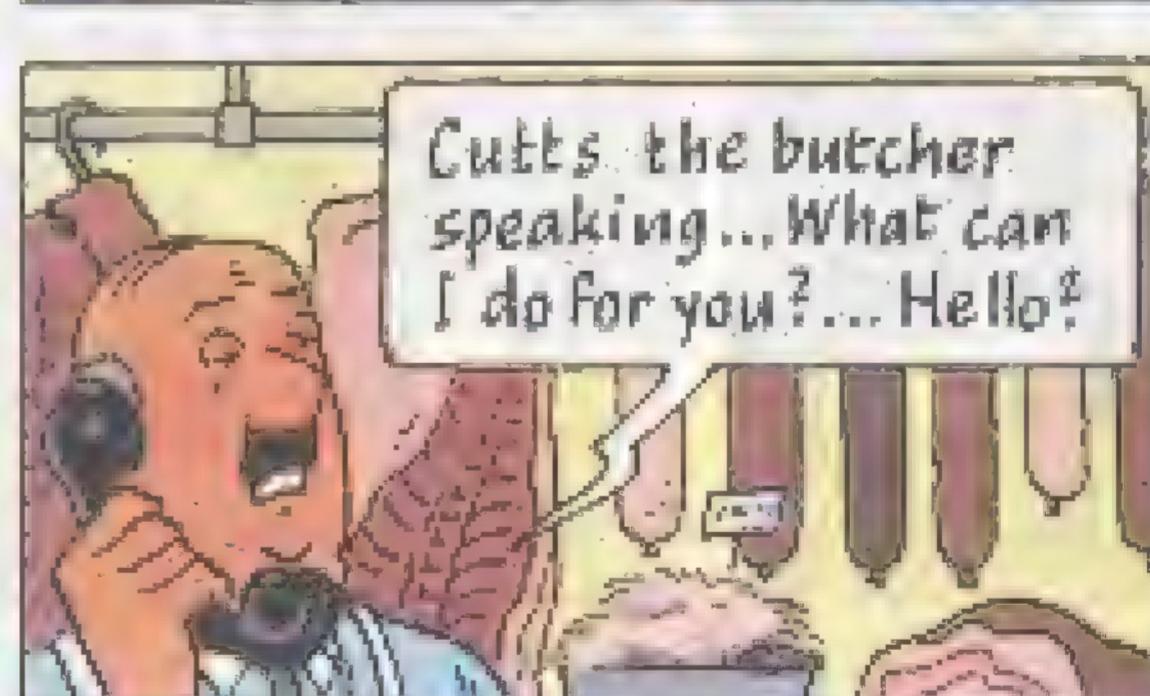
All right.



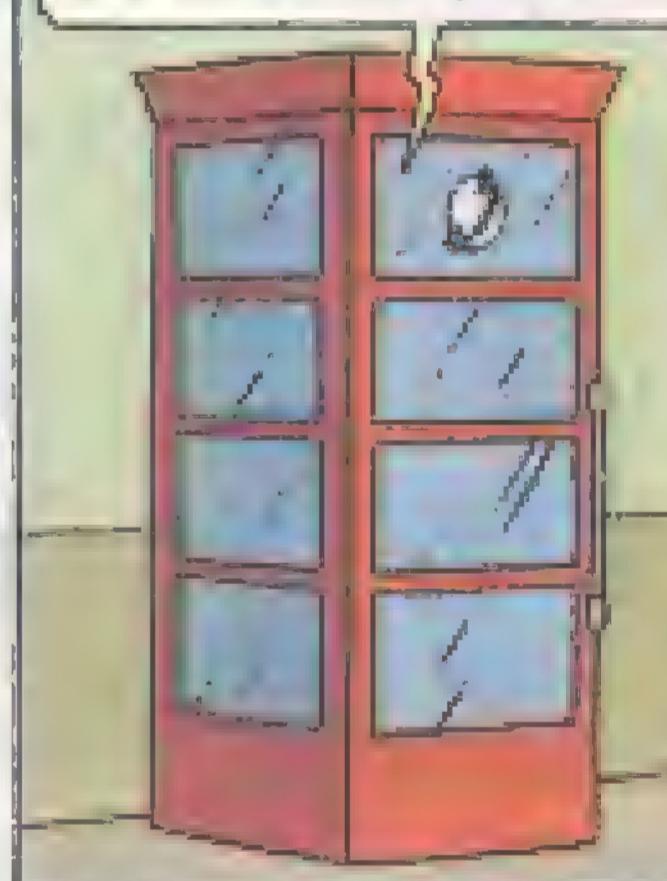
Yes, Marlinspike 421.  
Thank you, I'll hold  
on.



Hello?... Hello,  
Marlinspike? Hello,  
is that you, Nestor?  
... What?... Who's  
that speaking?...



Hello, operator.  
That was the wrong  
number. I asked  
for 421... Yes, 421.



Hello? Hello, is  
that 421? Is that  
you, Nestor? This  
is Captain Haddock.  
... Who is that  
speaking?... Who?!



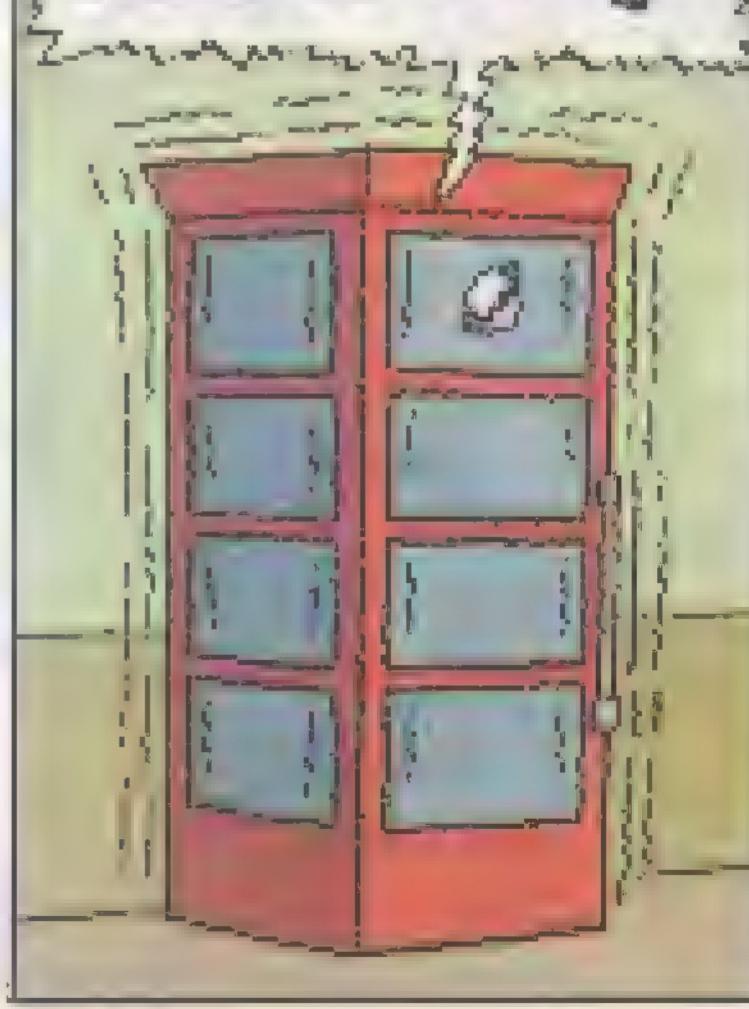
Wagg... Jolyon Wagg...  
Proper lark this is, eh?  
You old humbug, you  
didn't half give me a  
laugh with your heli-  
copter chase... What?...  
What am I doing here?



It turned out nice, so I brought  
the wife for a little visit to  
your country seat... Yes... Who?  
... Nestor?... I'll hand you over to  
him; he's got a good joke to  
tell you... Hi, Nestor, it's your boss.



**WHAT?**



I'm afraid it's the truth, sir. The Professor's laboratory has been stripped... Yes, the apparatus too, sir... Absolutely everything... Quite so, last night. Yes, sir, the police came this morning.

Did they find any clues? ... You... Hello? ... What did you say, Nestor?

No, it's me, Wagg. ... Don't worry, old boy; it's better than a slap in the eye with a wet kipper, as my Uncle Anatole used to say. Besides...

Thundering typhoons! Shut up about your Uncle Anatole and put me back to Nestor, or I'll do something desperate!



Right away... You know, your insurance is ready. And you'll see, I've taken care of everything. You've got the lot: theft, fire, hailstorms, air-disasters...



Wagg! Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! I... hello! ... hello! ... HELLO!

Now I've been cut off!!...

I say, what's the matter now?

What's the matter? It's Calculus's laboratory at Marlinspike! Rifled! emptied! ransacked! Those gangsters have taken all his apparatus...

And when I think they're probably in league with those two Patagonian savages... Hello, they've weighed anchor.

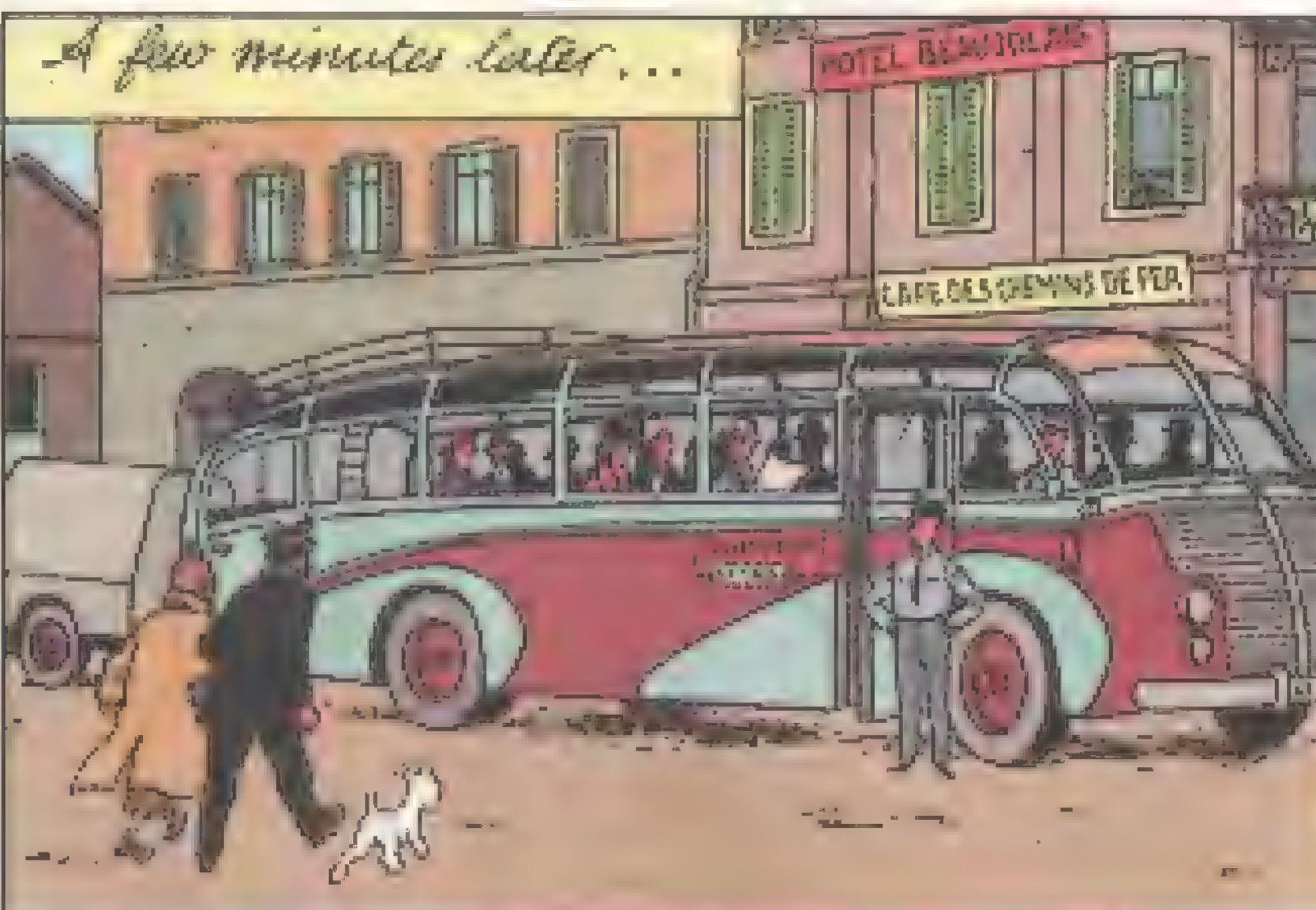
So they have: they've gone.

Excuse me, sir!... Sir!... Sir!



Someone's just telephoned: we have two vacant seats on the plane for Szohod... but the coach leaves in five minutes. Will that be...

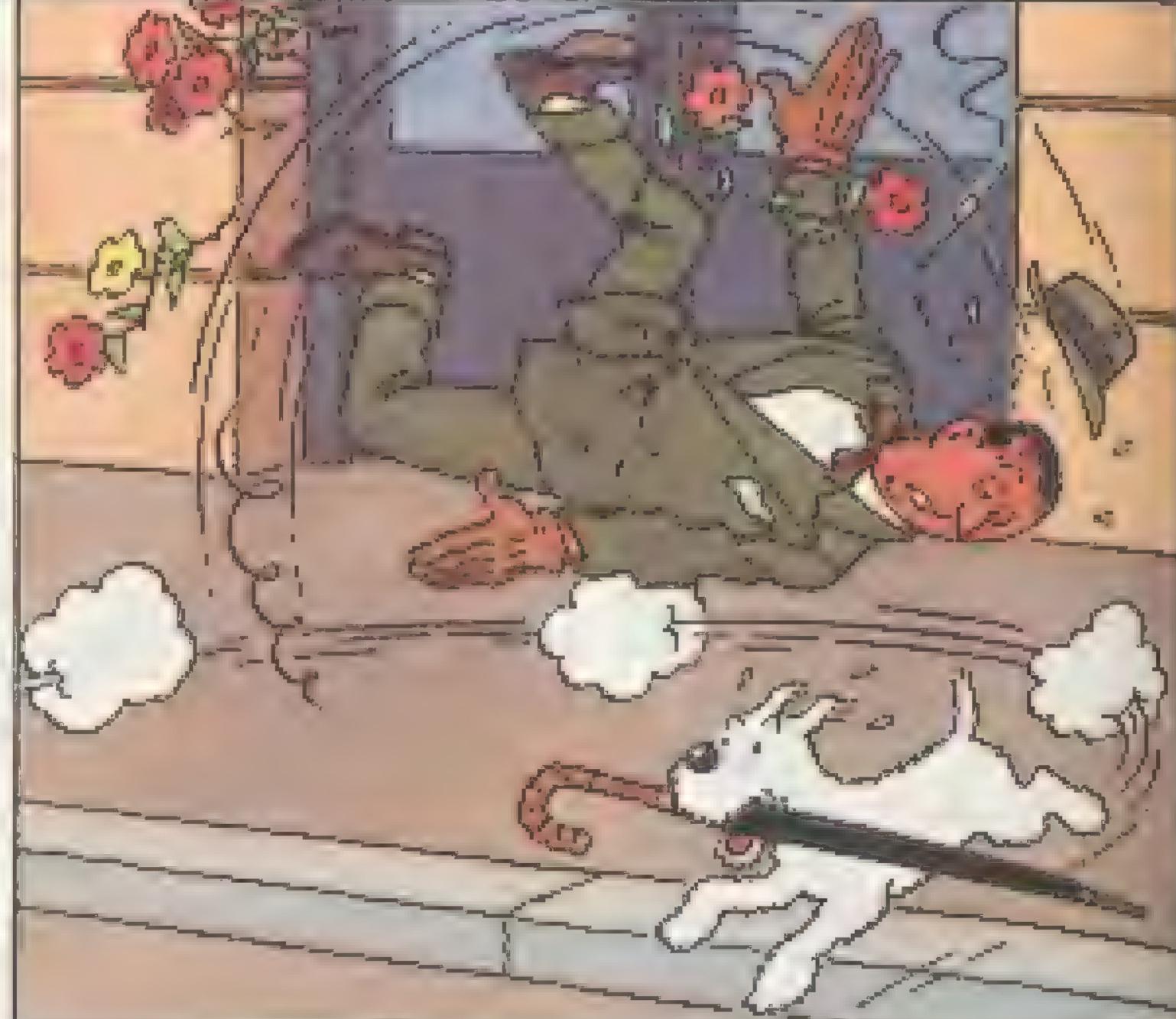
Thanks, we'll take them.

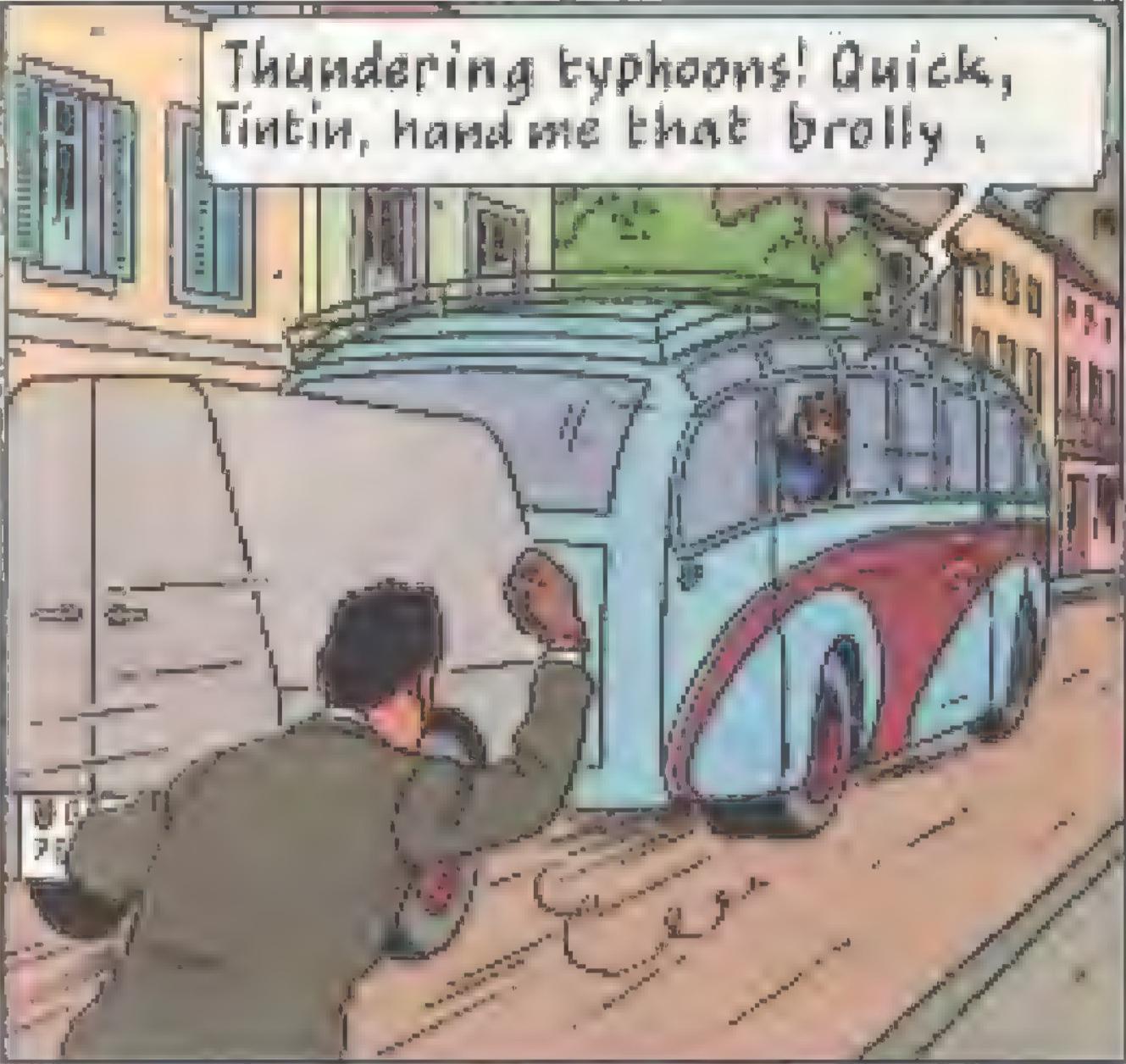
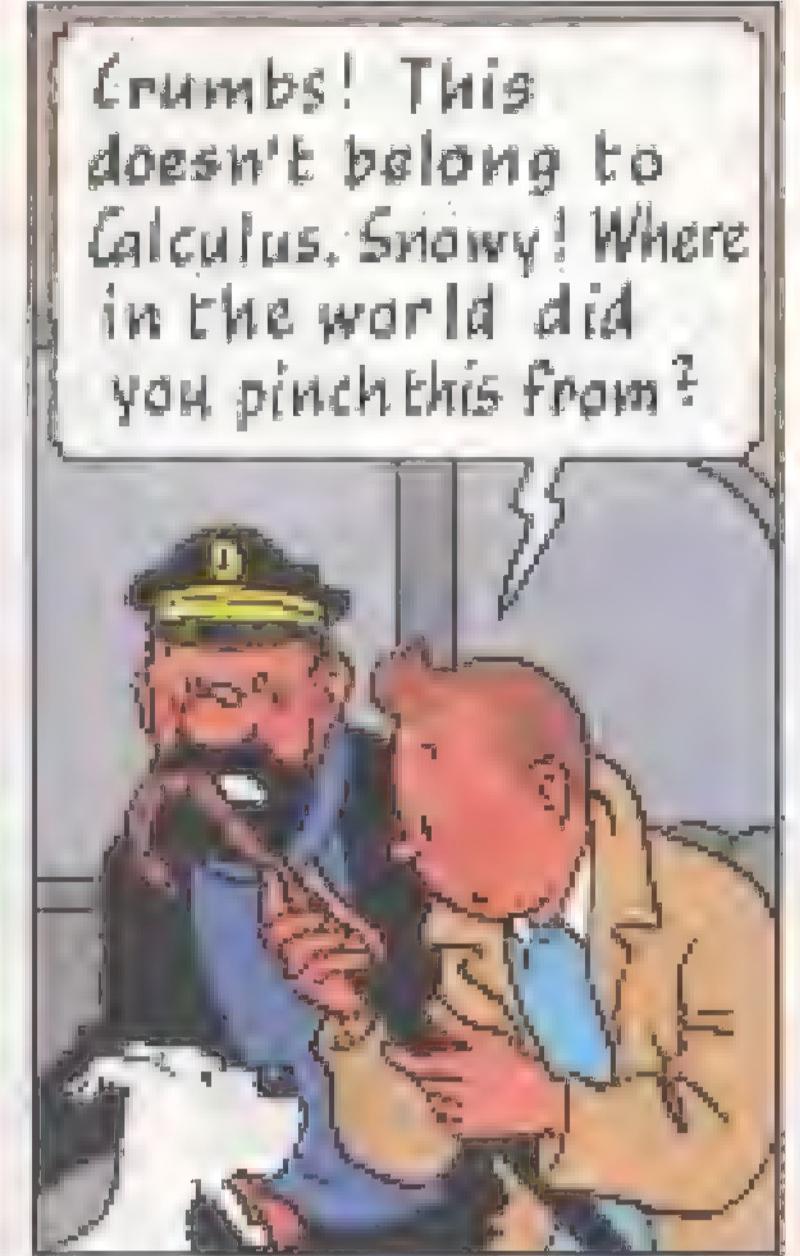


Bon voyage, gentlemen. We're only too delighted to give you our seats...



You're the last, sir. We're just off now.





At Cointrin Airport, 1.40 p.m.



Here we go, on our way to Szohôd... I only hope we find poor Calculus there.



Billions of billions of blue blistering barnacles!



Just look at this confounded sticking-plaster! How did it get itself on to my cap? It's black magic, I tell you!



Meanwhile, in Geneva...

Hello, operator, I want Szohôd 322.18... Yes, Szohôd. ... What? A delay? But it's urgent. I... Good. Try and hurry things along.



Hello?... Hello?... Yes, I can hear you. CRACKLE... FRRRT... Hello, Szohôd? Hello, I... FRRRT... Hello?



Hello? Yes, I can hear you... Hello?... GLOUP... CRR... Willyou... Hello?... What?... Ah, it's you, Szhrinkoff. Amaïh... CRRR... Hello?



2.52 p.m.



Hello?... FRRWT... Hello, I can't hear you CLACK... What?... FRRT... CRRACK... Can't you speak up?!... What?

3.48 p.m.



3.03 p.m.



Yes, Haddock. A sort of sea-dog with a beard... CLACK... BZZ... Beard... HISP... No, beard... GRR... He has a beard!... XWUUI... XWUUI... Yes, beard!



4.30 p.m.



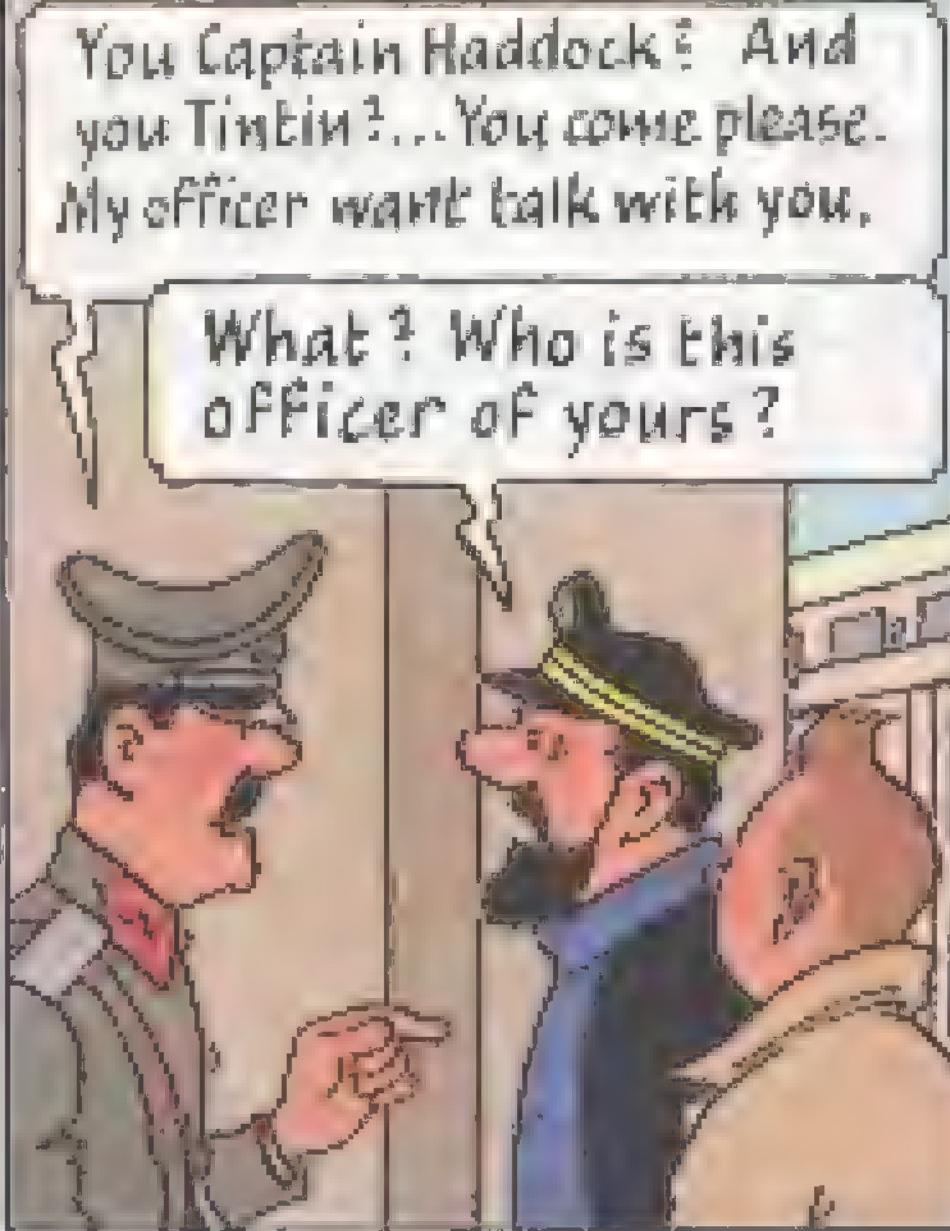
Hello! CRACK... Yes, I've got it... CRACK... FRR-RRT... By the whiskers of Kûrvi-Tasch, what a line!... Captain Haddock and Tintin: O.K., O.K. I'll warn the airport control at once... Amaïh!



Hello, airport police here... Amaïh Kûrvi-Tasch, sir! The plane from Geneva? It's just in... What?... What names?



That's a relief, I can tell you. I thought they might have had warning of our arrival.



A few minutes later...

Ah, Captain, this is a great privilege for us. We in Borduria salute you, hero of that glorious interplanetary flight... Amaïh!



And you too, Mânhir Tin-tin. I am proud to shake the hand which... er... First set foot on the Moon. I salute you. Amaïh!



The ancient traditions of Bodurian hospitality demand that we ensure your absolute comfort and safety.



As I was saying: your safety... Two interpreters will therefore accompany you during your stay here. They will take you wherever you may wish to go... and at whatever time.



These gentlemen, Krönick and Klümsi, are entirely at your service... They will take you to the Hotel Szörr, where rooms are booked for you. I wish you a pleasant stay... Amaïh!



Ten minutes later, in Szörr...

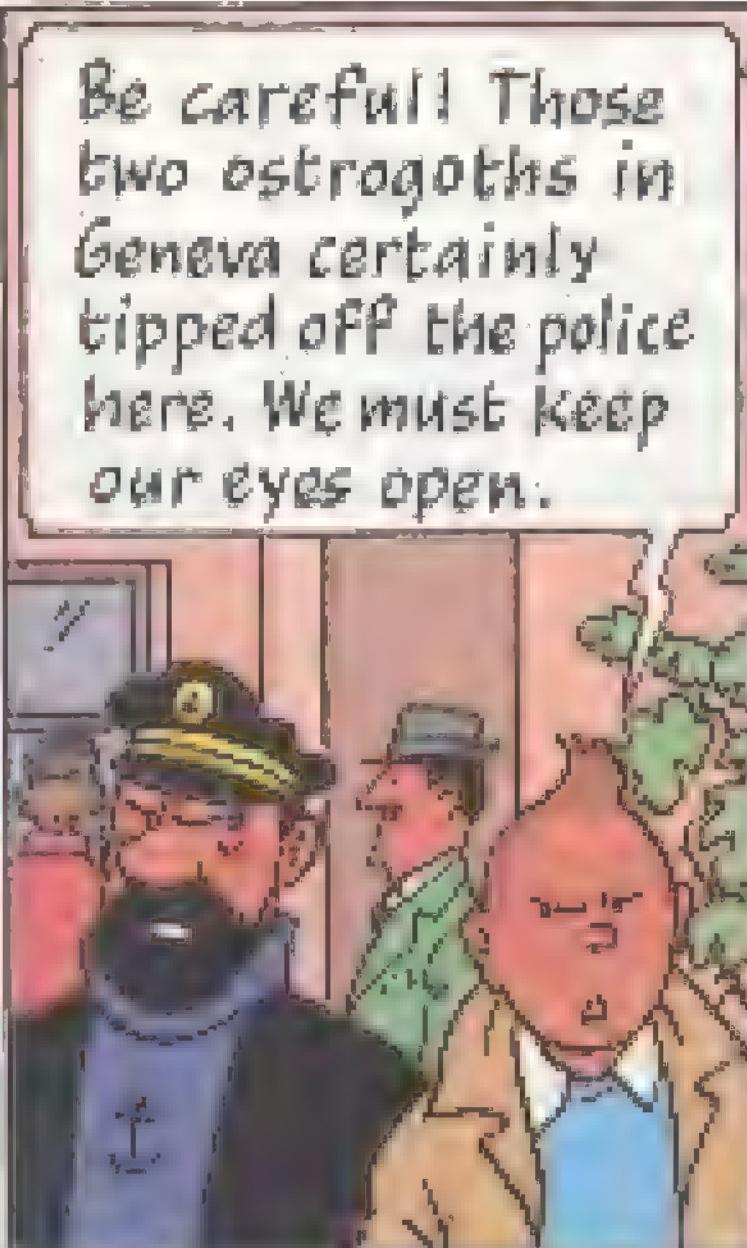
... And this is Kürvi-Tasch Platz. Your hotel is just round the corner.



One moment, please. We'll see about your rooms.



Be carefull! Those two ostrogoths in Geneva certainly tipped off the police here. We must keep our eyes open.



Oh!... Quick!... Hide! Hide!



## BIANCA CASTAFIORE !!!



Did you see? That was Signora Bianca Castafiore, the Milanese nightingale. She's singing at the Szohd Opera. If you wish, we will go to hear her one evening: she is sublime as Marguerite, in "Faust".



Here are the keys. We will escort you to your rooms.



This is yours, Mähir Captain. I hope you will be comfortable.



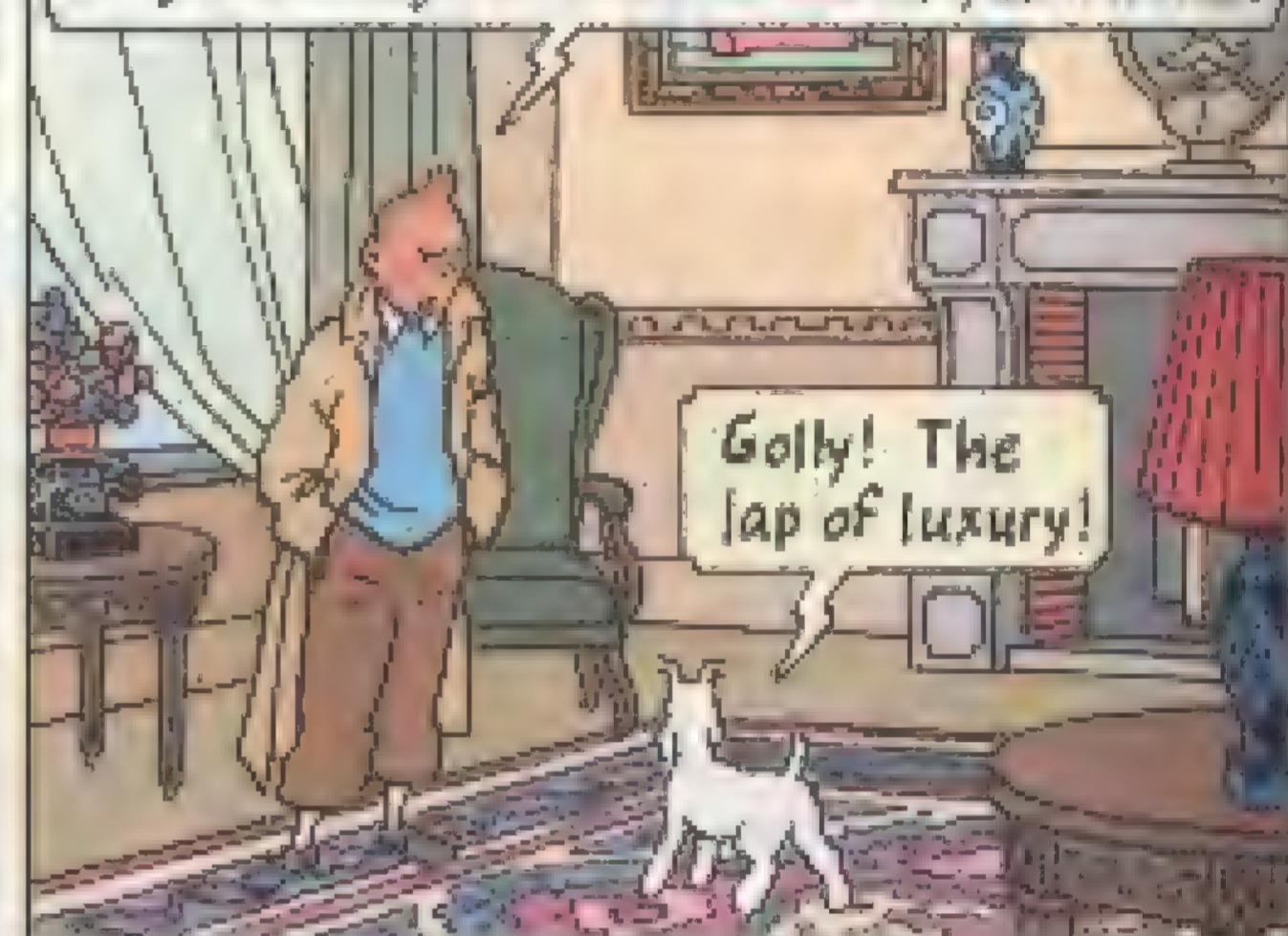
Yours is a little further down: unfortunately there were no adjoining rooms.



Here you are, Mähir Tintin. We will come and fetch you for dinner, in an hour. If you need us before then, don't hesitate to ring: we're entirely at your service.



We're prisoners all right, Snowy, and no mistake about it. The fact that it's a gilded cage doesn't make any difference.



Hello?... Oh, it's you, Captain ... What?



Blistering barnacles, I said that at the first opportunity we'll ditch those two coleoptera! That's agreed, isn't it?



I...er... Oh yes. You're referring to those two butterflies you caught by the lake, in Geneva. But those aren't coleoptera, Captain, they're lepidoptera.



What are you jabbering about? Lepidoptera? Lepidoptera to you, too! I... Hello?... Hello? ...



Crumbs! How can I make him understand that our telephone is bound to be tapped?



Hello?... Yes... Yes... We were cut off. I... er... Don't worry about the butterflies, Captain ...



Let's talk about the simply wonderful hospitality of this exquisite country. What good taste! What tact! And then their... um... their courtesy. And above all their... how shall I put it? their friendliness. Friendliness which is entirely... er... friendly.... Um...



You... But... What... Let... But... Look here... I... Blister... Thunder...



Ten thousand thundering typhoons!... Now I'm going to chuck you out of the window!



Keep on recording. This could be interesting.

What?... No, blistering barnacles! It's that thundering bit of sticking plaster. It's following me about!



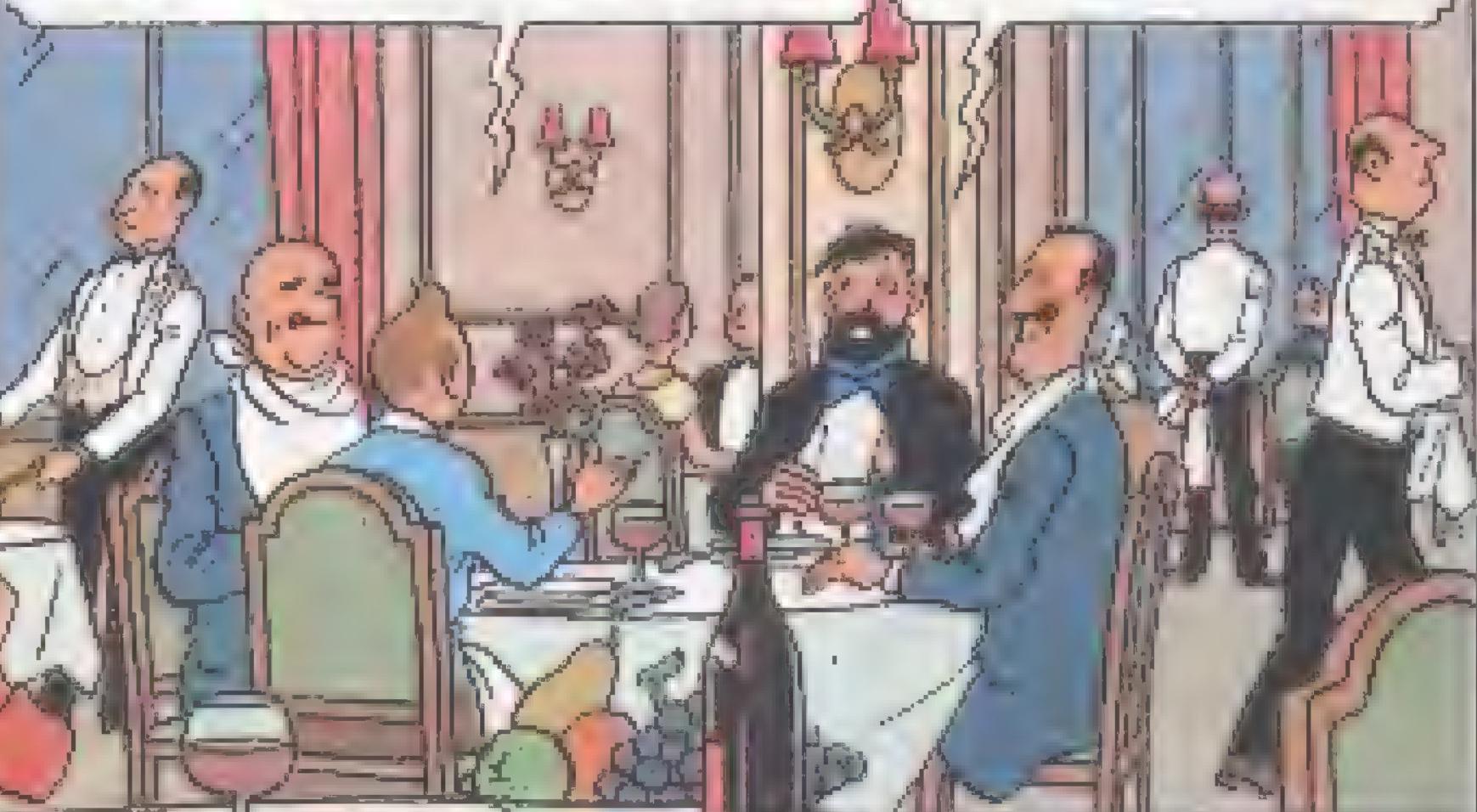
Well, good luck. I'll leave you to sort things out together. But don't forget, we go down to dinner in an hour.



An hour later...



Captain, I propose we crack a bottle of champagne in honour of these gentlemen.



Champagne?! Champagne for this gang? ...



Oh, poor Captain! It must be your rheumatism. Well, there's nothing like champagne for curing that. Will you call the wine-waiter?



An hour later...

I say, they're having quite a party at table seven. That's their fourth bottle!



Ha! ha! I'm no fool!... You want to make us tight... To find out where... hic... Professor Calculus is... hic... But you won't learn a thing. We'll shut up like traps... No, like prams... like lambs... no, like clams.



Don't let's worry about Calculus. He'll have to shift for himself.

That's right! Hic... Don't let's worry. Any-way... hic... I don't know anything. Honestly... It's Sponsz... hic... the Chief of the "ZEP"... our secret pol... hic... he's the only one who knows... And Calculus...



Good...good. Let's forget silly old Calculus. It's time for bed.

Will you take us right up to our rooms?



Hic... I... hic... I'll stay in the corridor.

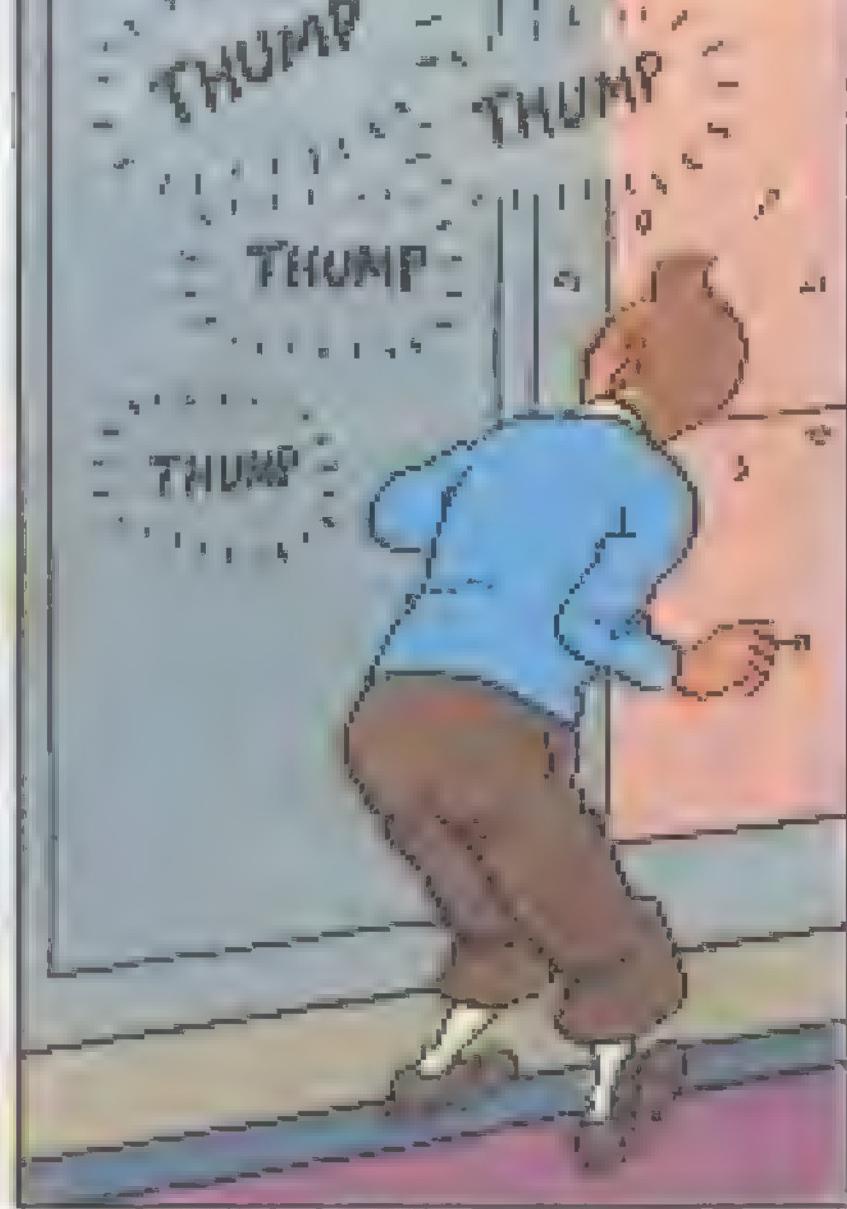


Fine... Good idea!

O.K. Mine's locked in your room.



And mine in yours.



Thundering typhoons! He'll rouse the whole hotel.

Wait, I'll open the door and we'll see...

THUMP

Hic... Not gone to bed yet?... I just wanted... hic... to give you your cap... Hic... Now, I'll stay in the... hic... corridor, I'll be... hic... very comfortable; they've put a bed there.

BANG

That's it!... Now then, let's go...

Crumbs! Get back, quick!

?

Get inside!  
And hurry!

Disgustingly drunk... That's why I telephoned the ZEP immediately.

You did well. All the exits are guarded.

Whew! They've gone.  
Did you hear?

Wait. Perhaps over here...

Saved! It's the fire-escape!

Blistering barnacles!  
We're trapped!

All right, Captain! ... Ready?

What'll we do?... Ah, I think I've got an idea.

HOTEL ZSNÖRR  
SERVIZ

BANG

This is it!... Come on!

A broken light-bulb!  
But where can that  
have come from?

HU!

SZTÖPP!

Quick! The lights  
are still green!

Meanwhile...

Yes gentlemen, we of the High Command are assembled today to hear about a remarkable discovery. After protracted research, Bordurian scientists have succeeded in perfecting a weapon...

...that will soon make H-bombs and ballistic missiles as obsolete as pikes and muskets! ...The day is not far off, gentlemen, when this weapon will make the people of Borduria, and their glorious ruler Kürvi-Tasch, masters of the world. ...To prove this to you, I invite you to give your undivided attention to this screen.

Here, challenging the world with its gigantic skyscrapers, is a great trans-Atlantic city, which it is superfluous to name.

Gentlemen, at our command, this city is doomed. In a few seconds it will be reduced to rubble. I have only to press this button...

You see those proud buildings swaying on their foundations; they are cracking, disintegrating, toppling...

So!

...and crumbling to dust. A whole city is wiped from the face of the earth!

Extraordinary!

Splendid!

Amazing!

We must keep calm, gentlemen! And above all, we must be patient. The great city which you saw disintegrating before your eyes was, for the time being, no more than ...

... this model of glass and china... Yes, I can see the bitter disappointment on your faces: you are sorry not to have witnessed the actual destruction of a real city!

Have faith, gentlemen!

This miniature city was destroyed from a distance by the machine you see here. It is an ultrasonic instrument. Up to now it is only effective against glass and china ...

But in the near future we shall be able to destroy AT LONG RANGE not only glass and china, but bricks, concrete, and steel! The designs for this tremendous weapon already exist: that is all I can tell you at the moment. ... But when our hour strikes

... then the enemies of Borduria will be stricken with terror before the might of our annihilating power.

Colonel, sir. You are wanted on the telephone.

Hello, Colonel Sponsz speaking... Oh, it's you Laszlo... What?... They've vanished! By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, it's impossible!

You lost track of them somewhere near the Opera?... Area surrounded?... Good... Well, as soon as I've finished here I'll trot along to the Opera and check the security precautions. And while I'm about it, I'll go and hear Castafiore.

An hour later, at the Szohod Opera House...

Captain!... Wake up, Captain! It's the interval.... Captain!...

You see, this is the safest place for us... No one could possibly guess that we'd taken refuge at the Opera!

It's true, Captain. When you're in a crowd there's always less chance of being noticed.

Just look, there's Colonel Sponsz, the Chief of Police.

So it is...  
Colonel Sponsz!

Sponsz, here!... And Calculus's fate depends on that man! Little does he know that he and his two henchmen passed within a yard of us!

RRRRRRRRRING

It's the end of the interval. Shall we push off?...

I think it's better to wait till the end of the show. Then we can leave with the crowd.

An hour later...

It's hopeless!... The exits are stiff with policemen. Let's try to slip out through the stage door.



Why, look who's here!  
It's Tintin!



Hello, my dear young friend. How delightful to see you here.



Aha, you little flatterer, so you've come to congratulate me, with this... this fisherman... Mr?... Mr?...

Er... Haddock... er... Had-dad... Excuse me, Haddock.



Come into my dressing-room... Yes, yes... I can't leave my admirers in the passage... I've put on Marguerite's prettiest gown for you... Come along in.



You heard it?... Such a success, wasn't it?  
... One of the greatest triumphs of my career... What applause... especially for the Jewel Song... They were in ecstasies, weren't they, Mr. Paddock?



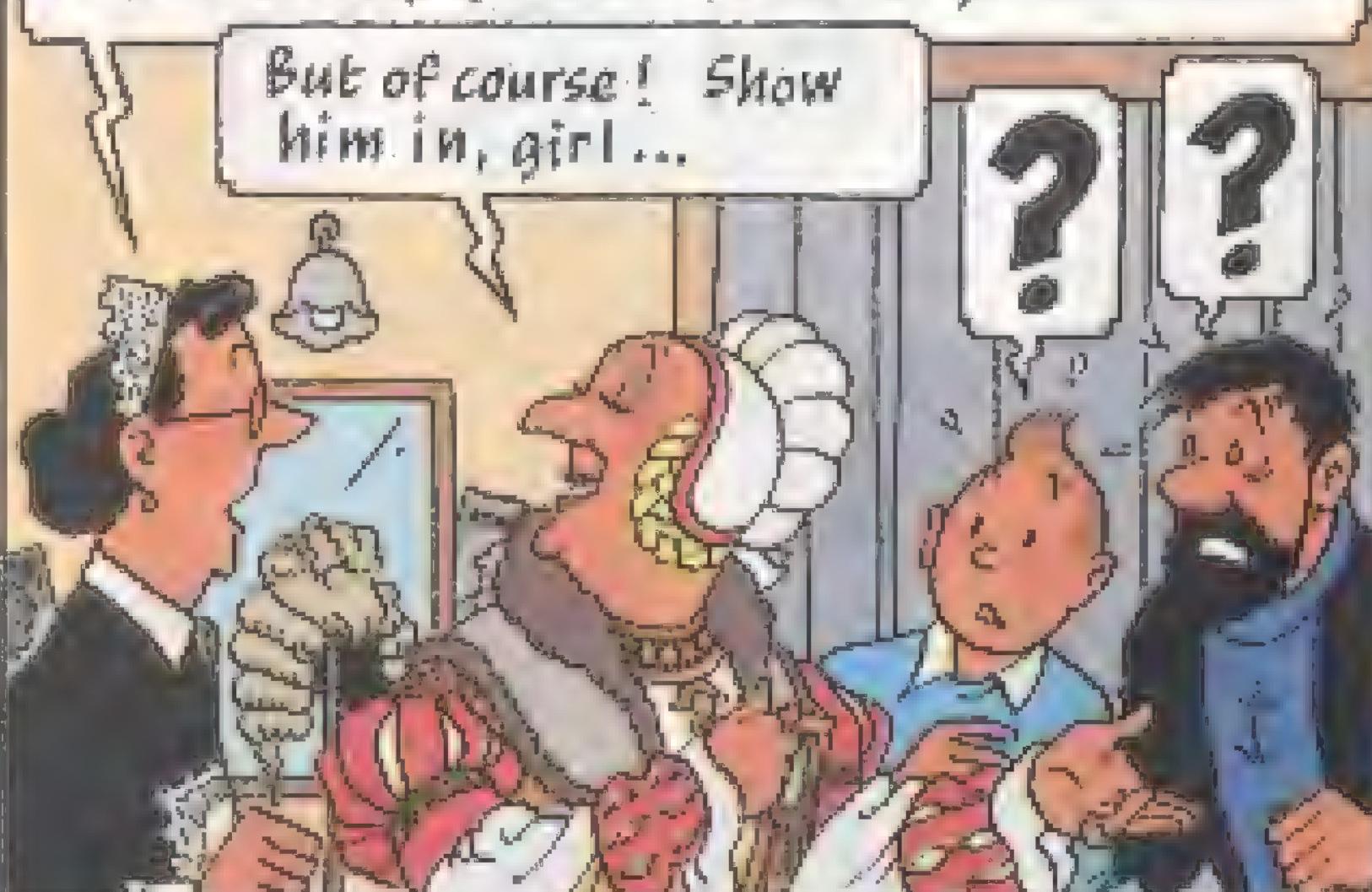
RAT-TAT-TAT

Again? Ah, they won't leave me alone for a moment!  
... Oh well... Come in!



Signora, it's Colonel Sponsz, the Chief of Police. He wishes to pay his respects to you.

But of course! Show him in, girl...



Just a minute, Signor!... The Colonel... Listen, I'll explain everything later... but at all costs he mustn't find us here!

Dio!... What shall we do?

Irma, wait a moment!... Quick! Hide in my wardrobe, behind this curtain.

There... Show the colonel in, Irmaa ♫...



I am deeply honoured, Ma'am to... to find myself in the presence of the celebrated singer who... er... who...

Fie, Colonel! You make me blush!

But do please sit down.



You are too kind...



Oh, forgive me!... I've sat on something... It's a naval officer's cap.

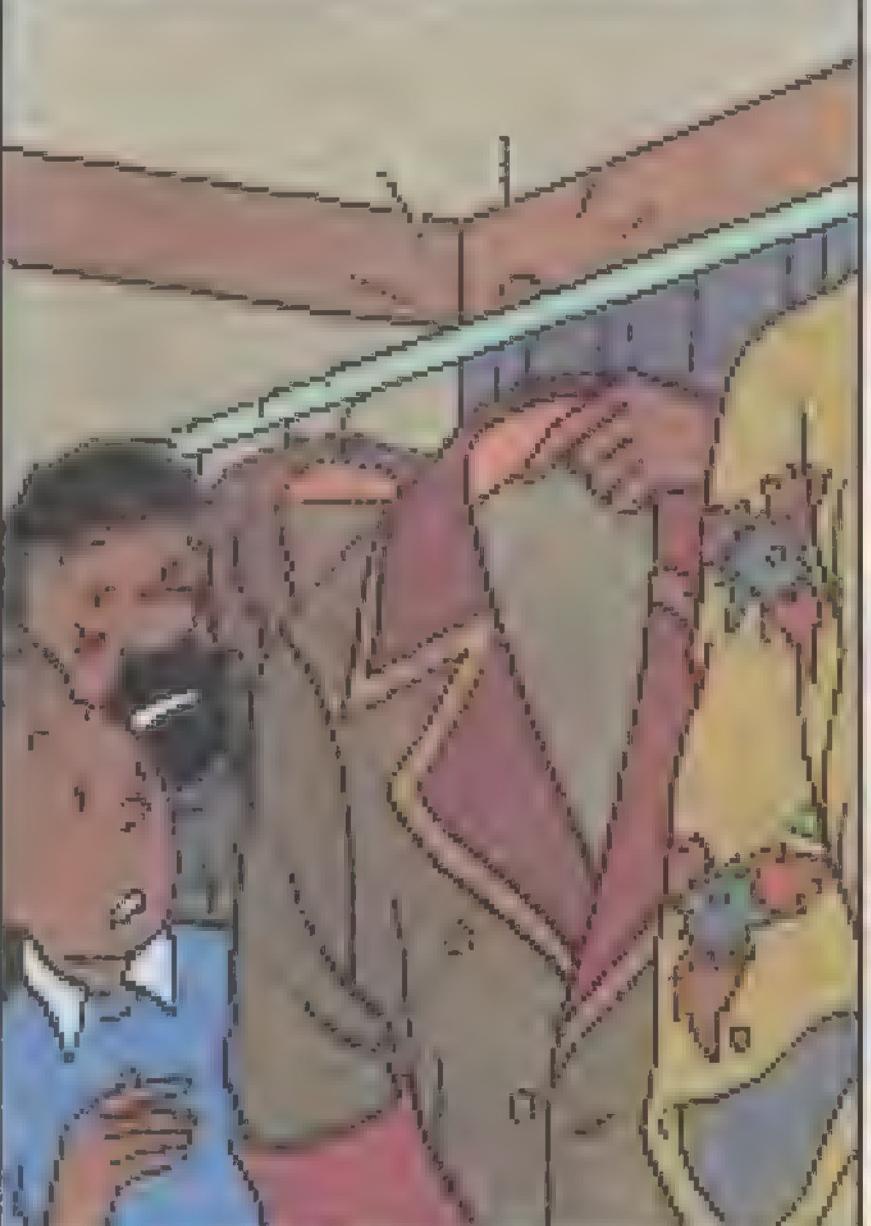
Blistering barnacles! My cap!



[... Oh yes!... Er... it belongs to the tenor who sings in "Madame Butterfly"... He forgot it yesterday... But do take off your coat, Colonel.

With pleasure, Ma'am.

Take the Colonel's coat, please, Irmaa ♫ ...



Now Irma, bring the champagne... It's an old habit of mine, Colonel: champagne after each performance. You'll take a glass with me?

I fear I intrude, Ma'am.



Not at all, not at all. Come, Colonel, make yourself useful... You may open the bottle.

But of course, Ma'am. Your wish is my command.



RAT TAT TAT

Come in.

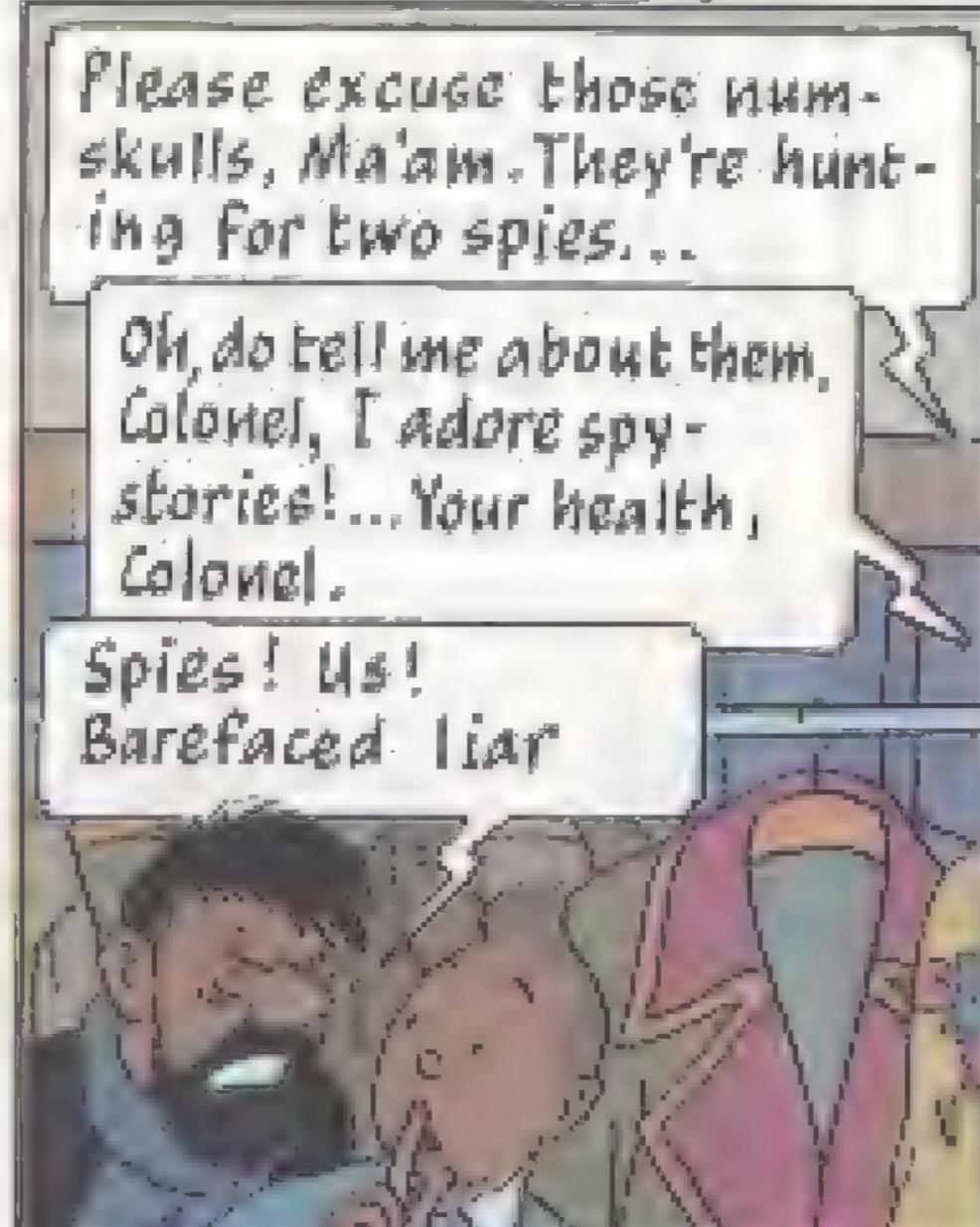


Oh! Excuse me, Colonel... I... We were ordered to search the Opera House from top to bottom... For those two foreigners...

Is that so?



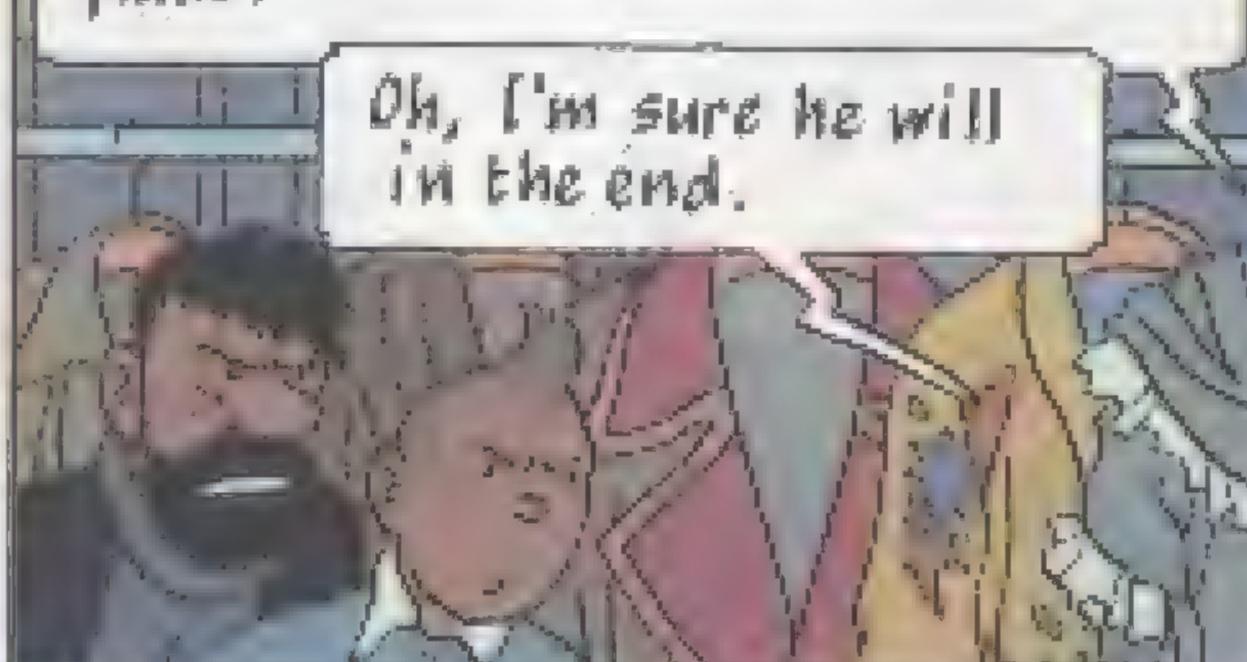
I suppose you think you'll find them in here, you dunderheaded nitwits! Go on, get out! About turn, before I explode!



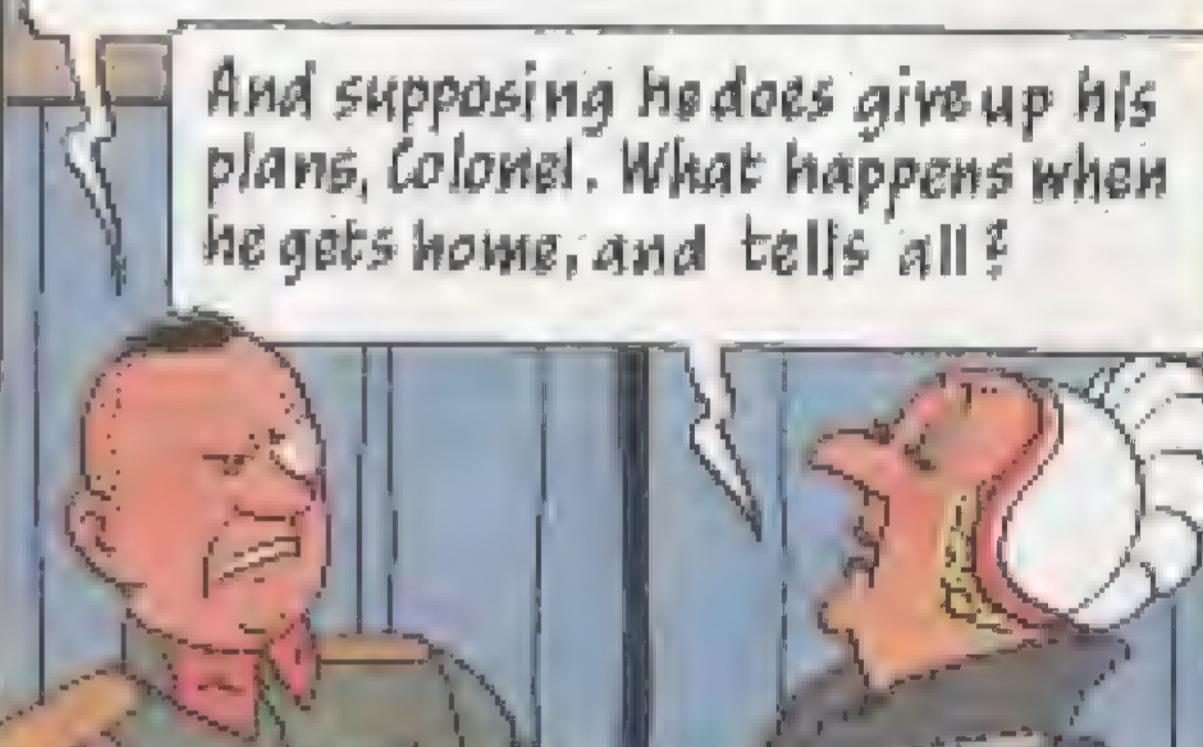
Yes, but the perfecting of it depends upon the professor. And up till now he refuses to give us his detail drawings. His reason: he doesn't want his invention used for warlike purposes... I ask you!



Ha! ha! You don't know how true that is! But just now he's on the earth! Between ourselves, he's in the fortress of Bakhine. And by the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, he'll stay there till he decides to give up the plans!



Your health, Ma'am... Well, it's this way: our secret service have managed to... to "invite" to Borduria a foreign professor, originator of a sensational discovery. It concerns a secret weapon. Once this has been perfected, it will give us world supremacy.



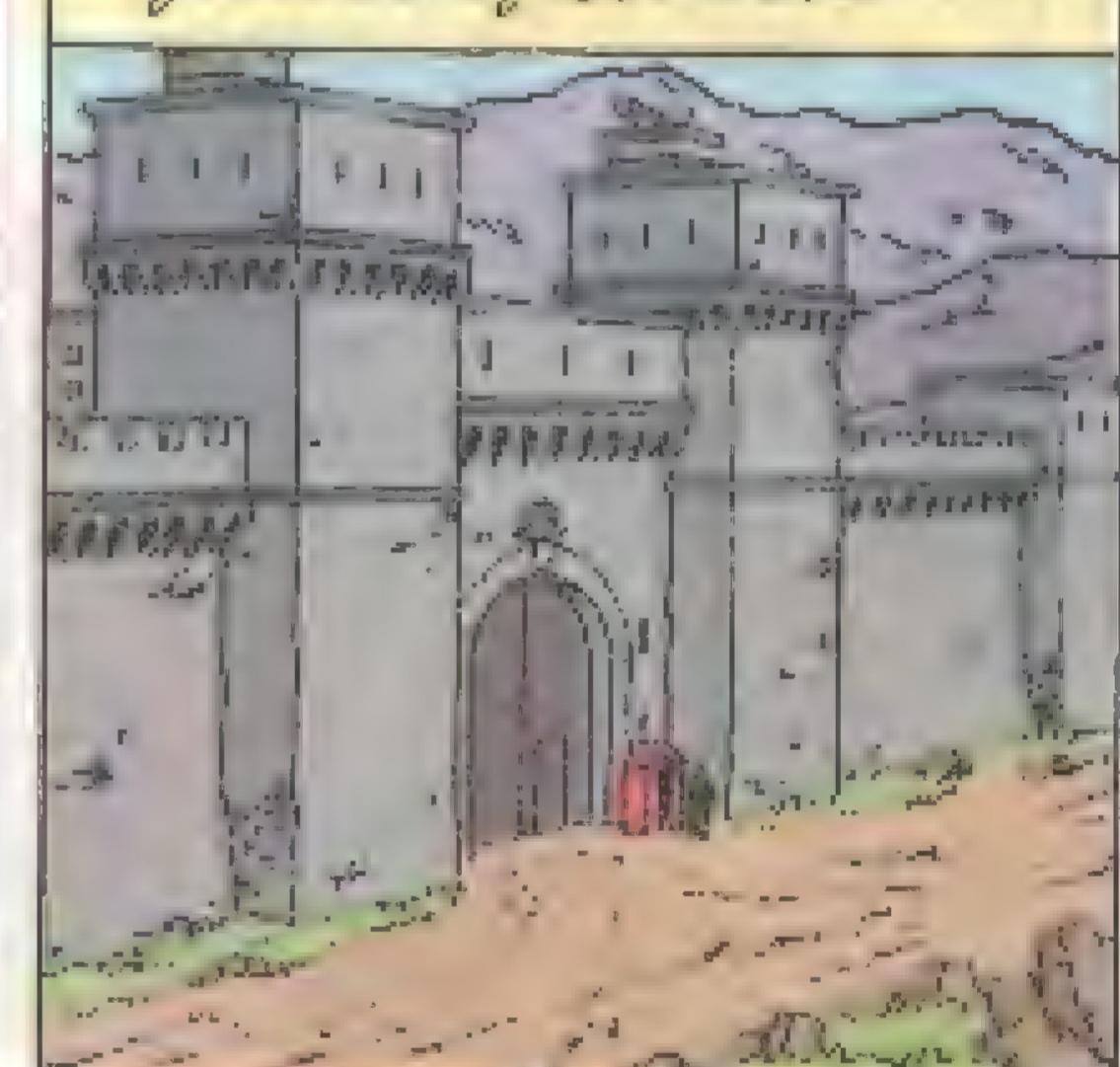
Ha! ha! I've foreseen that. If we set the professor free, it will be in the presence of two representatives of the International Red Cross. He'll have to declare in front of them that he came to Borduria of his own free will, to offer us his plans... I have passes for these two representatives in my coat, too.



Oh, just part of my job, Ma'am... But I am gossiping, and time passes... If I may dare to presume... My wife is giving a small party for some friends tonight... and it would give us much pleasure if you would agree to come, just as you are, and sing for us.



Next morning, at the fortress of Bakhine...



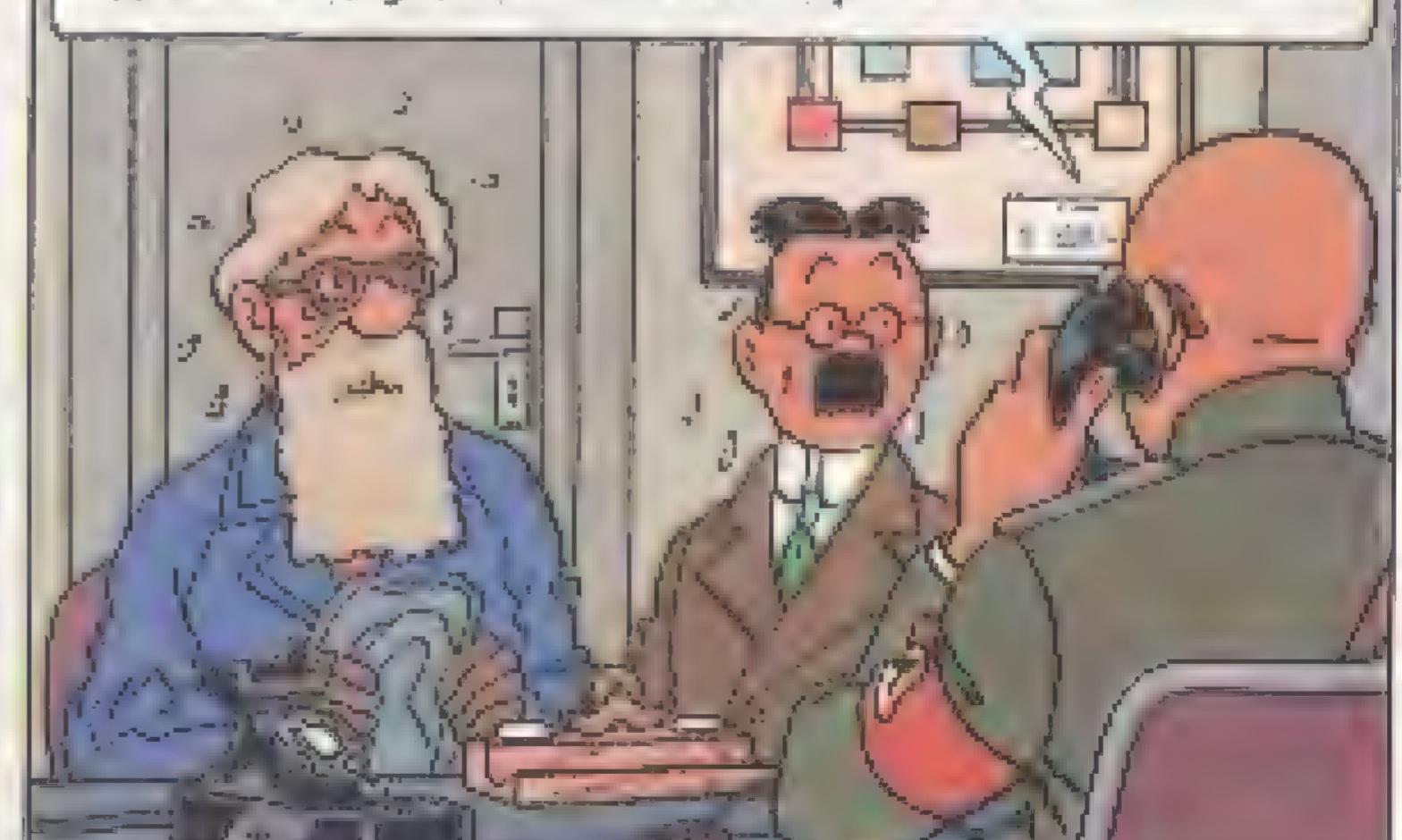
I see. Colonel Sponsz has sent you to take charge of the professor. Your papers look in order to me, and the order of release... However...

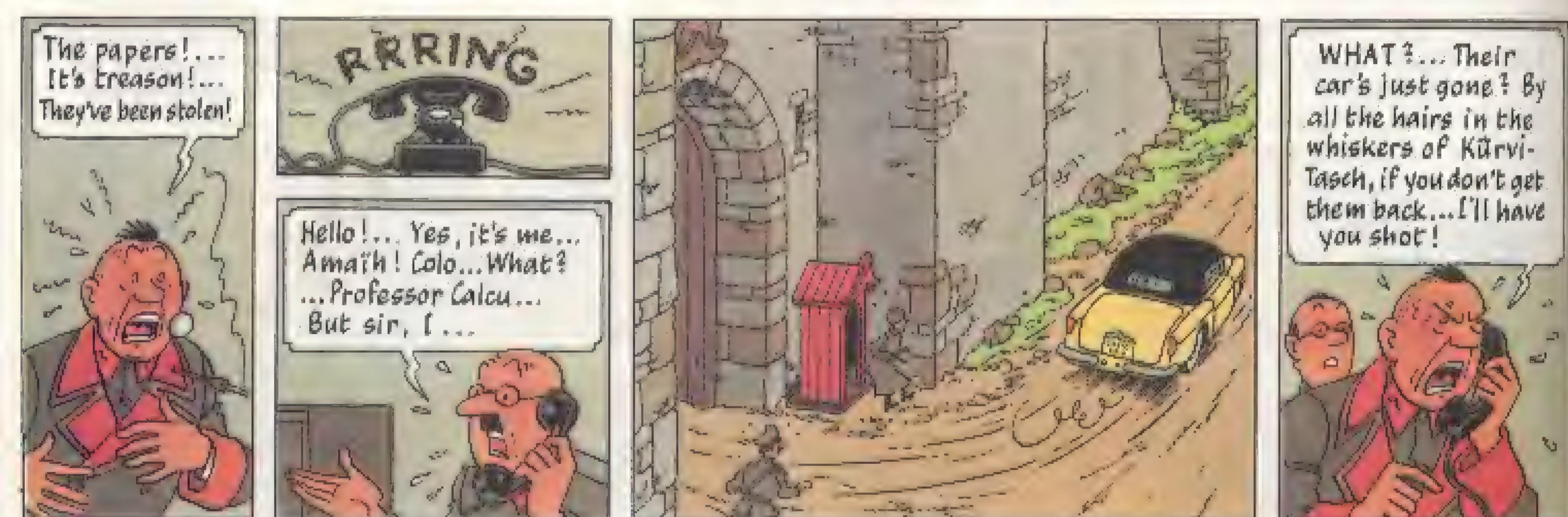
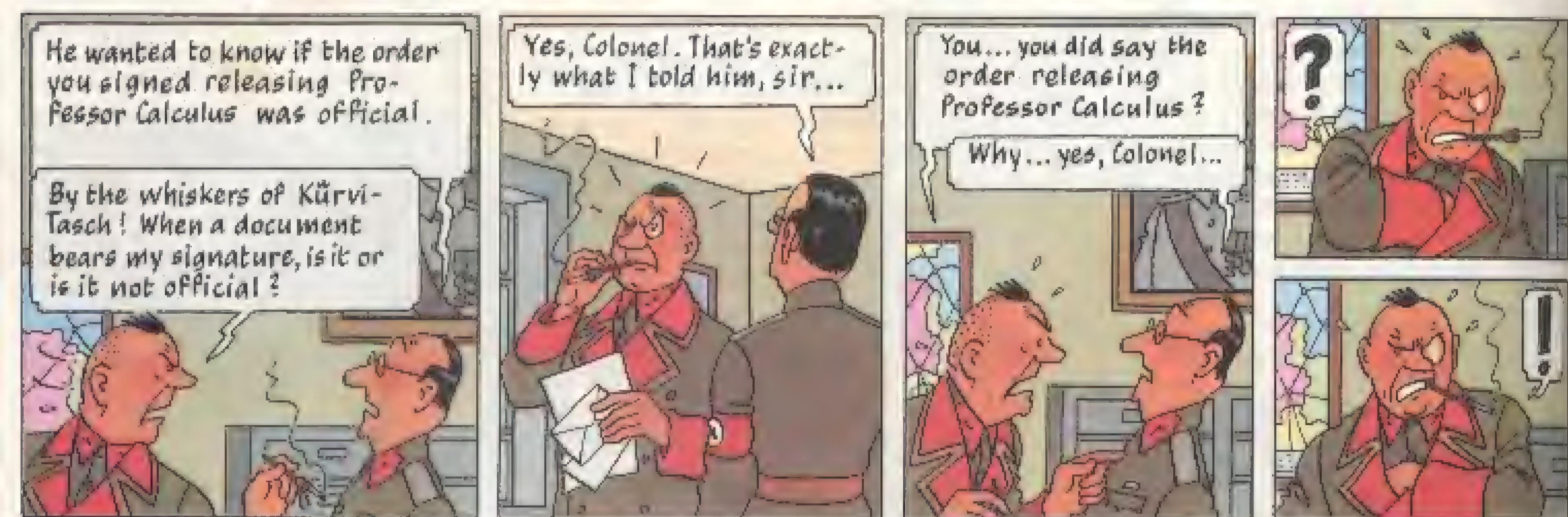


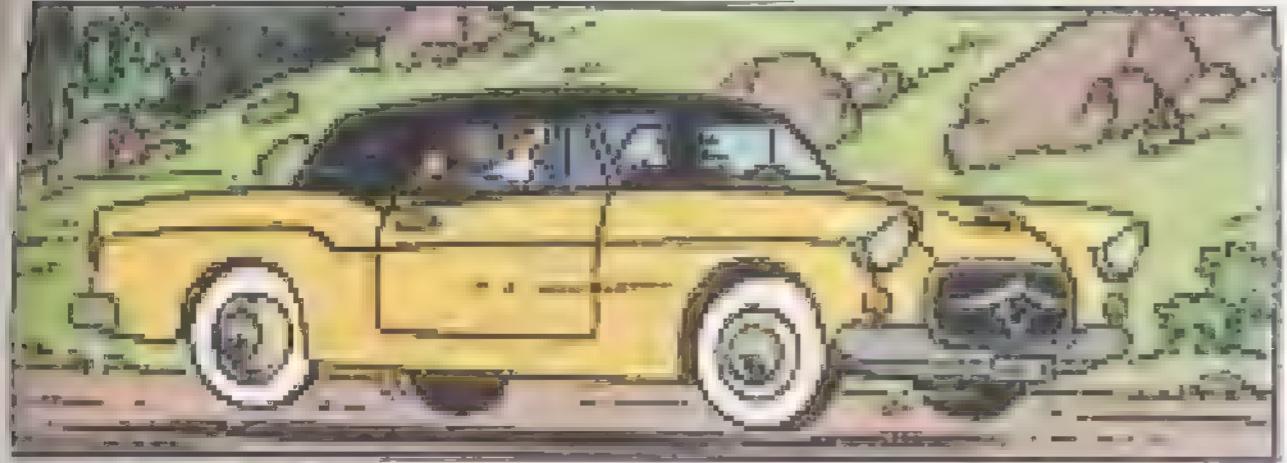
... Better safe than sorry. I'd better check that everything's all right. Will you excuse me?...



Hello, ZEP!... This is the commandant at Bakhine, Major Kardouk. Would you put me through to Colonel Sponsz?







Yes, it's me, Haddock! ... And there's Tintin, driving us to safety.



I'll tell you the whole story. The biggest joke is that Colonel Sponsz himself provided the means of your escape! ... Magnificent, eh? And luckily it all happened at the Opera House; it only took a jiffy to find all we needed for disguises! Quite something, eh?

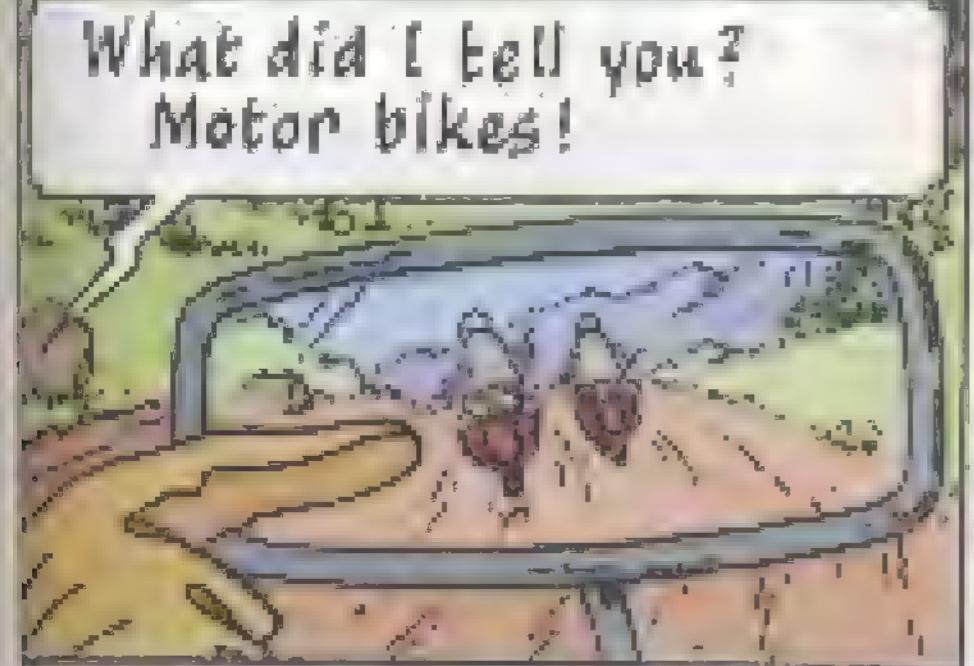
And my umbrella?



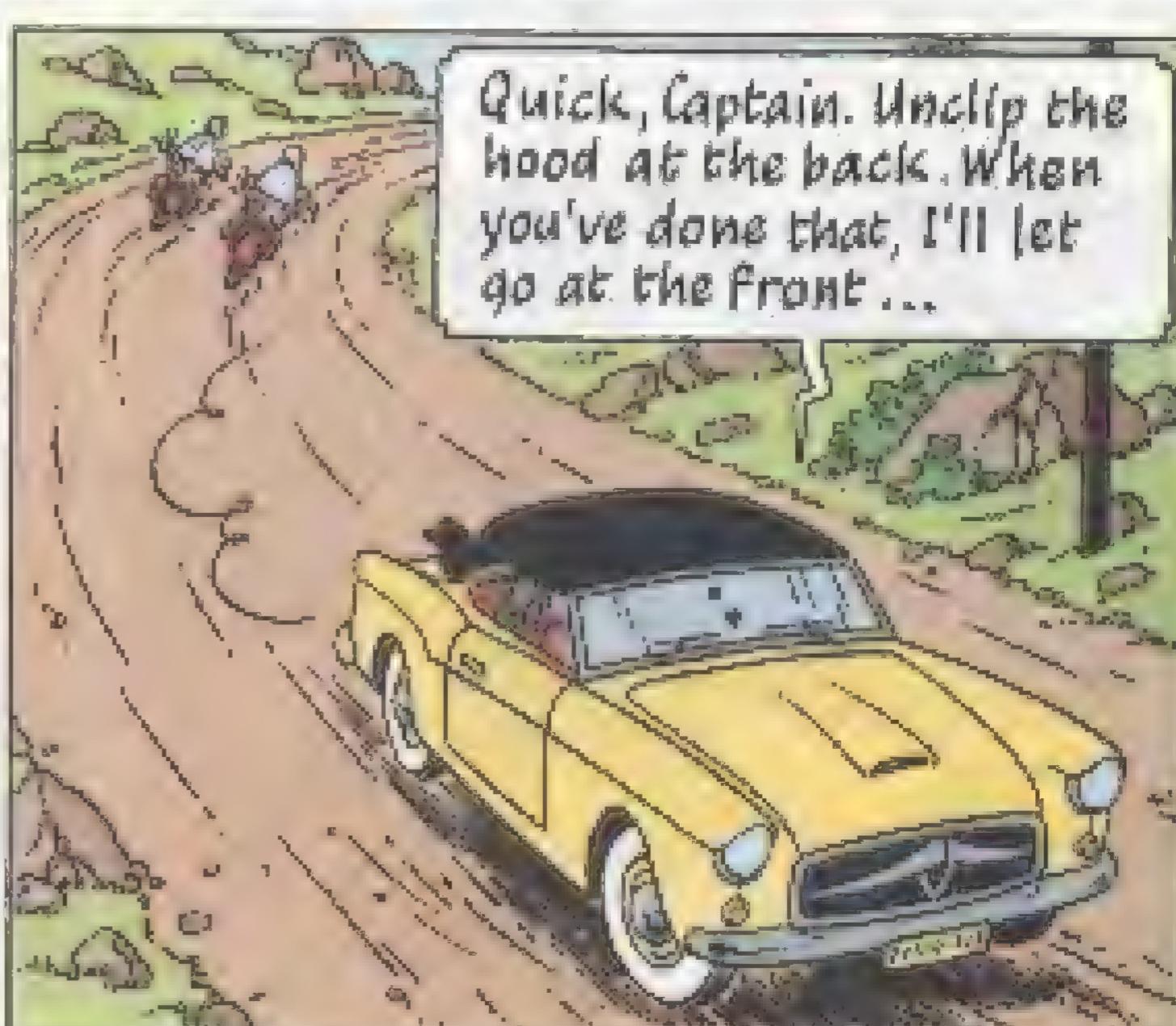
Yes, but don't start counting your chickens... It's two hours by car to the frontier, and if our little bluff is discovered before we're across...



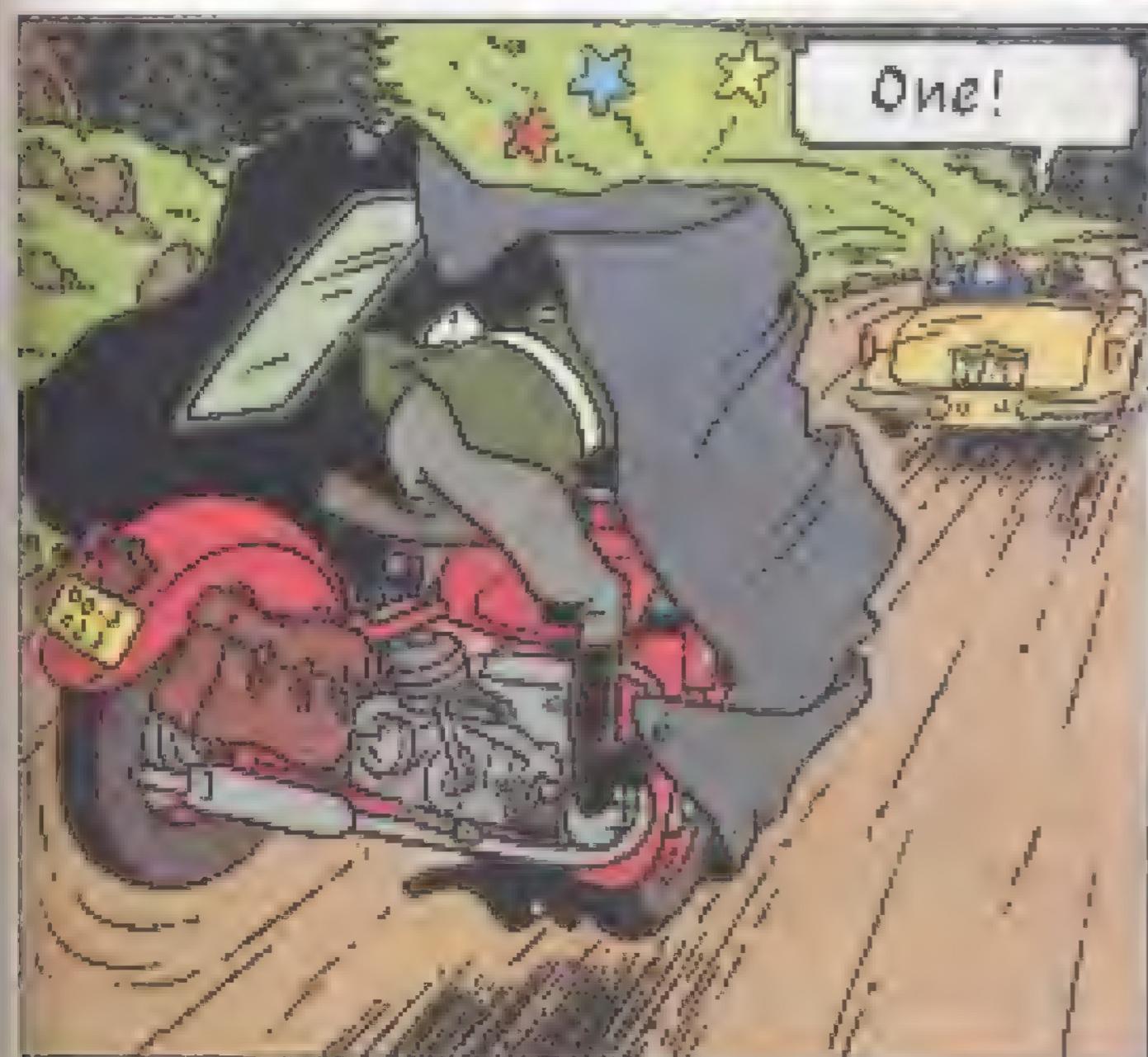
What did I tell you? Motor bikes!



They've raised the alarm!  
That's bad...



Quick, Captain. Unclip the hood at the back. When you've done that, I'll let go at the front...



One!

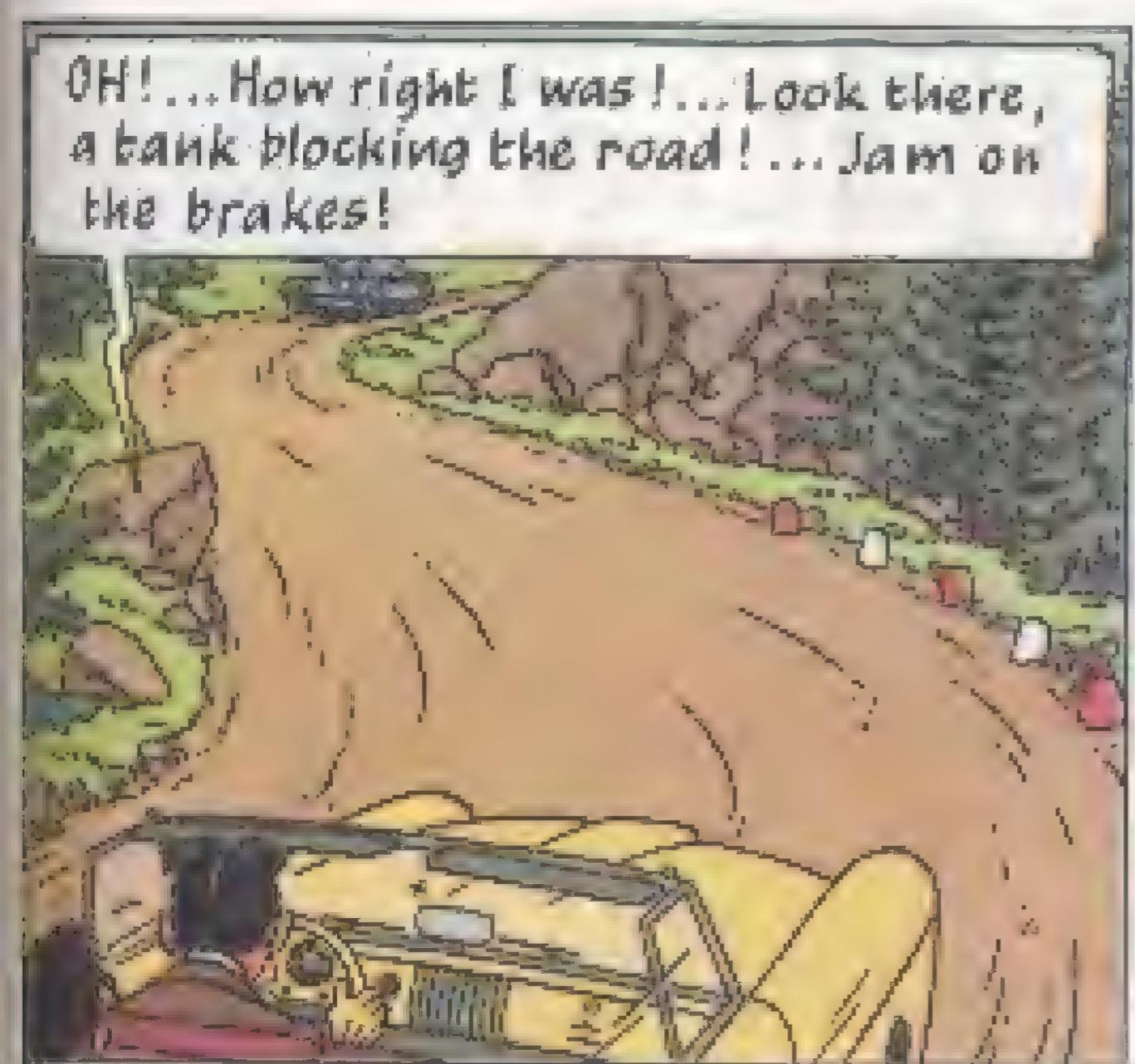


Two! They're bottl down in the daisies!



Now, Captain; we were talking about my umbrella...

Saved for the moment; but I've a feeling that was only the first round...

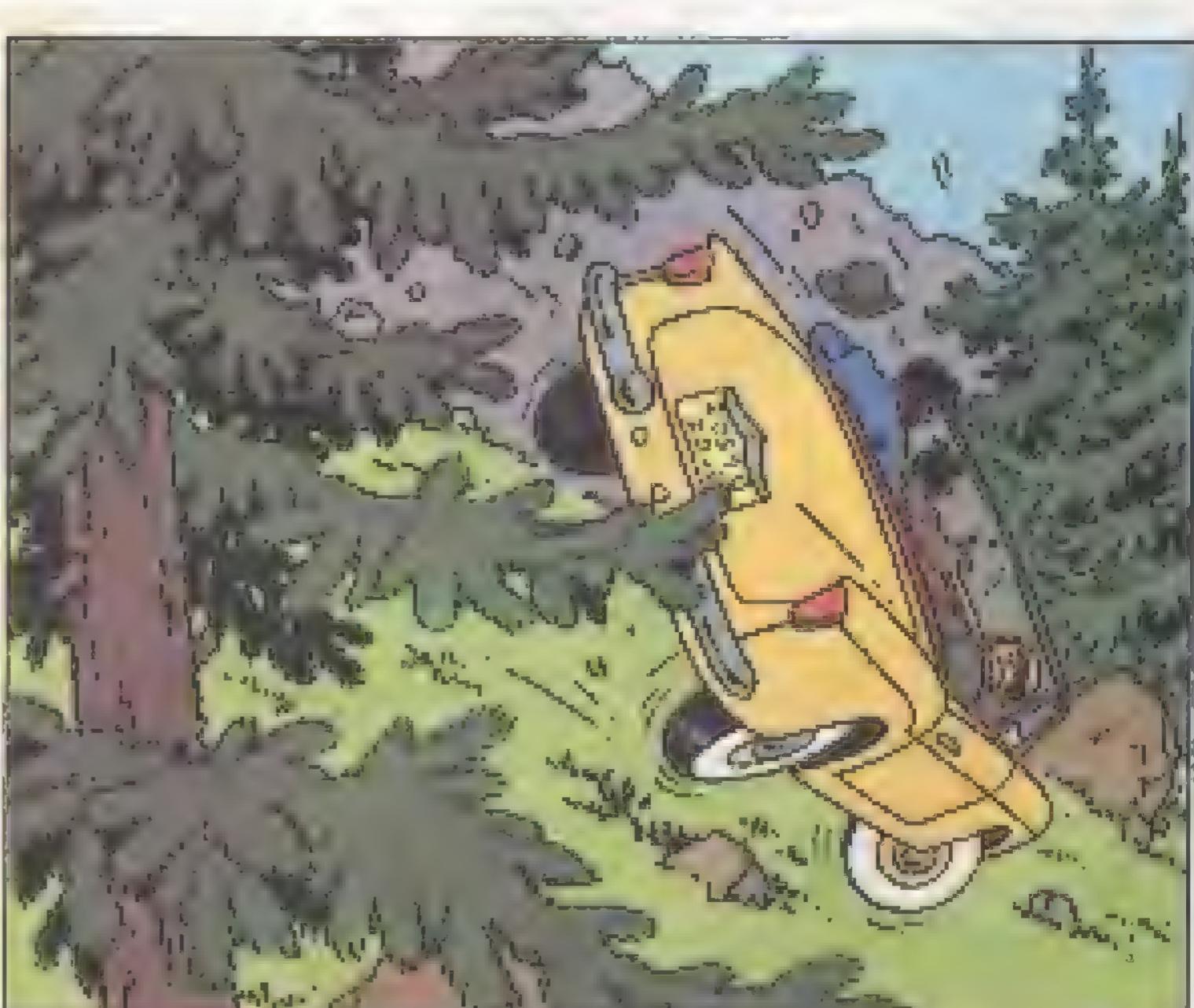


OH! ... How right I was! ... Look there, a tank blocking the road! ... Jam on the brakes!

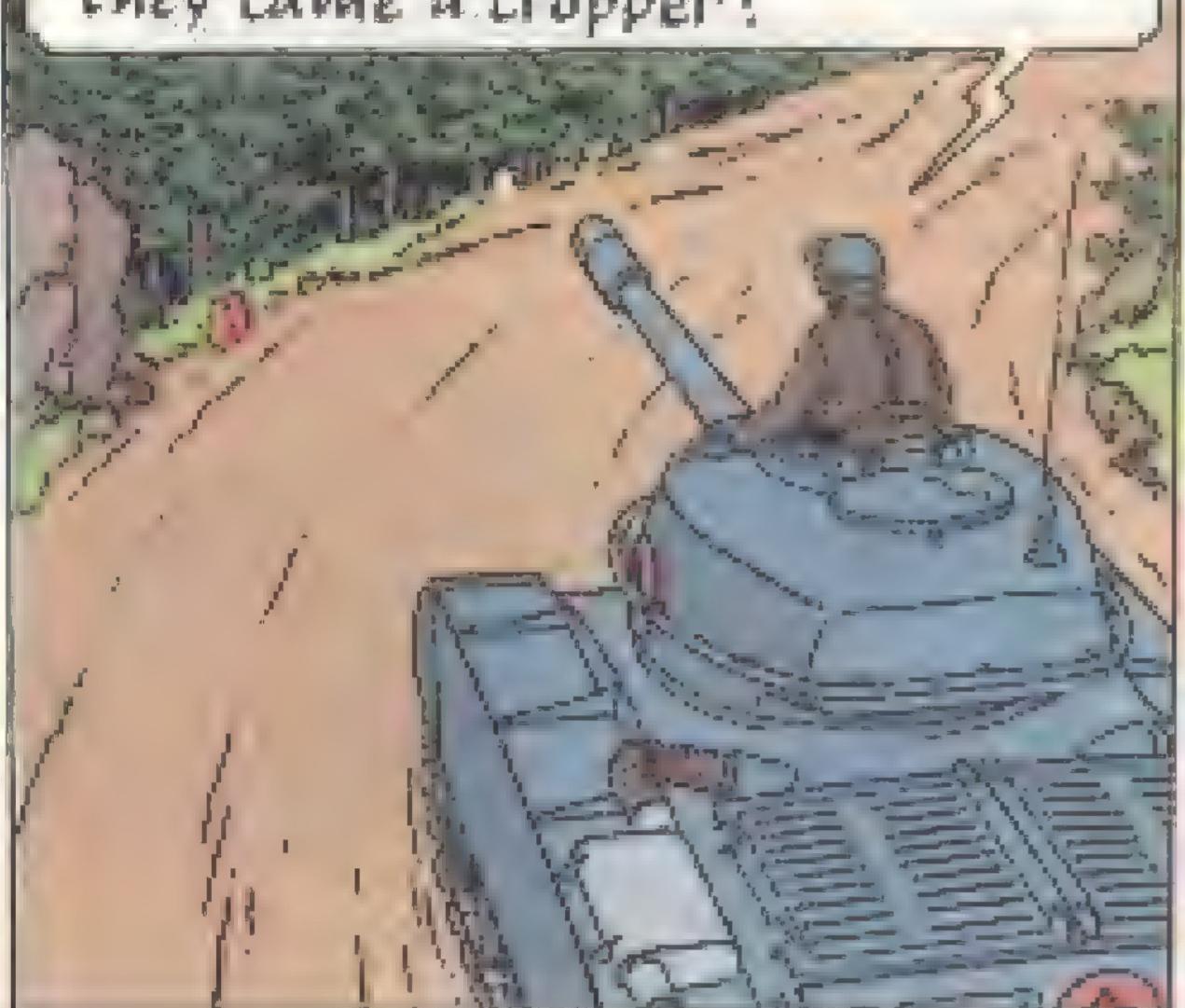


We're skidding!

HELP!...HELP!



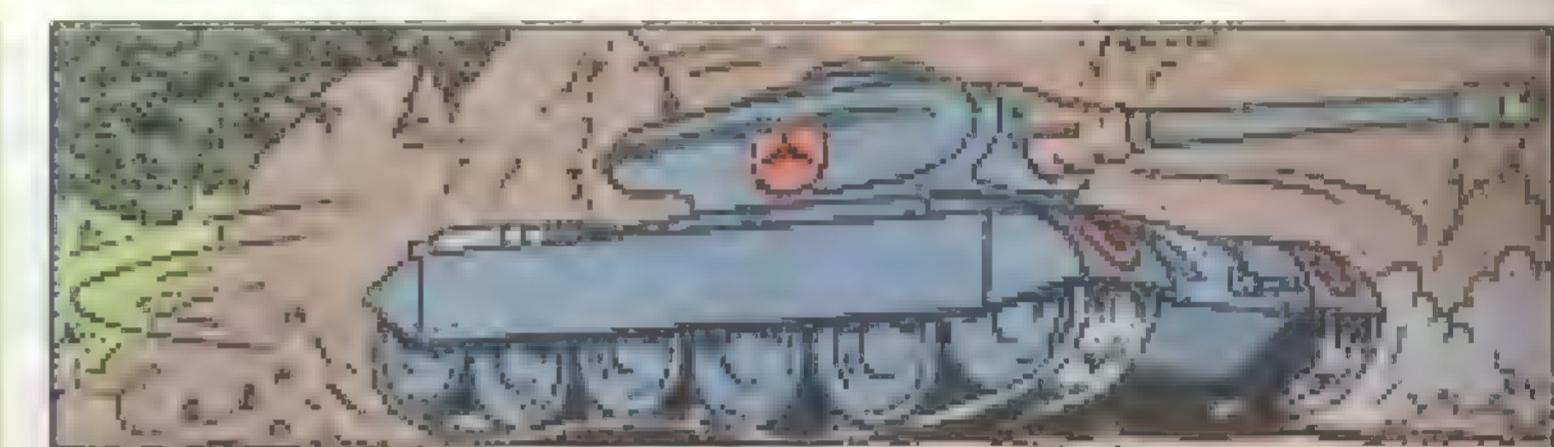
By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch,  
they came a cropper!



If they're underneath that lot, there's  
not very much to be done ...



BROOMMM

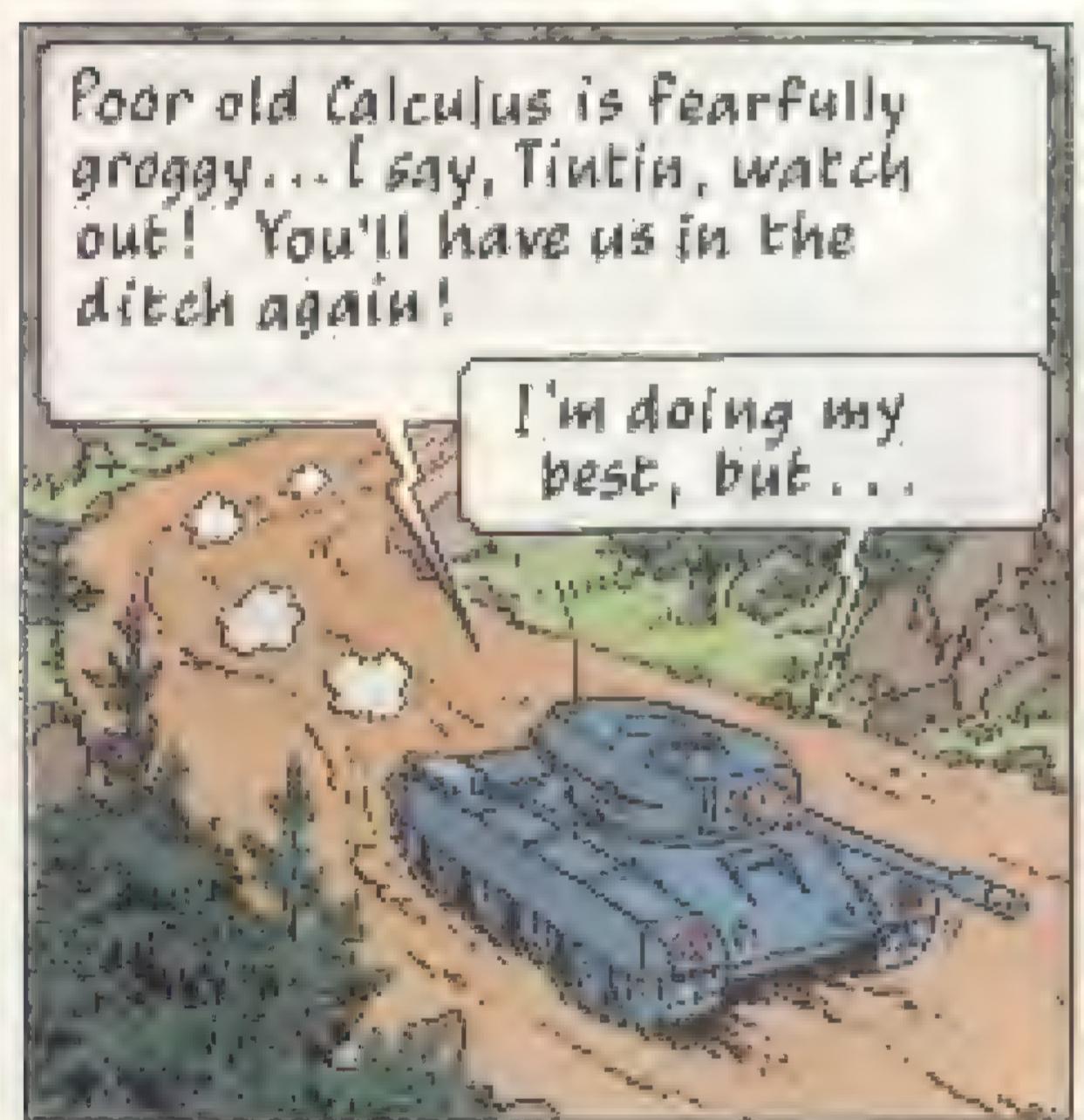


A chance in a million! If we hadn't been  
thrown clear of the car ...

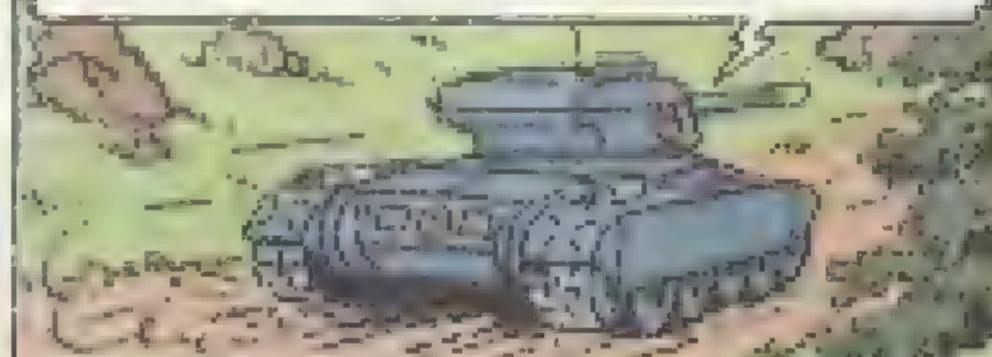


Poor old Calculus is fearfully  
groggy... I say, Tintin, watch  
out! You'll have us in the  
ditch again!

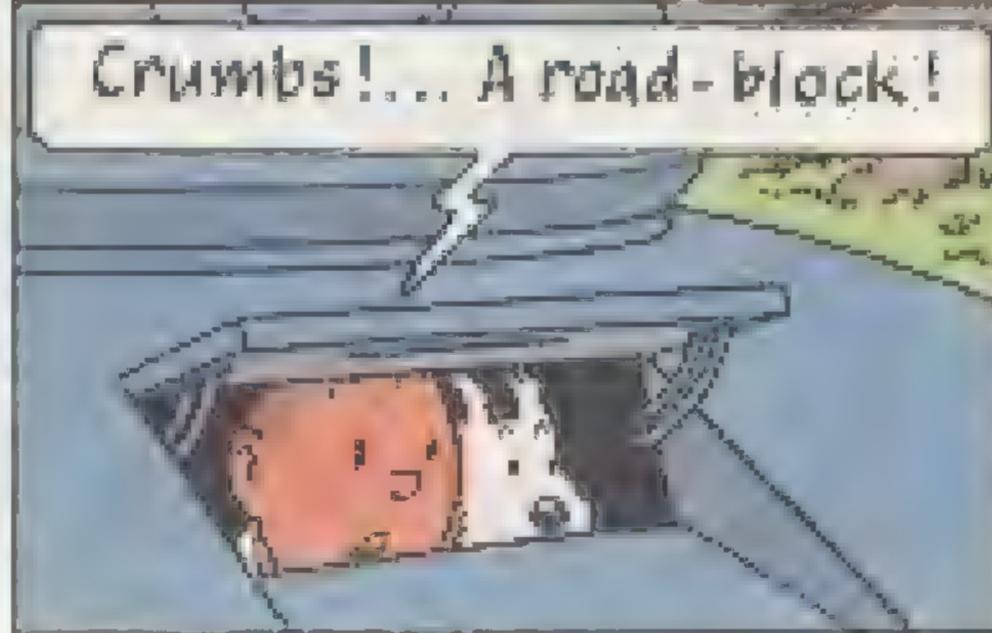
I'm doing my  
best, but ...



... I haven't driven a tank  
since our Moon trip.



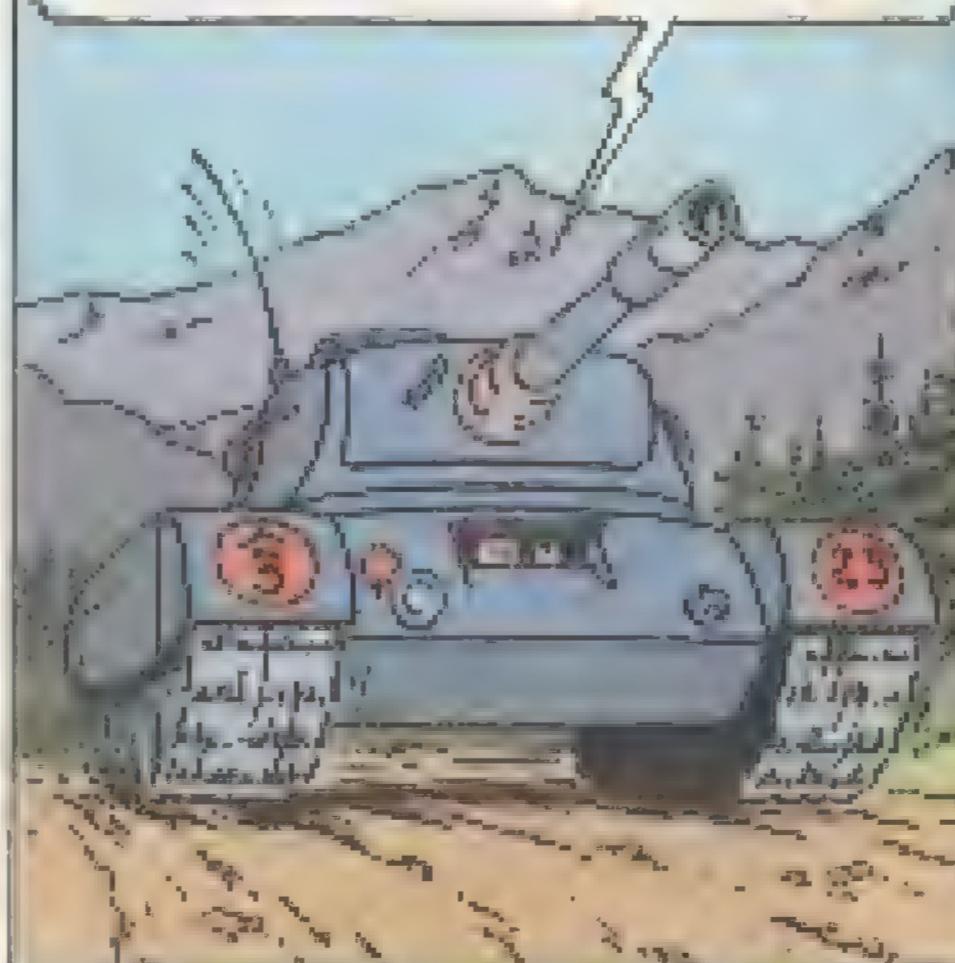
Crumbs!... A road-block!



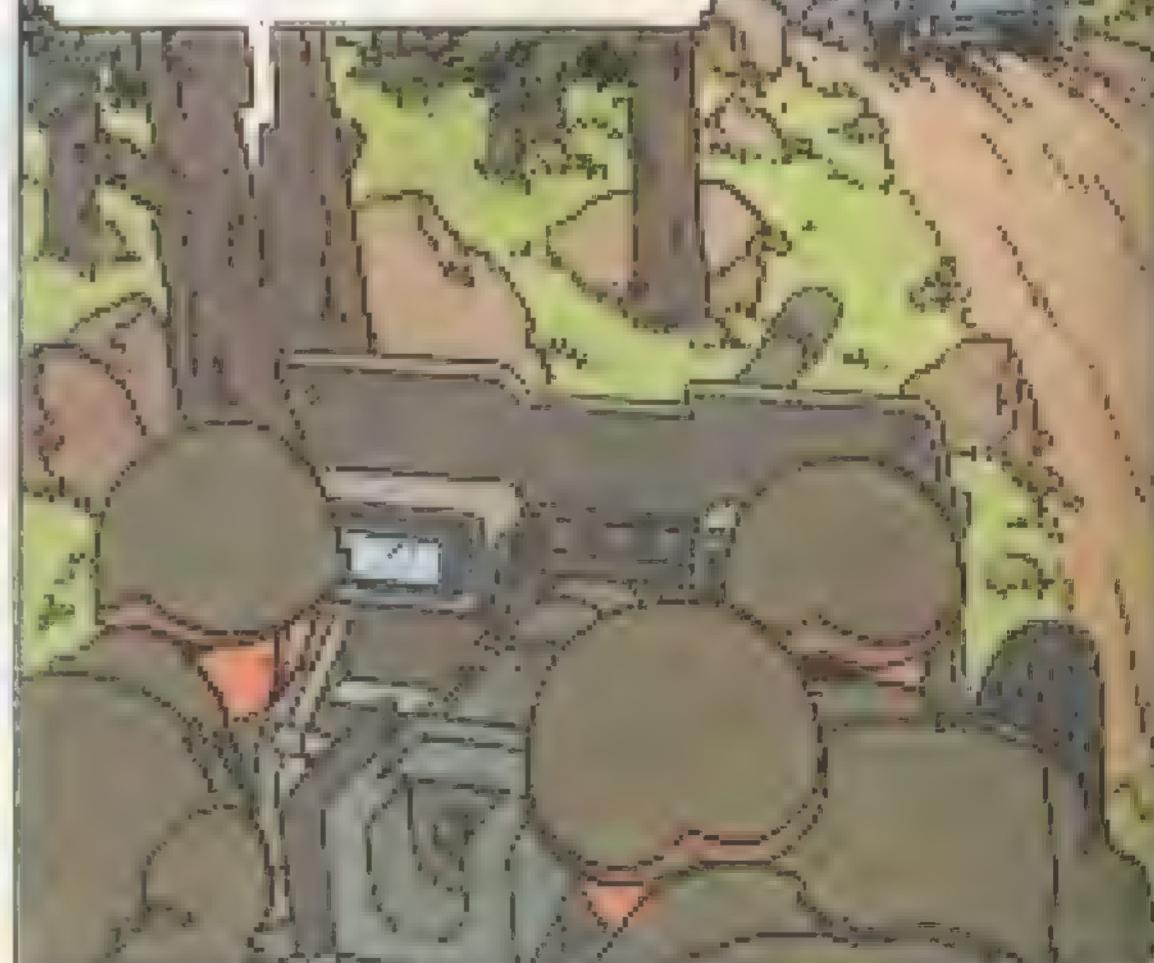
What?... What's  
that you say?...  
A tank!... They've  
taken a tank!!  
Blow them up!...  
Exterminate  
them!... Pulver-  
ise them!! ...  
I ...

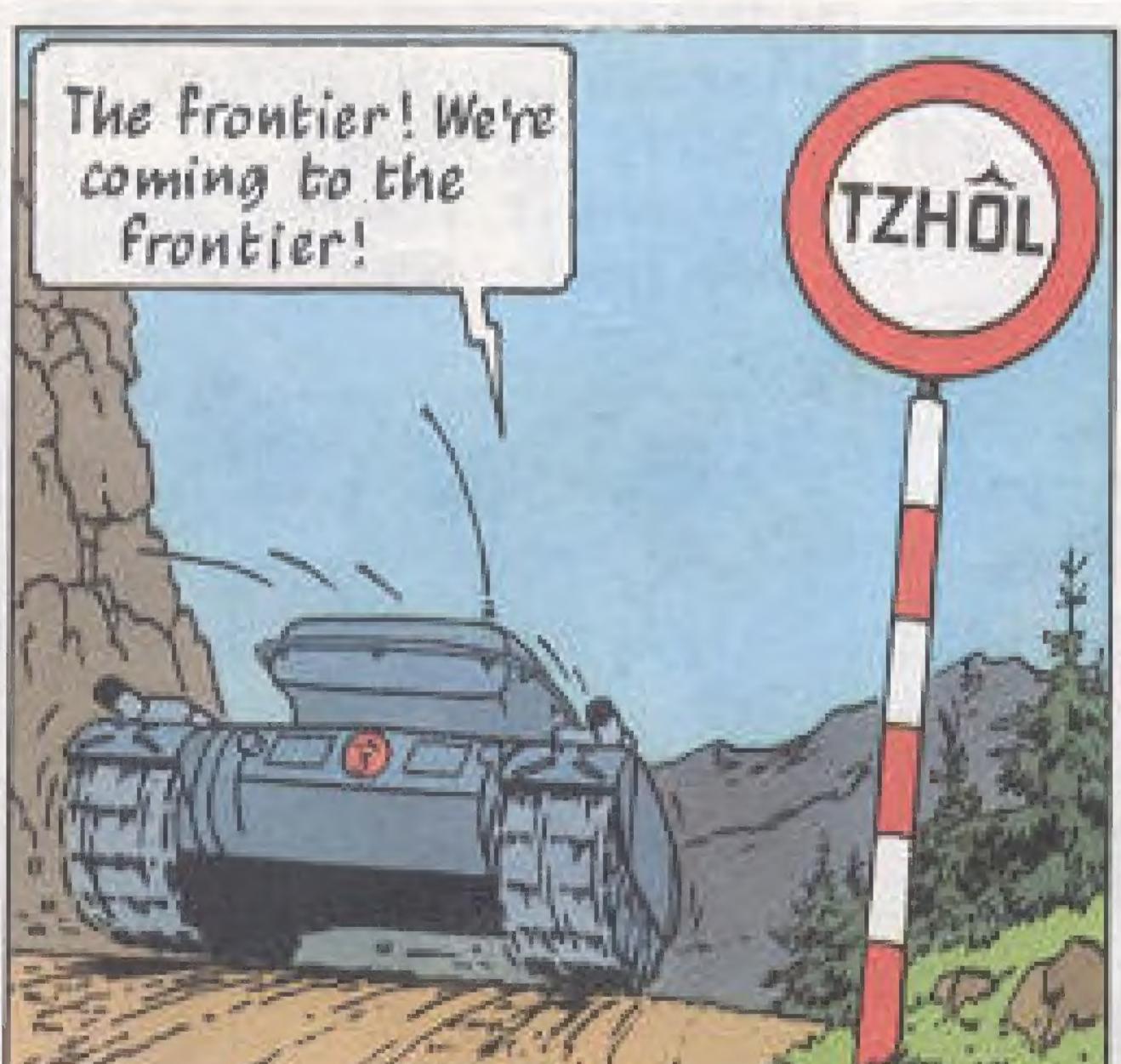
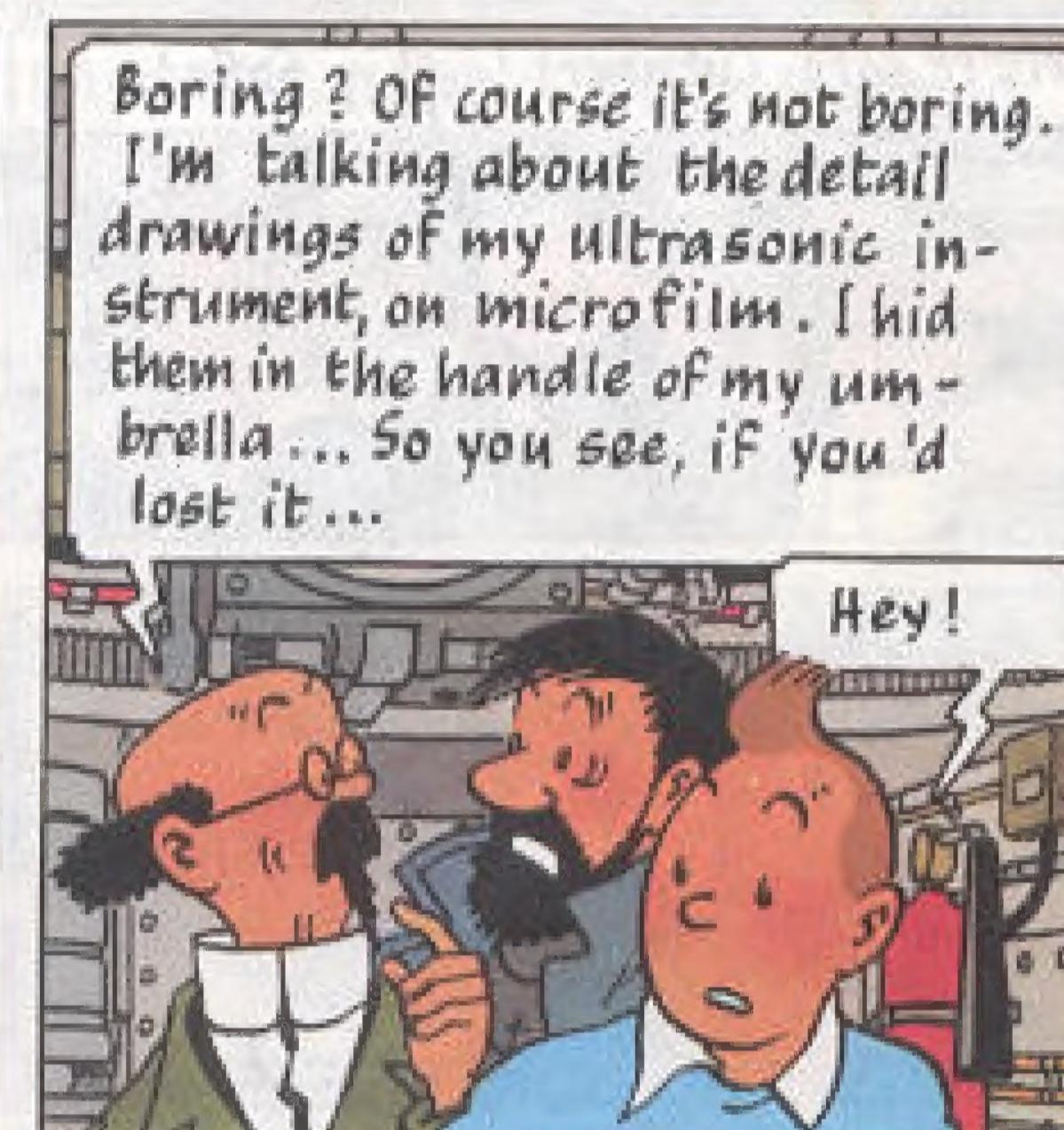
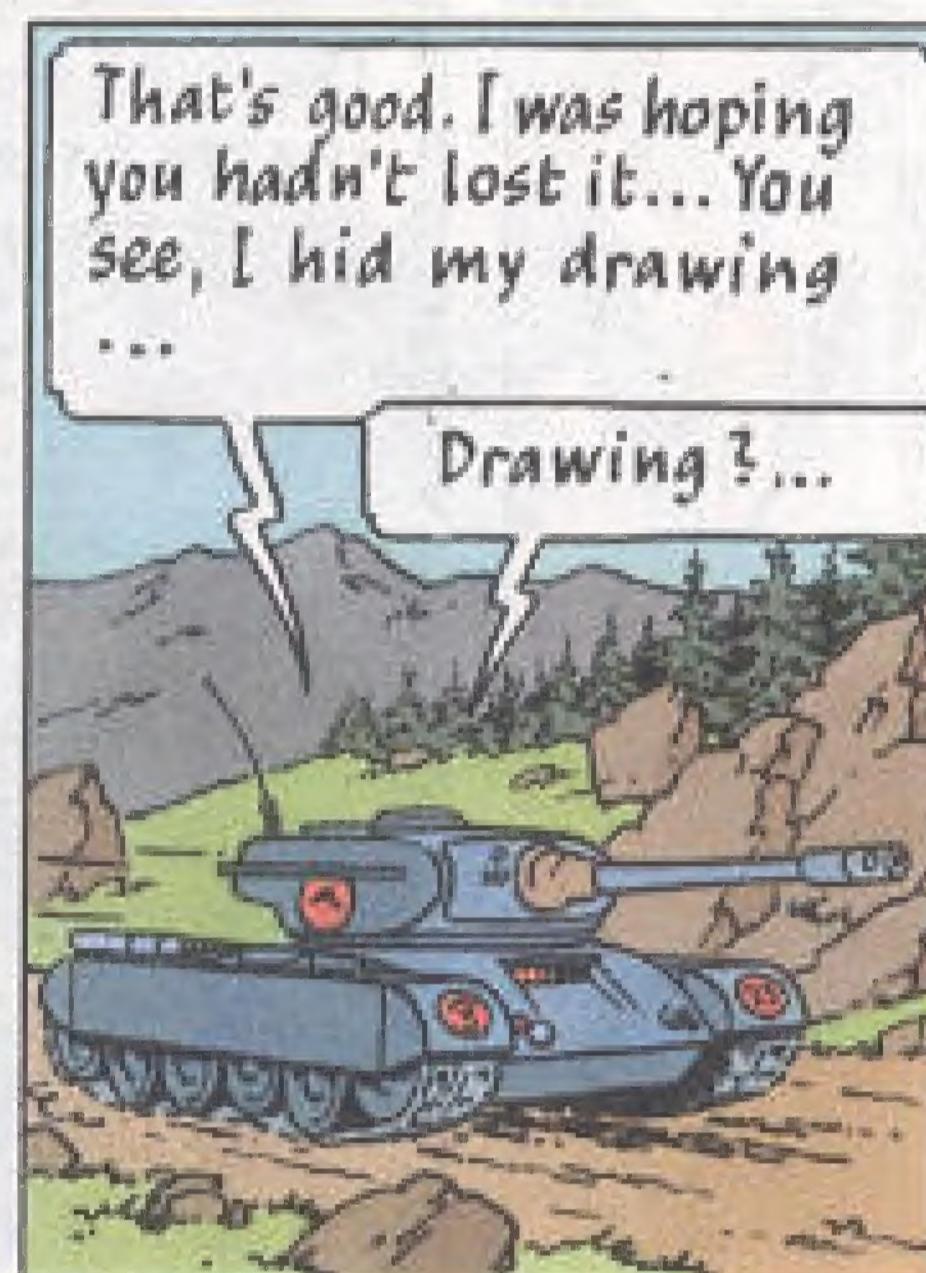
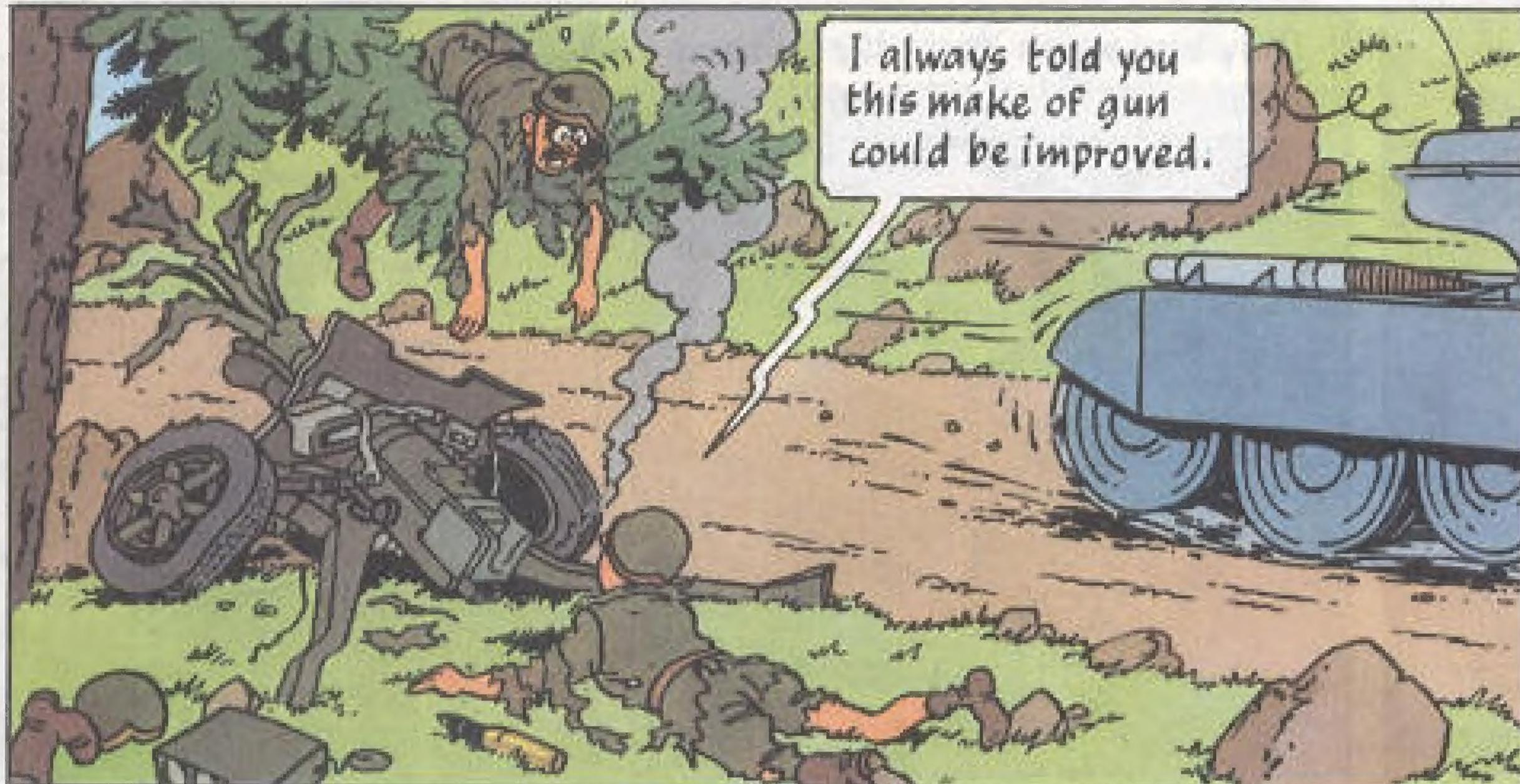


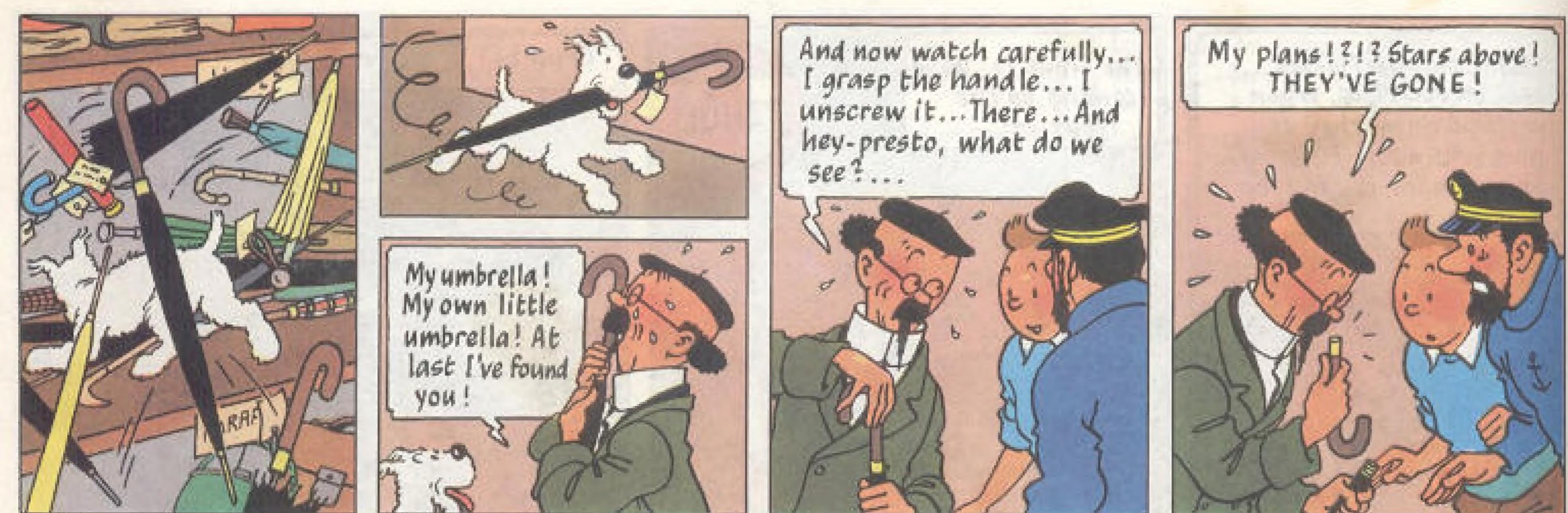
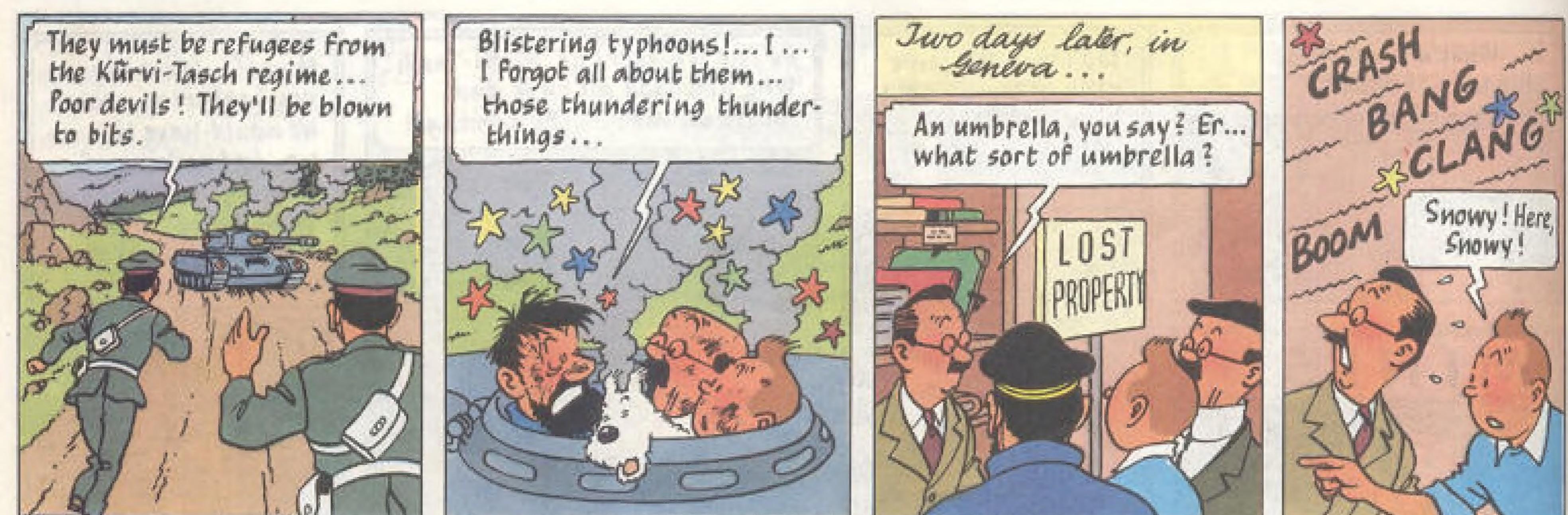
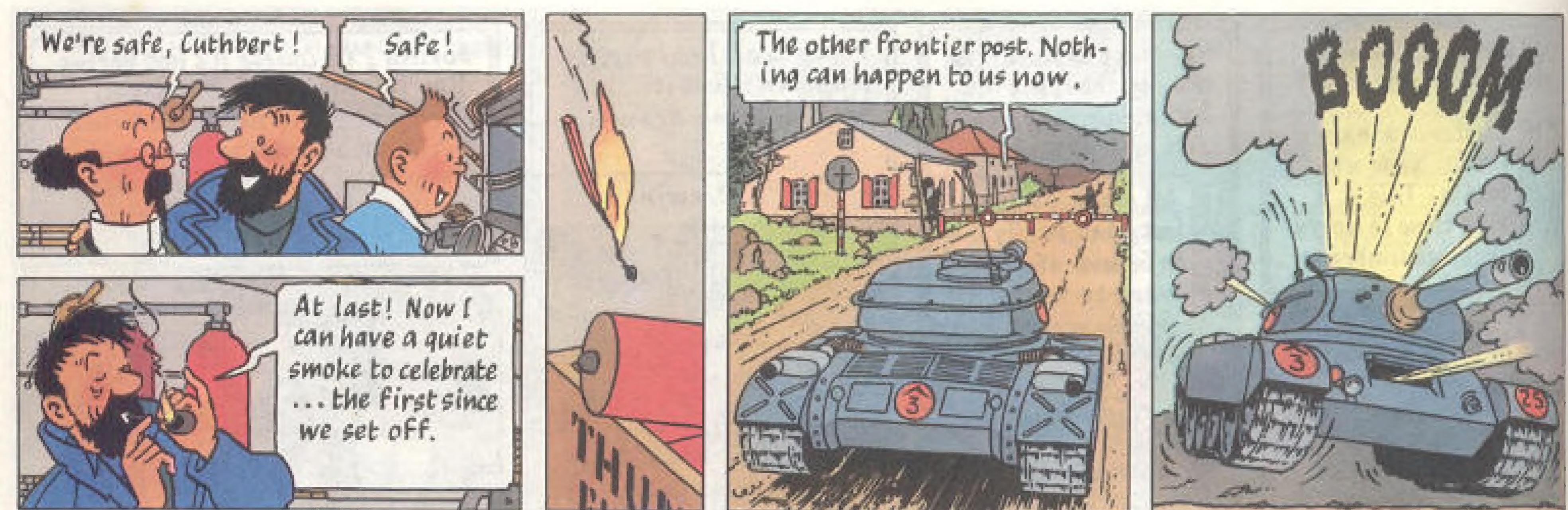
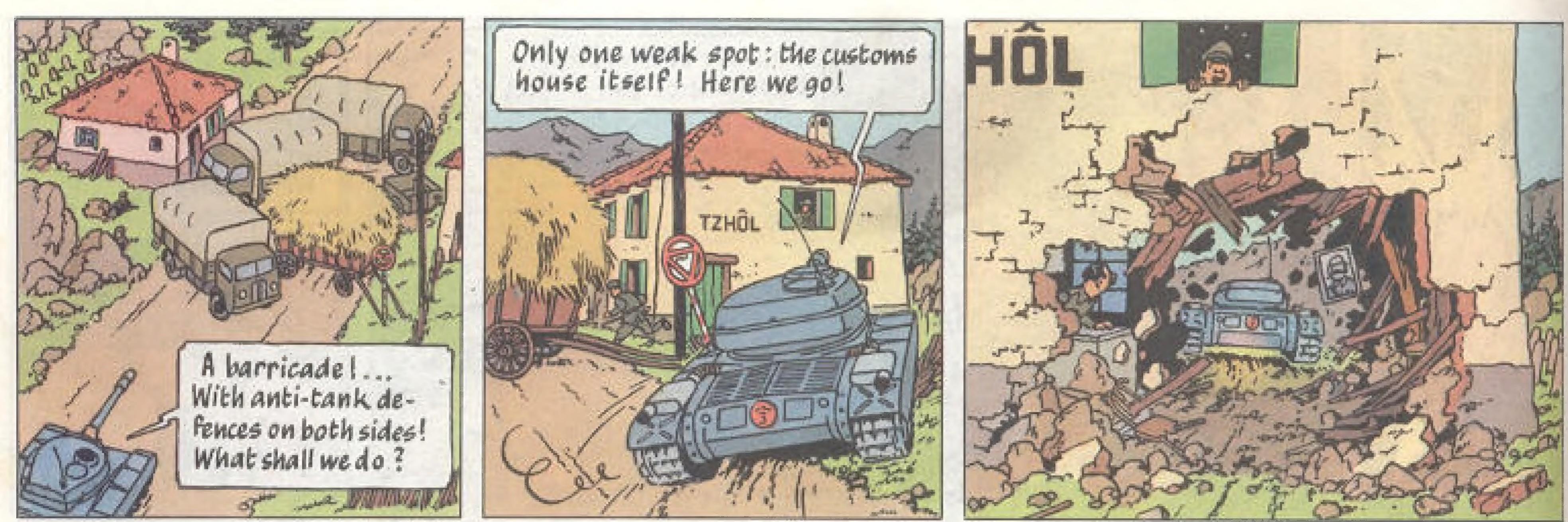
Trying to stop us with  
that kind of ramshackle  
erection!



Look out, here they  
come!... Don't  
miss!... FIRE!





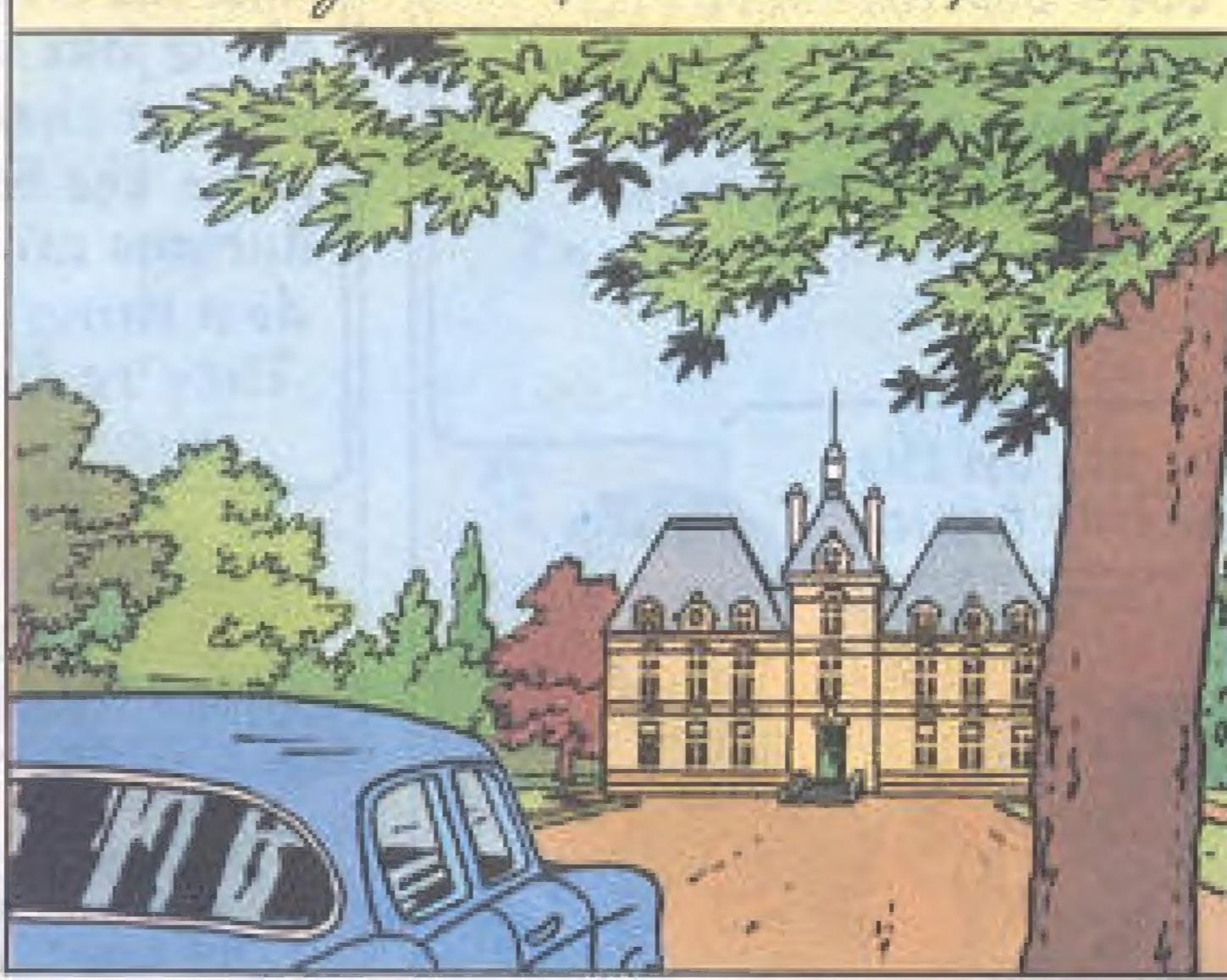


But I'm quite certain that I...

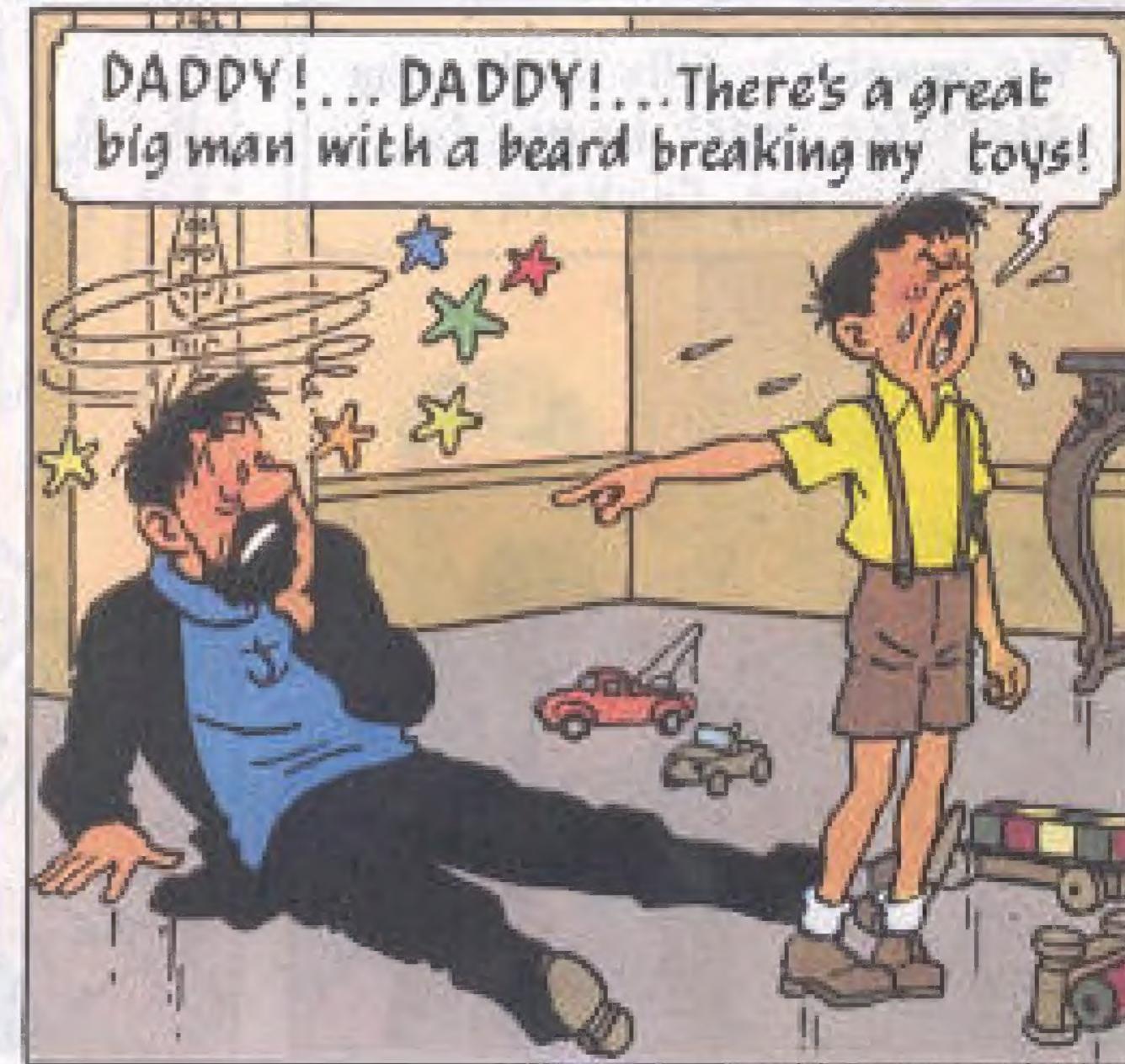
I can't believe it!

You believe what you like,  
but I've had all I can take!  
O.K. You've been rescued; but  
your plans can look after  
themselves. I want to go home  
... to a little peace and quiet.

Two days later, at Marlinspike...



Ah, what a relief to be  
home again!



Look who's here! The ancient mariner himself! You dropped in just right, you old rascal: we were talking about you.



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Wagg! What d'you think you're playing at?



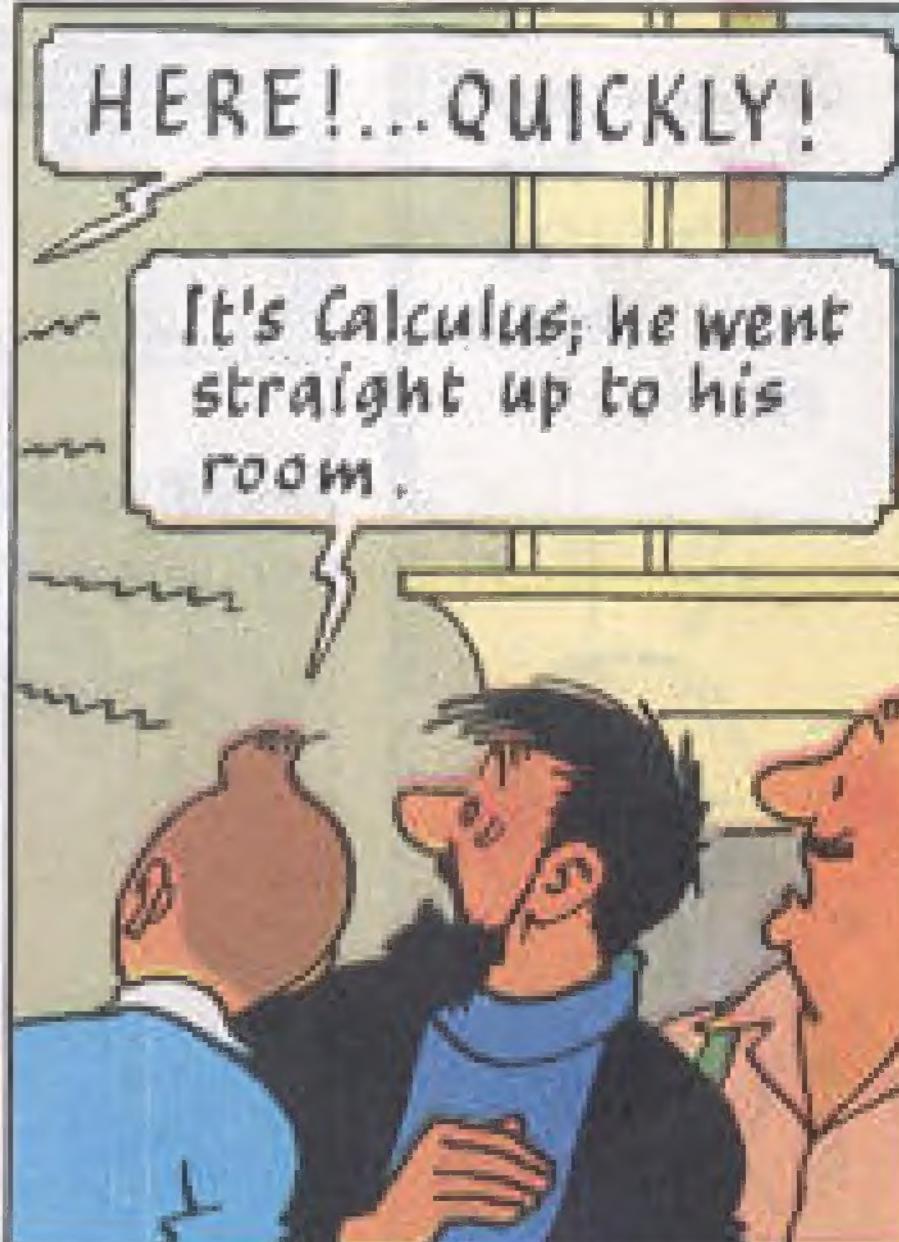
It turned out nice... So I said: "Jolyon," I said, "don't you waste the end of your holiday." And your little place was vacant, so I popped in for a few days...



... with my little brood.



HERE!...QUICKLY!



It's Calculus; he went straight up to his room.

